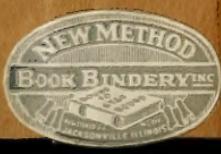




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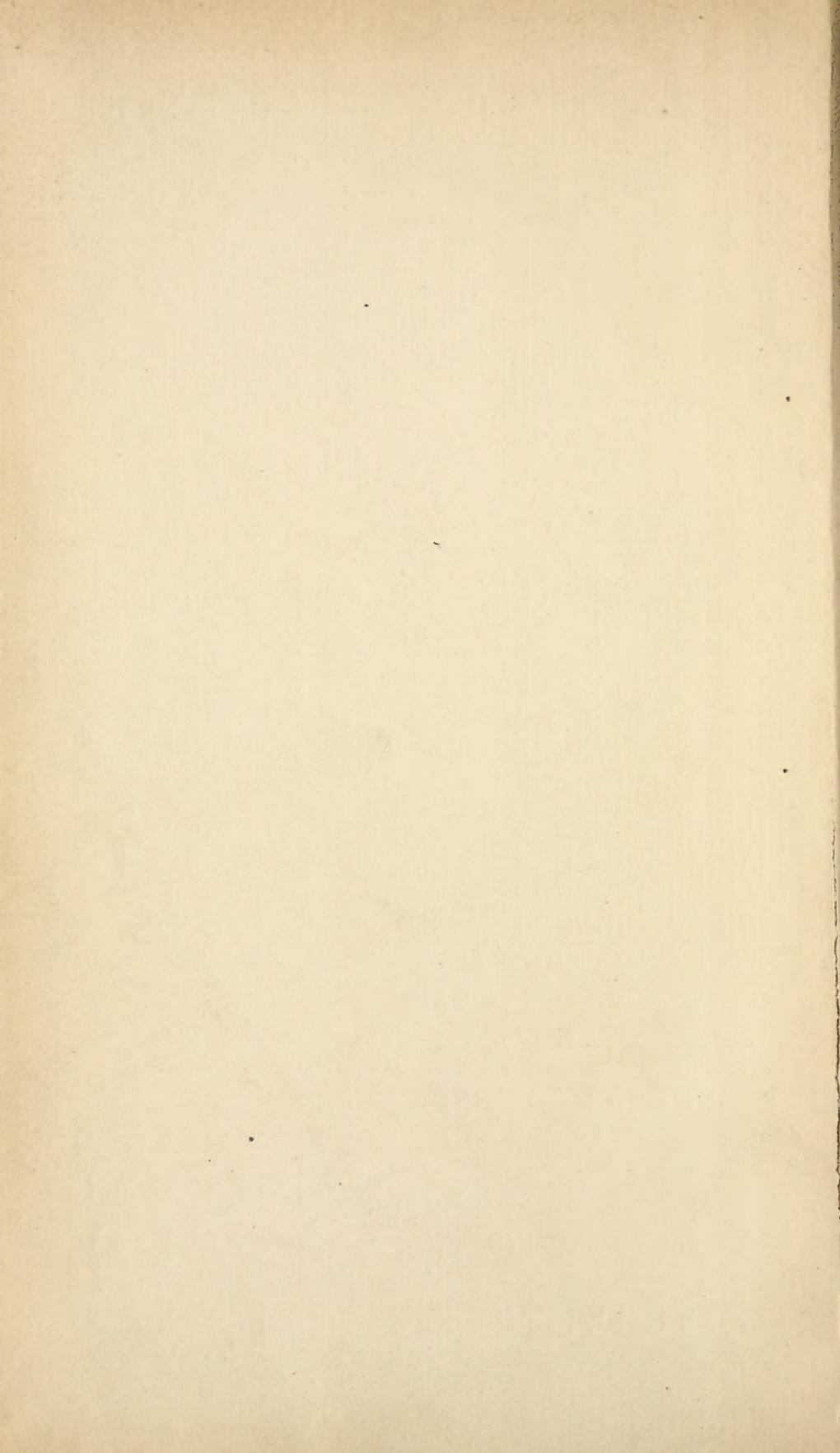


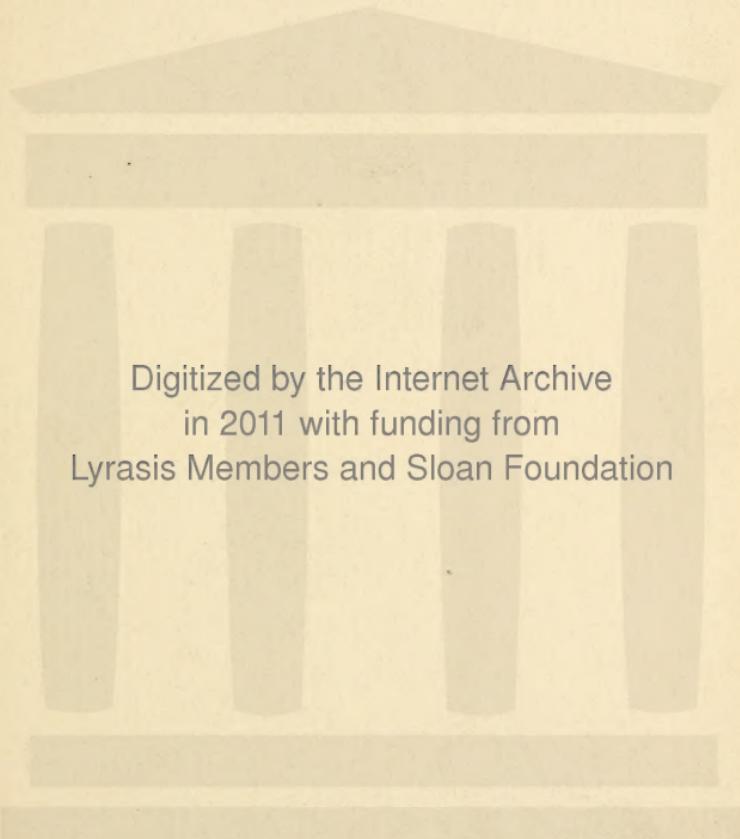












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# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIV.

Pittsburg, Pa., October, 1907.

No. 1

## Mativity of the Blessed Virgin.

To kindle in each heart the fire of love,  
To waken yearning hopes within each soul  
Of saintly life below, of peace above,  
To lead our tott'ring steps unto the goal  
Of joy eternal,— lo ! the natal day  
Of Heaven's beauteous queen sends forth its rays,  
And Heaven joins with earth to waft its lay  
Unto her throne in gladsome notes of praise.

Oh ! happy thrice the hour which saw the rise  
Of that e'er-blessed dawn when ' midst the night  
Of sin and sorrow, glanced athwart the skies,  
At Mary's sinless birth, the holy light  
Which unto men did tell of heavenly peace,  
The Saviour's gift. For Mary's birth did bring  
The hope to captive sinners of release,  
By Christ redeemed, their blessed Lord and King.

Was not her sinless birth the mystic dawn  
Which shone before the Sun of Justice rose ?  
Whate'er of joy from earth by sin had flown,  
Did not the beams of that fair dawn disclose ?  
Behold the " Lily ' midst the thorns " grown,  
Whose charms did God's own loving gaze invite  
And sweetly draw Him from His heavenly throne,  
On earth, to find through Mary His delight.

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As Mary's glory all creation fills,  
We too can taste the joy which at her birth  
Did sweetly flow from out the "eternal hills"  
To flood the souls of all in Heaven and earth,  
Who, until then by guilt and woe oppressed,  
So long had sighed relief and peace to gain;  
Sin-laden souls at last could find the rest,  
Through Mary's power, they long had sought in vain.

JOHN GRIFFIN, C. S. Sp.



## TUBERCULOSIS:

### Popular Knowledge and Duties.

Popular knowledge of Tuberculosis is becoming quite universal. Lately it was given powerful incentive by the lectures held in Pittsburg. The name itself has an evil sound, a name that fills our minds with gruesome fear. Yet the general public know very little of the abject suffering of the poor afflicted. Every community has its array of consumptives, but it chances that we only occasionally come in contact with one or two in whom we can recognize the disease. If all the ailing in one community could be paraded before our sight at one time, it would give a fair idea of the great damage and misery wrought physically and mentally in the victims of this dire disease.

We do not become acquainted with the poor tuberculous until help has passed beyond the reach of our knowledge. The signs are not grave enough to attract the attention of the individual until hope is almost past. When the disease has commenced its fearful ravages, he calls in a physician when his wasted body and cadaverous appearance make him look more like a subject for the undertaker. Generally the public ostracizes the tuber-

culous patient, knowing that he is a source of infection, yet if they knew that with certain safeguards he is a harmless to the community as the normal individual, they would awaken to the fact that he is to be taken care of instead of being shunned. No general hospital knowingly will take a person afflicted with this malady. Here we can perceive how hard it is for the poor to treat themselves. It is a disease of the indigent and those living in crowded tenement houses. Tuberculosis is a slow disease taking years to manifest itself; and unless the individual debilitates himself through dissipation of some kind, or some active disease intervenes to arouse the trouble, it may remain quiescent during the individual's life.

The most important facts for the public to know are that the disease is contagious, that the disease is preventable, and that the disease is curable.

The contagion lives in the expectoration of the afflicted, and the nearer the individual is to decomposition, the more prolific is the source of contagion.

It naturally follows that, to limit the spread of the disease, we are compelled to destroy the source of contagion, expectoration, and to cleanse antiseptically anything the sputum comes in contact with. This requires careful and constant watching, and the co-operation of the patient. This is the first and foremost precaution to insist upon to prevent the proliferation of the disease. Prevent the contagion reaching the proper growing ground, the human individual. This admonition can not be repeated too often or too strongly.

Communities owe it to the general and individual welfare of the residents to placard the streets, prohibiting expectoration. This has been done in several of the busy thoroughfares of Pittsburg. It is an indication that the fight is on - a fight that costs more lives in the United States than accidents. The last statistics show that 100,000 lives are lost annually by this dread destroyer. This is a very low estimate. Many deaths

occur from tuberculosis which are not put on record as consumption, but called by some other more prepossessing name, Marasmus, Scrofula, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Pericarditis, Peritonitis or Nephritis; numerous other names indicating local inflammation are in reality some manifestation of tuberculosis.

The disease can be cured. Various sanitariums are daily showing the good that can be accomplished in this direction. Medicine is only a crutch for the crippled in health to lean upon. The chief remedial measures for the cure of this evil are what mother nature herself has logically indicated. Live in the open air day and night, in heat or cold. Force feeding. Secure hygienic surroundings.

The duty of the public towards the afflicted poor is a natural sequence. Prevent the spread of the trouble as we have recommended above, and report the cases to the health authorities, in order that they may give the proper advice and adopt the necessary measures. Inspect the tenement districts. Build sanitariums and hospitals upon the cottage plan for the care of the indigent. Tuberculosis is a disease of the poor, and they cannot give the time and means for proper treatment. You can daily meet them in our crowded tenement districts and observe their wasted frames. How their health and strength gradually melt away. Sweet hope of a complete cure is beyond their dreams, and they gradually sink into the depth of horrid despair, cursing the more affluent for the means they have not. Such as these care very little for the public health, and will not try to prevent the spread of the disease. We must first break down their open prejudice by showing that we care for them. Then we can heal the lingering sore. Only by these means can we overcome the great white plague, the grim destroyer of human health and happiness.

L. R. KNORE, M. A., '07, M. D.

## A Plea for Arbitration.

The sword, it is true, has done much for mankind. It has sundered the bonds of slavery, brought low the cruel tyrant, and raised up the lowly toiler from degradation to independence. But it is the rude device of a rude age, handed on from generation to generation. More frequently has it been an instrument in the hands of blood-thirsty despots and ambitious statesmen to satisfy their evil passions and soothe their injured feelings, than a means adopted in the last resort to promote the cause of truth and freedom. Napoleon, it is said, "fought a hundred glorious wars, and half of all the world was his," yet a St. Vincent de Paul, a Shakespeare, a Washington Irving has a nobler claim to reverential remembrance. "The drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore." Human lives are too sacred to serve as food for cannon. "I have grown up," said Napoleon, "on the field of battle. A man like me cares little for the lives of a million of men."

Few realize the miseries of war and the horrors it entails. The thought of it to many suggests only the gay epaulets, the golden braid, the martial music, the glittering arms, the long lines of picked men—the nation's pride and glory—striking for the sanctity of their fireside and the integrity and independence of their native land. But those who have felt the pangs of separation, of the loss of those nearest and dearest to them, dwell rather on the grim hardships, the deep affliction, the devastation war brings in its train.

Let us imagine ourselves on a battlefield before the struggle. Rival armies approach, the men advancing in all the vigor and pride of life to the strains of martial music. Between them lie rich fields of ripening grain, waving and bowing before the gentle breeze. Happy homes, where sorrow rarely enters, stand invitingly in the midst of smiling gardens. No cloud obscures the blue

vault of heaven. But soon all that is changed. The bugles sound, and forward, sweeping magnificently on, the opposing forces advance, aligned to battle unto victory or to die. They charge, they clash, they struggle. We hear the crack of the rifle, the crossing of the bayonets, the bang of the machine guns, and the deep boom of the heavy artillery—a death knell to many a brave warrior. High above the scene of combat, Siva, the Destroyer, watches the work of destruction; from his throne, shrouded in the clouds of battle, he laughs, exulting, at the harvest deluded men are bringing to his gates. At length, one line gives way, retreating slowly, fighting doggedly. The clouds of battle roll by and disclose one army exulting in victory, the other broken and saddened by defeat. Over the ruined fields and in the dismantled homes lie the mutilated bodies of a host of dead to be mourned throughout the breadth and the length of the land. Victory is dearly purchased at such a price as this.

A few more such victories, a few more such wars, and the nation, however rich in its resources, however powerful in the number and valor of its men, will experience the fate of the Medes and the Persians, of the Greeks and the Romans. No people can claim everlasting supremacy. Its resources drained, its able men gone, its youth corrupted by wealth and pleasure, it will be brought down to the dust, its banners shrouded in the gloom of defeat.

To prevent all the horrors and losses that war entails, why not settle disputes amicably? Even the gravest dangers may be averted. Arbitration supplies the necessary means. Apart from considerations of humanity which should urge us to banish all the loathsome accessories of war into the limbo of forgotten things, war, from a purely economic point of view, must be regarded as suicidal folly. A six months' campaign, as war is now carried on, will undo the industrial work of half a century. The European nations are staggering

under loads of national debts accumulated by wars that brought them little profit. In 1870 France refused to accept Great Britain's proffered arbitration, and for its obstinacy it had to pay the enormous indemnity of five thousand million francs and submit to the loss of two of its finest provinces. The famous Alabama arbitration, at the close of our Civil War, cost a large sum of money, but it averted a sanguinary contest between England and America. On that occasion President Grant said: "Though I have been trained as a soldier, and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found to prevent the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court, recognized by all nations, will settle international differences instead of keeping up standing armies as they do in Europe."

The idea of arbitration between rival states is by no means new. It was common in ancient Greece hundreds of years before the Christian era, and Thucydides declares it to be a crime to treat as an enemy one who is willing to arbitrate. In 1848 we made a treaty with Mexico; that treaty contained a noteworthy clause to the effect that, in the event of any difference arising, such difference "should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side, or by that of a friendly nation." Within our own memory, when a quarrel arose in regard to the Caroline Islands, Pope Leo XIII., to whom the matter was referred for settlement, averted a war between Spain and Germany.

The representatives of the nations, sitting now at the Hague, can accomplish much to lessen the chances of war and abridge its horrors. May they be faithful to their trust! May all nations consider in the light of reason and experience, before they are tempted too strongly to "let slip the dogs of war," the questionable loss in prestige or honor or advantage a peaceful policy entails, when they weigh in the other scale of the balance, the miseries, the bereavements, the sacrifices of

men and money that war is sure to produce! Then, in the reign of universal peace, the greatest hero will be he who by his writings or his actions does most for his race, a time

**“When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flag is furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”**

CHARLES E. CLAIR, '11.



### Journalism in Ancient Rome.

Perhaps of all the conveniences of modern times, the one we should miss most, if taken from us, is the newspaper. We are so used to glancing over our paper that we never pause to reflect how much it has to tell us. Now, had we lived at the time of the Roman Empire, we should never have seen a newspaper, nor should we have had the pleasure of reading the world's news before breakfast. Yet, at that time, news was as plentiful as it is to-day. In every country there are happenings of general interest. Indeed, at the time of which we speak, Rome was literally making history. She was in the zenith of her power; she was continually waging war; her orators and statesmen were some of the best the world has ever seen, and her sons were creating works of literature and art. Surely, all this was as interesting to the Romans as similar news is to us to-day.

Since the Romans had no newspaper, it must follow that they had some other means that took its place. The first that we shall speak of is the placard. Should you visit the ruins of a Roman town, you will find these placards displayed everywhere. On them are engraven the laws of the emperors, the decrees of the senate and of the decurions. On some you will find contracts made in private life, on others, the minutes of religious bodies. All these were made to last, and are usually of bronze, marble, and stone. For advertisements and the like,

these signs were made of whitened wood. The announcements were written on them with chalk.

The popularity of these placards is easily accounted for. The Romans were not a home-loving people. They preferred to spend their time in the Forum. Here the placards which were put up in conspicuous places naturally caught their eye, and the news was made known to them in this manner. As regards this side of the character of the human race, it is evident that it has changed since then. Now we prefer to stay at home and receive the news; and the newspaper, the modern placard, must be brought to us.

But, for some purposes, these signs or placards were inadequate. How were the authors of the time to make known their compositions to the world? To-day this is done in the literary columns of the newspapers and magazines. There were no such things then. Yet, without their aid, many writers not only successfully advertised their works, but even gained a reputation for themselves. And, what is still more surprising, not only the great writers, but also the smaller fry achieved success. To introduce a book successfully was not so difficult a task as, at first sight, might appear.

Now-a-days, the poems and prose of an author are printed, and are either sold or given away; whether they are read or not depends on the caprice or taste of the public. But the Romans had a surer method than this. They recited their creations in the presence of an interested audience. If the writer was rich or rejoiced in the patronage of a wealthy friend, he had no trouble in finding such an audience. All that was necessary was to invite some friends to a banquet. In their presence he would recite his verses. They would of course applaud him, and then spread his praises throughout the city.

The poor man did not have this opportunity. He had to advertise his works in the Forum or in the public baths. His methods were the same as his rich co-

worker's; but his success depended on his merit alone, not on the quality of the banquet he had to offer.

At this time in Rome, the teachers in the schools, the grammarians, and the rhetors were very important men. In fact, in the world of letters they were almost supreme. They were the critics of the time, and were much courted by every prospective writer. Their criticism carried great weight, and their praise was sufficient to insure the successful sale of a book.

The newspaper is invaluable for circulating political news. The political news of this period was very interesting. There were the public trials, the elections, and the debates. Not only these, but, as Rome was a warring nation, the people at home also liked to know how their legions were succeeding abroad; what battles they won and lost; and how other nations were disposed towards them. It was also essential for them to know the political condition of countries that were hostile to them. In fact, they had to keep their eyes on the whole world. Now, it is quite certain that all this news came to the public knowledge with a fair degree of speed. Yet there were no telephones, no telegrams, no fast trains. How was it accomplished? The answer is simple, although at first sight it may seem absurd. News circulates from mouth to mouth with very great rapidity. Of course, it is not always to be depended on, yet its very speed makes it important. At the present day, there is not much attention paid to news from this source, which really can be termed only rumor. Still it often contains a large amount of truth. History records several examples, during the Roman Empire, of the results of certain battles reaching Rome by this means long before it was brought by the regular messengers.

Another method of distributing news, in vogue at the time, was the letter. These letters were so numerous and so well written that, if they survived, they would form a lasting monument to Latin literature. But as their news was of the moment only, they were never

preserved, and thus they are lost to us. Almost every Roman of any standing had numerous friends in the provinces who kept him informed of all that was going on there through the medium of these letters. He in turn sent all the home news to these friends. At first sight, this correspondence would seem to require an enormous amount of labor. But every wealthy Roman had numerous dependents whose duty it was to write the letters. Besides these scribes, the Romans had slaves to carry the messages. They were known as tabelarii; they carried these letters only for short distances. When it was desired to send them on a long journey, recourse had to be had to the public carriers. These were not very reliable. They were not punctual in their delivery, and sometimes they did not deliver their charges at all.

But with regard to official messages this could not be. It was necessary that orders from the emperor to his governors and other officials should be delivered promptly. To facilitate this, Augustus created the post. Its organization was admirable, and it was used not only for dispatching letters, but also for transporting government functionaries to distant countries, and for carrying the taxes from the provinces. But it was of no use to private persons. It was reserved entirely for government uses. It is recorded that on one or two occasions only was an exception made in favor of private persons. Now, when people visited the provinces they liked to hear what was going on at home. Yet they were not in a position to write and receive letters, nor could they use the national post. It was this fact that really led to the birth of journals among the Romans.

But these journals did not come into existence in a single day or week or year. Their establishment was gradual. It was through Caesar that they first came into prominence. When he was made consul, he came into power with the intention to do as much harm to the aristocratic party as was possible. To effect this, his first blow was aimed at the senate. He decreed that the

reports of all their sittings should be published and placed in a prominent place where they could be read by all. After some time the scope of these reports was enlarged. Reports of battles and other news interesting to the public were placed in them. Then, what is now known as miscellaneous news, such as announcements of weddings, funerals, banquets and the like, was added as a diversion. These reports were displayed in the public baths and in the Forum every day, and were really a daily gazette.

When Augustus came into power, his one aim seemed to be to undo everything that Caesar had accomplished. He ordered that the reports of the senate should be discontinued. However, the other news was increased, and these bulletins became more like the papers of to-day. Under Augustus, these reports were usually called *Acta Diurna Populi Romani*. This was the Roman Journal.

It was successful from the outset, and was forwarded all over the empire. Yet it is certain that, although it lived through the whole empire, its scope and the character of its writing never showed any improvement. It was the same under Theodosius as under Augustus. One great reason for this lies in the cost of writing and distributing it. There is no doubt that had printing been known at the time, their Journal would have been altogether different. Whether it was a misfortune or not to them, is not for us to judge. True it is that two of the greatest revolutions the world has ever seen came about during this time. The whole world adopted the Roman civilization, and Christianity was propagated. These happened without the newspaper, almost without book, chiefly by the spoken word and by example.

Although the progress of the Romans in arts and sciences cannot but be termed marvelous, still the progress in our times is much more rapid. This is due largely to our inventions. Yet the newspaper also has much to do with it. The mass of information it obtains

for us through the medium of the telephone, telegraph, and the like, gives us an idea of the world's history of the present.

J. H. McGRAW, '10.



### A Day on Board the "Carmania."

It was on August 28th, amid manifestations of gayety and sadness, that the Cunard Liner, "Carmania," weighed anchor at Queenstown, with every indication of a short and pleasant voyage. The sun shone with the utmost brilliancy, and the briny deep sparkled in far-reaching lines of silver, like a vast sheet of pearls; probably it was to cheer up the depressed hearts of some of us, or to implant in our memories, at parting, the beauties of the Emerald Isle, the land of song, the gem of the Atlantic. However, such it was, a glorious day, a brilliant sunshine, a fair and beautiful landscape. For about six hours we feasted our eyes, now on the right, again on the left, to imprint deeply in our memory the last views of old Ireland.

The cliffs on the coast of Kerry are yet visible; but now the lighthouse has sunk beneath the waves, and the green-clad hills of our native land have receded from our sight.

Yet another spectacle, pleasing to behold, attracts attention—it is the sunset on the ocean. The western sky seems in a blaze of fire. Downward and rapidly moves the golden orb: an instant more and it dips into the Atlantic. It is gone, but the waters still retain their golden hue. Unnoticed, darkness comes upon the scene. Merrily we glide over the surface of the waves, absorbed in our musings—musings which tend toward the sublime—for if ever we think of man's impotence it is there on the ocean, and if ever we plunge into the consideration of the omnipotence of that Great and Infinite Architect,

'tis, indeed, when sailing most safely yet most timorously over the almost fathomless deep.

The foregoing remarks, though they naturally suggest themselves to the traveler, may seem somewhat personal; but, indeed, such sights as the setting sun, the twofold horizon—land now, and in an instant the circle which bounds our view in the apparent meeting of sky and sea—these, I say, would suggest themselves to anyone. Laying aside then all patriotic and poetic notions, all the diverse circumstances, such as seasickness and nostalgic attacks, which indeed are transient and personal, let us consider what a day on board is like, how it passes, and how the inhabitants of the small city on mid-ocean while away the hours. The majority of people depend mostly on phantasms for their knowledge of life at sea, and, in all seriousness, will ask the most amusing questions.

The routine on the ocean differs but slightly from everyday customs on land. The hour of rising is altogether optional, but, as a rule, all are on deck at 6:30. Then thirty minutes of conversation, salutation, and introduction most pleasantly glide by before breakfast is served. The menu card presents a great variety of choice dishes; and the dining saloon is equipped with all modern appliances—electric fans and light, silver-ware and china. After breakfast all decks are crowded, everyone occupied in his own peculiar way, some smoking, some playing cards, chess or checkers; some engage in deep meditation, leaning over the railing; some again indulge in music and song; some walk, some read, whilst some transmit to paper their impressions of the voyage.

Dinner is served at 1:00 p. m., and consists of the most appetizing dishes. Dinner over, some adhering to land customs, take a "siesta" for a couple of hours, and the occupation of the others differs but slightly from that of the forenoon. Now and again the attention is centred on some speck just appearing on the horizon. It is a ship, and no matter what one's needs or necessities be,

no one will move till it has disappeared on the opposite side. From this it may be seen how easy it is to attract attention and to hold it at sea.

Tea is served at 6:00 p. m., and soon again the decks are taxed to their utmost capacity. Generally the throng rushes to observe the sunset, which indeed can be better imagined than described.

Life on board is far from being desolate. There is no place you make acquaintances sooner and with fewer of the customary formalities; all are united, all are friends. Every morning at 6:00 a. m., a bulletin is published containing interesting news, including a few short stories, a few pages of wit and humor, news of other ocean liners, and their respective situations, and several messages from the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Station. The last, and I think the greatest, attraction on sea is the evening entertainment in the dining saloon in aid of the Seamen's Charities at Liverpool and New York.

Thus it is evident that life on sea is more interesting than people generally suppose. It is of course a wholesome change, and, though lacking in variety, yet diverse circumstances keep the interest aglow. Such in fine is the character of "a day on board the Carmania"—a day and a trip not to be forgotten.

J. F. CARROLL, '08.



### A Noble Choice.

"Oh, dear, if I were only rich,"  
So thought a little boy;  
"If I had countless wealth my own,  
My heart would throb with joy.  
  
"I'd travel all around the globe,  
And all great sights I'd see,  
I'd have a look at everything;  
How happy I should be!"

“ My home would be a mansion grand,  
I’d feast on sweetmeats rare,  
Of clothes, I’d have the finest kind,  
The best I’d always wear.”

Just then his thoughts abruptly changed  
To what the Saviour said,  
“ The man who’s rich can hardly go  
To Heaven when he’s dead.”

“ How sad ’twould be to have such wealth,  
And then to die in sin !  
Much better far, indeed, ’twould be  
To have the Lord within.”

To sober thought he changed his mind,  
He took another view:  
“ I’ll live for God each day,” thought he;  
“ To Him I’ll e’er be true.”

“ And countless blessings shall be mine;  
Unto my soul, He’ll give  
Abundant grace to do His will:  
For Him alone I’ll live.”

Full wise, indeed, was this boy’s choice,  
And noble was his aim;  
He gave up thoughts of pleasures here,  
A heavenly home to gain.

H. F. COUSINS, '12.



### A Mistake of Absent-Minded Nancy.

It was Easter Sunday morning in the little German village. The sun shone brightly over the hills, showing numerous cultivated fields and vineyards. At intervals stood solitary farmhouses, and near the foot of the hills

were the ruins of an old convent and of an older castle. Hard by was the village with its little stores and residence houses bordering on the single tree-shaded street, the church, the court-house and the inn occupying central locations. The birds were singing merrily, and the cuckoo greeted the newly-risen sun, while the dew-covered lawns sparkled in its gentle rays.

All around were signs of energy, of cleaning up, of preparing meals, of milking cows, and putting them into their stalls. Clothes-lines were stretched in the yards, so that the Easter finery might be aired before it was put on. But none of the peasants was busier than "Old Nancy," as she was familiarly known in the village. She brushed about the kitchen, looking at the antique clock every ten minutes, and then, as if she were getting up more steam, she worked the harder. On this great festal day she was to wear the finest dress in the village, handed down to her from her great-great-grandmother, who had been maid-in-waiting to the lady of the manor. She was anxious to have all her work done before she donned it.

It was nine o'clock when she went to her dressing room. At ten she emerged attired to her satisfaction. Under her arm she bore a large prayer book, which had been a treasured portion of her mother's dowry. She was about to leave when she remembered the bacon for the kraut. She hastened to the pantry, secured a large piece, put it under her arm, hastened to the kitchen, put something into the pot and hurried off to church.

The birds were singing Alleluia in the trees as she passed, but she heard them not. Mayer's farmhouse door was closed; surely she must be late—an accident that never happened to her before. With steps characteristic of her energy, she made every effort to arrive in time. Her face was red from exertion as she entered the church door to find that services had already begun. The subdued murmur of many voices greeted her as she bustled down the aisle to her accustomed pew. The

murmur was followed by a suppressed titter, which the sacredness of the place alone prevented from bursting into general laughter.

What could be the meaning of this? Her embarrassment was great, and she looked around to find the cause in some defect of her dress. What was her dismay when she discovered tightly pressed beneath her arm—not her costly prayer book, but a huge piece from the fitch of bacon discharging a greasy stream upon her once immaculate dress! Were she one of our modern ladies with delicate nerves and highly-strung temperament, she would have fainted on the spot, but, being only a simple peasant trained to stand still ruder shocks, she subsided into her pew, and endeavored, with more or less success, to occupy her mind with higher and holier thoughts. Service over, she turned a deaf ear to the jocular observations of her friends, and started off in haste to rescue her prayer book from the boiling pot. She arrived too late to save it; it had gone to pieces and had mingled with the kraut. The extent of her misfortune then burst upon her in its entirety. She had spoiled the best dress in the township; she had ruined the treasured prayer book, and she had become the laughing stock of the village.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



### Evening Musings.

It is a balmy summer evening. The sun begins to sink behind the western hills as I sit at the open window of my room, thinking of the grandeur of nature and the generosity of the Creator. The fleecy clouds in the heavens are fast giving way to the darker clouds of evening, while the rays of the departing sun seem to become less brilliant each moment. Large flocks of crows hover over the adjacent woods as they seek a

suitable resting place for the night. The lowing cattle come straggling down the lane with the old farm dog barking at their heels. From across the fields, a flock of turkeys approaches, the old gobbler strutting proudly ahead, followed by the piping brood. The air becomes still, and no sound is heard except the call of some belated bird or the monotonous cry of the whip-poor-will.

As I gaze on in silence, the grass becomes of a deeper tint and the woods begin to cast a darker shadow. Gradually, a gentle mist begins to overspread the grass-carpeted valley, and soon I find myself looking out into the darkness. Overhead, the stars gradually appear until the land is entirely covered with a canopy of twinkling stars. The moon bursts forth in all her splendor, and sheds her mellow rays over the surrounding country.

How good is God who, in His Providence, has given us the ever-changing scenes of day and night—a time to labor and a time to rest! He beautifies the face of nature with the charms of contrasting seasons. Earth, air and water are peopled with a vast multitude of creatures, differing one from another in color, shape and habits, but all obeying the laws that have been laid down for their preservation and propagation. The heavens seem the especial work of His Hands, designed to shadow forth His magnificence and power. If the visible creation has been called into existence for man's service, what must be the glory of the mansions He has built for man's reward!

I finally awake to the fact that I have been dreaming my time away, but, on reflection, I find that it has not been entirely without fruit, because I leave with a feeling of thanksgiving to the generous and bountiful Giver of all that we possess.

HARRY J. GILBERT, '11.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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LOCALS, . . .	H. L. MURPHY, '11.
ATHLETICS, . . .	C. A. MAYER, '09.
ALUMNI, . . .	B. G. MCGUIGAN, '08.
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PUBLISHED AT PITTSGURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

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VOL. XIV.

OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 1.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *School Openings.*

Last month's new start in the pursuit of learning offers a fine sample of the nation's energy. The resolve to give schooling seems fairly balanced by the resolve to get it, and both are inspiringly general. If costs are counted, they are also accepted; though they are by no means trifling, nor perhaps always quite economical. Still money waste may not be the worst waste in the educational industry. That teachers or pupils should squander time, talent, and labor, on the unnecessary, the useless, the injurious, is the uglier contingency. Such things have happened. Who has not heard of periodic

or sporadic school fads that afforded no healthful training and will never be called into fruitful practice? And the labor bestowed on error—be it error of fact or principle, of history, or science, or religion—what is it but laborious poisoning? Yet error abounds, however diluted and sadly discounted. It abounds in every ill-conditioned school, in every ill-tutored master, in every prejudiced manual. For education, as for other undertakings, valor's energy may frequently need discretion's quiet interference.



### ***The Coming Congress.***

Instructive Catholic events like the coming Eucharistic Congress arouse interest wherever there is faith. They must appear of special import to students, to the young, being to them inestimably advantageous. 'Tis so good to be told things in time! Tardy information has often lost more than half its value, and experience is commonly as late as it is costly. Much light will be reflected from this Pittsburg Congress on the highest and holiest facts of life, on the very principle and source of Catholic animation; and the children of the street, at least of the schools, can hear and see and be edified. Might not the older and the passing generations be well moved to ask why similar illustration did not earlier fall on their path? Whatever the answer, 'tis plainly for the youth of the day to profit by their exceptional privileges, to drink in the enlightenment and respond to the impulse that will speed them on a richly Christian career.



### ***An Example.***

Quiet strength is admirable, and admirably effective. Though mostly seen in the mature, its roots may take

hold in the very youthful. It is, in any case, a most desirable fruit, even though it be of the earliest and most protracted culture. A splendid example of it has been found in the late Archbishop Williams. In a profoundly eloquent panegyric, his Most Reverend successor says of him:

"The force which dominated his life was one idea, which with him was ever present, constantly abiding, and never dormant—he lived in the presence of God. Upon that single thought his whole life was reared. And out of the unity of that force was developed the trinity of virtues which animated every single action which he performed, namely, justice, charity, sincerity. And this triple force was visible in everything about him, and out of this tremendous power-house radiated all the complex energies which, reaching to the very ends of the last of his responsibilities, vitalized them with active and faithful result as lasting as it was thorough. It was no spasmodic force impatient for quick success; it was calm, even and resolute, willing to wait with the patience of God Himself. For results, if not the best as he wished them, were, nevertheless, he was confident, those at least which God permitted. That was sufficient for him, and once he had done his best, nothing could disturb him."



### College Notes.

Some changes have been made in the Faculty this year. Father Giblin has been associated with the Rev. D. J. Fitz Gibbon and Rev. Bernard Carey, and will in the future be employed in giving missions throughout the States. His energy, devotion and experience in preaching will be valuable assets to the missionary band. In the college he had important English classes, the direction of the Temperance Society, the Lyceum Literary Society, and the Sodality of the

Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Pittsburg branch of the Federation of Catholic Societies loses in him an enthusiastic worker and a zealous leader. We pray that God may bless his labors in the fruitful field that will in future claim his varied and ripened talents.

After six months' teaching in the classes which he had coached most successfully before St. Peter Claver's Church and St. Joseph's House, both in Philadelphia, applied for his services, Father Gavin has been called away to distant Wisconsin. The aisles of Notre Dame Cathedral will ring with the music of his voice, and the congregation will be charmed with the force of his sacred eloquence.

For some time past the health of Father Laux has been a cause of uneasiness. Frequent colds and bronchial affection evidenced the necessity of a prolonged vacation. Late in August he sailed for Europe, where he expects to stay until he is restored to perfect health. It is our sincere hope that the bracing air of the sea voyage and the change of climate will build him up and send him back to us soon in all his old-time vigor. In the meantime he will be sadly missed in the pulpit, in the class room, and in the playground.

The vacancies left by these three Fathers are very efficiently filled by the experienced and devoted Father Thomas Wrenn, Mr. W. A. Martin and Mr. D. J. O'Connor. Father Wrenn has returned to us after three years' stay in sunny France; his travels in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, England, Wales and Ireland, after his ordination, have rounded out his education and have fitted him physically for an arduous year's work.

We are pleased to know that Professor J. B. Topham, Director of the Commercial Department, enjoyed a delightful vacation in the historic cities and beautiful landscapes of continental Europe. The tourists

under his able direction are loud in their praises of his skillful management; they have come back to the States so pleased with all they saw and heard that many look forward to sharing with him again in the near future their charming experiences of sea voyage and overland travel.

Two years' stay in the balmy climate of California has enabled Charles F. McCambridge to resume his studies. The boys all welcome him back, and expect to see him do wonders, as of yore, with the elusive sphere when he again dons a college uniform on the baseball diamond.

James F. Carroll seems to have renewed his youth in his native County Limerick, Ireland. We count on him to adorn the pages of the BULLETIN with flowers of poetic thought culled in the fairy land hallowed by the footsteps of Gerald Griffin.

The proceeds of the entertainments given by the students in the Gayety Theatre last June have been devoted to the erecting of seven substantial handball alleys with concrete floors. The alleys are the regular rendezvous of all students that have any ambition for muscular development.

Mr. Frank J. Hipps proves a worthy successor of Mr. J. F. Chambers, our former popular and efficient professor of elocution. Mr. Chambers has opened a school of oratory in Scranton, Pa. We have the utmost confidence that he has all the ability and energy to make it a marked success.

J. F. Corcoran, G. M. Dugan and E. J. Ley acquitted themselves admirably at the entertainment tendered to the graduating nurses in the Mercy Hospital, September 17. The following laudatory notice appeared in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*:

"Then followed a recitation by Mr. G. Dugan, a

student of Pittsburg College, which was delivered with unusual force and ability. In his recitation Mr. Dugan was accompanied by Miss G. Abel, who played the piano. Mr. Dugan was repeatedly applauded and was compelled to make an acknowledgment of the applause heaped upon him. Mr. John Corcoran, also of Pittsburg College, fared none the less in his recitation. Following the presentation of diplomas and medals, Mr. E. J. Ley of Pittsburg College contributed an excellent recitation to the evening's exercises."

James Gough was a welcome guest on his way to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Through the courtesy of the General Manager, Mr. T. J. Fitzpatrick, the Faculty and students enjoyed a delightful afternoon, September 11th, at the Pittsburg Exposition.



### Alumni Notes.

John F. Malloy, John C. Simon and Joseph A. Pobleschek have gone to the Holy Ghost Seminary, Ferndale, Conn., to pursue their theological studies.

Patrick A. Dooley, Charles B. Hannigan, Amos P. Johns, Francis X. Roehrig, August F. Wingendorf and Leo J. Zindler have entered the novitiate at the same place.

James R. Cox, Charles F. Fehrenbach, Joseph B. Keating and Philip G. Misklow have begun their theological studies in St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa.; John L. Buerkle, Edward F. Jackson, David P. Murphy and George C. Quinn, in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.; and Henry G. Malone, in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Francis J. Stack and Gregory I. Zsatkovich have

decided to study law, the former in the Ohio State University, the latter in the University of Pennsylvania.

Albert R. Neeson is in the employ of the Excelsior Express Co., Union Depot.

James F. Neilan is engaged as surveyor and civil engineer for the Sunshine Coal and Coke Co., Uniontown, Pa.

Matthew E. McCormick has entered the medical department of the Western University.

Among the Alumni who will be ordained priests during the course of the year are Andrew Bejenkowski, Charles Gwyer, Charles Keane, John Kilgallen, William Mertz and Timothy O'Shea, in St. Vincent's Seminary; John McKeever and Jeremiah O'Connell, in St. Mary's, Baltimore; and Joseph Baumgartner, Patrick Fullen, James Riley and George Schalz, in Fribourg, Switzerland.

Father Coakley, now completing his theological course in the American College, Rome, may be expected in Pittsburg in the early summer.

Dr. Harry Collins intends to open an office in the vicinity of Pittsburg as soon as he quits Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., where he has been practising medicine since he graduated in Georgetown University.

William Howard, of the Sophomore Class, has taken up the studies of the Electrical Engineering Class in Lafayette; his brother, Thomas, has completed one year's studies in the Mining-Engineer Department. John has now full charge of a steel plant in New Jersey.

Thomas Mullen, one of our former stars on the gridiron, is superintending the construction of the Texas Oil Co.'s plant in Providence, R. I. He visited us

lately on his way to Washington, Pa., to assist at his sister's wedding. "Tot," his brother, another football star, has charge of the same Company's plant at Linnfield, Pa.

Another visitor was Gustave J. Wandrisco. Gustave is chief clerk for the Union Insurance Co., Commonwealth Building.

A third was James L. Brady. He is now Division Contract Agent for the Central District and Printing Telegraph Company.

Roy Truxell has quite recovered from the accident to his ankle. He is book-keeper for the Pittsburg Brewing Co.

In our next issue of the BULLETIN we shall probably be able to state where and by whom the Commercial Graduates are employed.

Richard T. Ennis has returned to Pittsburg for a brief stay after successfully piloting three parties of American tourists through the continent of Europe and the British Isles.

One of the most active and enthusiastic members of our Alumni Association, Dr. Edward A. Weisser, is soon to be united in the bonds of matrimony with Miss Elizabeth Neary. The wedding will be solemnized with high nuptial mass in the Sacred Heart Church on October 10. Dr. William Terheyden is mentioned as one of the ushers, all of whom are doctors. We wish Dr. Weisser and his future bride many years of wedded happiness.

The marriage is announced of Mr. E. J. Stack to John McVean's sister. *Ad multos annos!*

Mr. J. Claude O'Herron and Miss Frieda Limbach were married on September 26, in St. Mary's of the Mount. The youthful couple have our best wishes.

## A THLETICS.

Three football teams are being organized. They are constituted as follows:

Sophomores—Creighton, Doran, Downey, J. M. Ennis, Gwyer, Habrowski, Harrigan, Kaylor, McKnight, Muldowney, M. Mulvihill, Murphy, Ryan and Toohill;

Juniors—Blundon, Brady, Gillespie, Haggerty, Lawlor, Linnermann, Moorhead, Quirk, Shaughnessy, Shay, Strako, Szabo and Young;

Minims—Carroll, E. Emmons, Gunn, C. Gutwald, Isherwood, McAteer, Mamaux, B. Mulvihill, Purtell, Schulte, Sullivan and D. Szabo.

### Record of the 'Varsity Champion Collegiate Baseball Team, 1907

P. C., 2; Donora A. A., 2; 11 innings.

P. C., 12; Donora A. A., 2.

P. C., 7; Bethany College, 3.

P. C., 5; Indiana Normal, 0.

P. C., 4; W. U. P., 0.

P. C., 10; Erie (Interstate League), 5; 15 innings.

P. C., 10; Waynesburg College, 2.

P. C., 7; McKeesport Cyclers, 1.

P. C., 7; Westminster College, 1.

P. C., 15; Grove City College, 2.

P. C., 9; W. U. P., 3.

P. C., 7; Allegheny College, 0.

P. C., 7; California Normal, 1.

P. C., 4; Bethany College, 1.

P. C., 3; Westinghouse Athletics, 1.

P. C., 11; Westinghouse Athletics, 1.

P. C., 4; Usher Club of McKeesport, 2.

P. C., 3; California Normal, 1.

P. C., 3; Alumni, 2.



## The Way of the Transgressor.

The college was a large one;

'Twas built of stone and brick,

And by a wall surrounded,

Quite strong and very thick.

The night was dark and dreary,  
A wind swept o'er the bluff.

Two boarders on the campus  
Resolved to have a puff—

The one was tall and slender,  
The other short and stout—  
So when they reached the gate-way,  
They both meandered out.

How jubilant was slimness,  
How joyful little Will,  
As each drew forth the mixture  
And began to roll a pill.

The brand was quite unrivalled  
As both before had found.  
What cared they for the prefects  
When none of them was 'round?

Now sitting on the side-walk,  
The hour fast growing late,  
They puffed and joked quite freely  
Behind the college gate.

But, hark! there comes a prefect.  
With all a prefect's skill  
He scents the fumes of Durham  
And beckons little Will.

"Go up to number sixteen,  
Above the second floor;  
If you get there before me,  
Just stand outside the door."

They knew that they were cornered  
And both began to fret.  
Poor slim was so excited  
He ate his cigarette.

He felt inebriated,  
So dizzy swam his head;  
Like coat-of-mail his sweater,  
His shoes seemed full of lead.

His comrade stood beside him,  
To learn what he might say.  
With tearful voice and sobbing,  
Poor slim began this way:

“I know when I recover  
That this means several lines  
From Addison and Goldsmith—  
I’ve had them many times.

“I’ll miss my recreations,  
I’ll miss my Sunday walks,  
I’m in for many lectures  
And confidential talks.

“I’ll cut out all my smoking  
With this advice to you,  
If you’d fumigate at college  
You’d better risk a chew.”

—, ’08.



## JOTTINGS.

“JIMMY” DUNN is a Senior at last! The long trousers did it.

FLOWERS may wreath a garland,  
Gold may link a chain;  
But J. M.’s puns are links that  
Cause “chestnuts” to remain.

FEARS are entertained for Broderick's health. "Pat" lost twelve ounces wrestling with geometrical magnitudes during the "vac."

WANTED.—A room-mate who speaks Gaelic. Address, Johann Mayer, St. John's Hall.

LAPPAN has resumed his studies after an enforced idleness of six months. John's presence gives an added zest to the race for honors in the First Academic.

THE latest "rumor"—John Locke.

"MIKE" SHEA could have been Mayor of E. Liverpool a few weeks ago; but he told his "boosters" that the glory of politics pales before that derived from "plugging" Greek, and so refused.

EGAN is at work on an orchestral symphony, which he intends to name "The Apology." The inspiration? Ask Egan.

AT last can New Castle boast a philosopher! His name? How *dare* you ask!

"CHARLIE" MC GUIRE is still our most versatile musician. "Mac" spent the summer on the farm, and he is an authority among the boys on things agricultural.

YOUNGSTOWN's contingent this year is small but unique, being composed of a priest, Father Wrenn; a lay professor, Mr. Relihan; a boarder, John Gillespie; and a scholastic, Charles McCambridge.

"DAVE" and "Frank" Cramer still refuse to be different.

HARRIGAN has decided to be a boarder. Jim says McKeesport is "alright in the summer time;" but travel on the B. and O. in the winter time is too strenuous.

# PITTSBURG COLLEGE

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## OF THE HOLY GHOST,

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#### THE ACADEMIC—

leads up to the College Course and gives students sound training in the Evidences of Religion, Latin, Greek, English, Historical English Grammar, Literature, Roman, Grecian and United States Histories, Arithmetic, Algebra and Plane Geometry.

#### THE COMMERCIAL—

gives a broad, thorough and up-to-date practical training for the responsibilities of business life. The Course includes instruction in Christian Doctrine, Higher Accounting, Book-keeping, Business and Office Practice, Stenography, Typewriting, English Language, History, Geography, Civil Government, Commercial Law and Correspondence, Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation.

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is well equipped with Chemical and Mechanical apparatus. The Course comprises Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany and Geology.

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REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.  
President.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Vol. XIV. Pittsburg, Pa., November, 1907. No. 2.

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## In Sunny Southland.

How often, when I sit alone and dream,  
I wander 'neath the far-off southern skies  
And see the sun in all its splendors rise,  
As far upon the hills its first rays beam!  
The trees with countless orange blossoms teem,  
And birds of brilliant plumage gayly sing;  
Across the vale their warblings sweetly ring:  
Above, the drifting clouds are all agleam.  
Again I wander through the mystic maze  
By Nature formed upon the heights sublime;  
My eyes in admiration fondly gaze  
On scenes peculiar to this sunny clime,  
While sheds the sinking sun its latest rays,  
And mellow vesper bells are heard to chime.

C. L. McCAMBRIDGE, '08.



## GLIMPSES OF FERNDALE.

(Extracts from a letter of John F. Malloy, '04, Holy Ghost Seminary, Ferndale, Darien P. O., Conn.)

It is early morning—not yet seven o'clock. I look up from my book—it is Father Sheehan's *Mariae Corona*—and gaze on the pleasant scene spread out before me. Old Sol, hardly an hour risen, sheds his warm light on the smooth lawn. The rays filter through the stately trees near by, and glisten in the corn beyond. My eye wanders farther, over wooded hills and grassy valleys, till it rests on a broad sheet of water with the blue indistinct outline of an island between it and the sky. The brilliancy of the nearer landscape melts gradually into the paler glory of the more distant scene. It is Nature unadorned; scarce a human habitation is visible. In the woods, what variety of color! Here is a sombre oak, contrasting with the brighter tinted ash; there stands a row of pale-green, feathery locust trees, and near them a regiment of frowning cedars. Yonder, the shapely elm lifts his head, sheltering some dwarf maples which the torch of Autumn has already set aflame. The rude stone fences are overgrown with ivy and Virginia creepers—one still a cheerful green, the other turning to a gorgeous crimson. Beside the cornfield, in the copse, black cedars and blood-red sumac vie for the admiration of the beholder.

I look again towards the horizon. Long Island stands out in bolder relief; here a cliff, and there a sloping beach is revealed. White sails pass slowly by the lighthouses, and, as the sun mounts higher in the sky, the Sound catches the reflection, and turns into shimmering silver.

But, I beg your pardon, Father Sheehan! What a long distraction!

\* \* \* \* \*

We have returned from our walk. It led along a winding road, between prosperous farms, through deep

forests, and by a quaint old village. The crisp Autumn breeze, tempered by the warm afternoon sun, gave speed to our feet—and zest to our appetites! Everywhere we could see the bounty of Providence. Wild cherries hung in black clusters on both sides of the lane; apples full of snap and cider, obtruded themselves upon our notice at properly frequent intervals, and—well, we capitulated. Nor could we help observing numbers of chestnut, hickory and walnut trees and hazelnut bushes, all loaded with fruit that only waits the touch of the first frost. The fiery colors of Autumn, symbols of incipient decay, contrasted strangely with the delicate wild flowers which, late as the season is, were strewn with wanton prodigality upon the roadside. Whole fields of golden-rod, and of nameless blossoms in sprays of white and lavender and purple, mutely protested that Nature's fecundity is by no means exhausted.

After a visit to the village church, we wended our way back to Holy Hill. The red-roofed, brown-stone building, seen from afar, is a distinct feature in the charming Connecticut landscape. . . . But it's time for me to be at my books!

\* \* \* \* \*

Supper is over, and we stroll through the little cemetery down to St. Mary's Lake. The sun has just set, and the whole sky is aglow. In the east, the clouds have a tinge of pink; overhead, light-red and gold play hide and seek in their changing forms. The west is a mass of fire; you can almost hear its crackle and roar. And all the glory of the vault above is mirrored in the depths of the placid lake. Gradually the light burns out: and while we drift about in our boat, the *Santa Maria*, spontaneously there bursts from a dozen throats a hymn to the Queen of the Holy Rosary. The stars come out, and we return by the Horseshoe Bend to our house on Holy Hill. At the entrance we pause and look around and above. The breadth of the horizon, the depth of the firmament, the stillness of the hour, fill us with a sense of freedom and

elevation and peace; and, as we leave the chapel to turn to the tasks before us, we cannot but say: "Lord, it is good for us to be here!"



## JAPAN.

### I.

Perhaps of all modern nations the one that is most interesting to the world and to Americans especially, is Japan. The late war with Russia has brought her into immediate prominence, but even this was not necessary; her remarkable strides in civilization, in the arts and sciences, have combined to give her a place among the nations, and to make her one of the most important factors in international politics. In this article I shall endeavor to give a very concise history of this wonderful country; later on, I shall write of the religious and social side of this nation and of their political relations with the peoples of Europe and America.

Like the history of Greece and Rome, the history of the early ages of Japan is based merely on myths and legends, most interesting as light reading, but necessarily excluded from a brief essay like the present. They relate principally to the creation and to the establishment of government, and are very similar to those of the West, but they are embellished with a wealth of Oriental names and pretty morals. It is not until the year 660 B. C. that Japanese history really begins. This is known as the Japanese year one. It was then that a conqueror appeared who was named Jimmu Tenno. He held sway over all the islands and made himself the first emperor or mikado. For twelve hundred years after this there is not much that is interesting in its history; petty wars, jealousies and freebooting alone seem to have occupied the people.

One important event that happened in this period,

about 200 B. C., is the subjugation of Corea by Japan. The conquest is imputed to the beautiful wife of one of the emperors who now has her name inscribed on the roll of fame as the national heroine of Japan. The results of this conquest were far-reaching. It opened a channel through which civilization was to flow into Japan. Gradually, arts, sciences, letters and religions gained a foothold. It was a Corean school-master who first introduced letter writing.

Another change brought about related to the government. From the time of Jimmu down, the mikados had been the actual rulers of the people, making known their will in person, and appearing before their subjects no every occasion. Subsequently, officers, known as shoguns, who were really a cabinet, were appointed to have charge of both civil and military affairs. These came between the mikado and the people, and the mikado appeared more rarely before the public. At the same time they were quietly usurping his power, and soon they became the real rulers of the Empire. But the civil and military powers were jealous of each other, and in time came to blows. Then anarchy ruled in Japan, and for years civil war held sway over the fair lands of Nippon.

The first incident to break the monotony of this continual warfare was the introduction of Christianity by St. Francis Xavier about the middle of the sixteenth century. This great missionary, with a Christian Japanese and two priests, set out to undertake a work, the difficulty of which was enough to daunt even an army. At first he was not very well received, but before he left he had planted the seeds that were soon to bear a rich harvest. Soon after his death the country had numerous churches and priests, princes and lords of the realm being among the converts.

Although it flourished for a long time, Christianity was to receive a terrible set-back in Japan. The fault lies with the Europeans themselves, who transferred their

quarrels and enmities to Japan, and so disgusted and incensed the Japanese that they finally drove them out and would not re-admit them till about three hundred years later. The Christians disregarded the order of expulsion, and the shoguns sent an army against them which showed them no mercy, but literally cut them to pieces. The tortures and the executions of this time can be better imagined than related. Suffice it to say, their like was never imitated, even in the bloodiest days of European persecutions. Japan closed her doors to all the white race, and would brook no external interference.

As I mentioned before, this state of affairs continued for about three hundred years, but in 1853 it came to an end, and a new era of brightness and prosperity, of wealth and culture, dawned for Japan. It was for the American nation to bring about this happy result after all Europe had yielded to the policy of exclusion adopted by the resolute islanders.

It was on the 8th of July, 1853, that a foreign fleet first entered the harbors of Japan. On that day a squadron of American warships under Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo. His purpose was to see the emperor, and induce him to withdraw his ban of exclusion; yet he did not come as an humble suppliant, but as the minister of a powerful nation which demanded as a right that she should be recognized. Japan saw that if she did not acquiesce peacefully, she would have to submit by force of arms; for, as it was essentially a period of commercial development, all the European nations had large fleets in the far East, and she could not withstand them all. The petty officers were afraid to receive the Americans in Yedo, and desired to send them to Nagasaki. The commodore refused to go any farther; on the 14th he was received by the representatives of the shogun and made known his message. Then he sailed away. In May, 1854, he came back, and brought with him many inventions then in use in America, which surprised the Japanese exceedingly. They granted all the

demands contained in the former message, and opened several harbors for the use of foreign navies. These concessions became greater every year, and foreigners were soon flocking to her shores. Her armies were drilled by strangers and her navies were made to equal the best in the world; in fact, Japan had awakened from her sleep of three centuries, and was ready to inscribe her name on the foremost page of modern history.

While all this was going on in the East, the West, too, was making giant strides in the arts, in the sciences and in warfare. The character of their ships and of their artillery had changed. Iron and steel took the place of wood in the making of vessels, and guns were constructed with terrific power. It was in the East that the efficiency of these new weapons was put to the test. In 1894 Japan and China engaged in war because of disputes about Corea. The war was fought almost exclusively on water, and with the new ironclads bought in the West. The Japanese were entirely victorious.

The Japanese then began to extend their territory and, as a pledge for a war indemnity, received certain towns in China. Russia at the same time was trying to gain a foothold in the Empire. Naturally, their interests clashed, and in 1903 they came to war. That memorable struggle and its results are still fresh in the minds of the public.

Thus we see that Japan, since 1854, has been progressing at a marvelous rate both in politics and in war. Not only in these, but in all other directions, is great activity shown; her sons are studying in all the countries of the West; manufactures are flourishing at home, and her traders are threatening a dangerous commercial rivalry. It is our earnest hope that she will continue to prosper; but she must remember that she is a newcomer among the family of nations, and she should act accordingly.

JOSEPH H. McGRAW, '10.

## HANDBALL.

Athletics are indispensable to the physical development of the student. As the mental faculties require constant application, so the physical parts of the student demand their share, otherwise the weaknesses of old age will prematurely come upon him. Besides this, athletics conduce to a boy's cheerful perseverance in his studies by ousting for the moment his own peculiar hardships, and enabling him afterwards to resume his class work with double vigor. With this end in view, the various colleges and universities have warmly endorsed the practice of athletics.

Among the various sports of this season of the year, handball holds a conspicuous place. The game is usually played by two partners against the same number of opponents, on a court consisting of a back wall, forming right angles with two side walls. In the middle of the court a line is drawn perpendicular to the side walls, called the "short line," and at about four-fifths the length of the court, another line is drawn parallel to the short line, known as the "long line."

At the start of the game, one team is stationed on the long line, and the opposing one within the short line. Then one of the players within the short line, tosses the ball to the ground, and, on its rebound, hits it against the back wall. Should he place the ball within the territory between the short and the long lines, the play is valid, and if his opponent fails to return it, one point is scored against the opposing side. But should he return it, and the server or his partner fail to strike it up again, a hand-out is scored against the server, and his partner must do the serving. When a hand-out is scored against each of the servers, the opposing team become servers. A hand-out is also counted on the server if he thrice places the ball within the short or outside the long line while serving. Thus the sides change positions throughout the game, until the team which first has twenty-one points

scored against it, must retire in favor of a new side.

The game itself is a very ancient one, since, even in the days of Homer, a game of this sort was a very amusing diversion of the Greeks. Thus, in the *Odyssey*, the bard relates that Ulysses, having been cast on the shores of Phaeacia by the stormy waves, was awakened by the shouts of maidens who were playing a game of ball.

. . . . . “Along the skies,  
Tossed and retossed, the ball incessant flies.”

The advantages of the game have so closely attached it to the minds of discriminating students, that it even predominates over football, basketball, and the like, on a college campus. While it is an outdoor game, which enables the lungs to enjoy all the fresh air possible, it has none of the characteristic strenuousness, roughness, and excitement of other games.

Throughout all stages of the game, the player finds moments of respite. Though not strenuous, it can by no means be termed a tame game, since the essential requirement is rapidity of movement. The fact that accidents rarely occur in this game—serious ones never—corroborates the statement that it lacks roughness.

The most pleasing feature of the game is that it requires keenness of perception and vivacity of thought. The player must always be on guard, and in most cases rapid judgment decides his success. This is no small point in favor of the game, since it imperceptibly teaches the player to use the same accurate judgment in private life.

In conclusion, it would not be out of place to say a few words of the handball game on the “Bluff.” The faculty being impressed with the fact that the game is popular among the students and beneficial to their physical welfare, has spared no expense to patronize this amusing pastime. Indeed, the College has sprung a surprise on us this summer, by constructing seven new handball courts which are built on the latest models,

elaborate in workmanship, and spacious in size. The students, on their part, have not failed to appreciate the gift, since the courts are never unoccupied during the recreation hours.

CHAS. A. MAYER, '08.



## How a Little Boy Feels When He Is Lost.

The consciousness of children, the emotions that sway their young hearts, are to-day a matter of absorbing study to certain philosophers. But let me assure the gentle reader that it is far from my purpose to attempt any contribution to the literature of Child Study. I simply purpose to relate a little incident, such as may have happened to many a boy in his early years, which shows the entire dependence of a child on those of his kin.

Before I was old enough to go to school, in fact, even before I came to the use of reason, my mother had been in the habit of sending me to spend the summer with my uncle, who owns a large farm in the northern part of Maryland. She generally came with me herself, but this year she was too busy and decided to let me make the journey alone.

I smiled rather loftily as she gave the brakeman such parting injunctions as: "Keep him in his seat," "Don't let him get lost," for in the great excitement of going on a trip alone, I had no presentiment of what was before me in the next few hours, least of all any idea of getting lost. "Who ever heard of a boy seven years old getting lost? Why, the idea was absurd."

The train started, and I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the ride and of the scenery of the country through which we passed. Perhaps you do not know that looking from a car window does not tire a youngster as it does an older person; so do not smile when I tell you

that I was very sorry, indeed, when the train steamed into Cumberland, where I was to change cars. The brakeman got me aboard the other train all right, but here is where the trouble began. He had forgotten the name of the place to which I was going; so he asked, "Where are you going, son?" "Frostburg," replied I in a tone of such assurance that he did not doubt me.

When we came to Frostburg, I jumped off the train and watched it as it disappeared in the distance; sorry that I was not still a passenger, and yet glad that my journey was ended. I now began to look for my uncle, first, on the platform, then in the waiting-room, and finally in the ticket office, as I did not understand the "Keep Out," which appeared on the door. Nowhere could I see him, nor did there seem to be anybody about from whom I might get any information.

There came to me now the full significance of that awful warning which my mother had so often repeated to me, "Don't get lost." Yes, I was lost. As I realized this, I gave myself up to terror and despair. Picking up my satchel, I started back along the track, with no idea of where I was going,—only to walk, to go somewhere far away, to find a place in which to die. I trudged along the track, my satchel dragging at my heels. I passed several people who smiled at me, but this made me feel only more miserable. I thought they were making fun of me, for, in my childish ignorance, I imagined that everybody knew that I was lost. When I saw several small children playing happily along the track, my grief knew no bounds, and I dashed madly up a road which crossed the track at that point. It was very lonely along here, and my terror grew as I increased my distance from the railroad, which seemed to be the last tie that linked me to the world. Presently, I came to another road which stretched away into the country like some great white serpent.

Undecided which way to go, I did the most natural thing that a boy would do, considering the circum-

stances—sat down and began to cry. I was still crying when it became dark. I began to grow afraid of even the sound of my own voice. My sobbing gradually died away into a dismal, sepulchral silence. I sat there gazing into space, saying nothing, thinking nothing, just gazing, seemingly paralyzed with fear and terror.

After a time—I could not say how long—I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of wheels and the noise of approaching horses. I descried coming out of the gloom a wagon which seemed familiar to me. As it drew nearer, my heart nearly stopped beating, so great was my joy; for there, nodding on the seat, was my uncle.

I awakened him with a shout, but it was some time before he recognized me. Then I received such handshakings and bear-hugs as left me almost breathless, for uncle was a big, strong man, and I was only seven.

He helped me into the wagon, and as we drove home, listened patiently to my tale of woe, after pledging himself with a hundred promises never to repeat anything that I should tell him.

He kept these promises, presumably forgetting all about the incident. I have not forgotten it, it has always been fresh in my memory; and that is why I am now able to tell you just how a little boy feels when he is lost.

JOHN EGAN, '11



## That Graeco-Roman Football Game.

The campus is well crowded,  
One hundred thousand strong,  
And rooters of all classes  
Are gathered in the throng.  
The presidents and students  
Of Harvard and Cornell,  
Yale, Notre Dame and Georgetown  
Are out in force to yell.  
For they had been invited  
To journey to the Bluff,  
To see the Greeks play Romans,  
And that was quite enough.  
For weeks the teams had practised;  
At Cambridge Springs were they  
Till all were in condition  
And anxious for the fray.  
Of course each side was weakened  
For many men of note,  
Unused to modern travel,  
Had missed the train or boat.  
Old Fabius Cunctator  
Delayed upon the way,  
The game was half way through when  
He jumped into the play.  
Then Scipio was absent  
In Afric's sunny clime;  
He telephoned the captain,  
“I'll get around next time.”  
Sallustius and Livy  
Sold souvenir programmes;  
Conditioned in their studies,  
They had to take “exams.”  
And Sulla knocked out Marius  
Long ere the game began,  
For some one stole his sweater,  
And Marius was the man.

So both these sturdy players,  
Professionals and tough,  
The manager just ousted  
Because they were too rough.  
Besides, Virgilius Maro  
Believed himself unfit.  
Although all Rome contended  
That he was really "it."  
As Homer was too ancient,  
His eyesight, too, being bad,  
He went up to the grandstand  
To recite his Iliad.  
The fans were all disgusted  
To find that Sophocles  
Was acting at Port Arthur  
With Aristophanes.  
A tragedy, a sad one,  
Kept Aeschylus away,  
So Charon skilled in punting  
Played quarter back that day.  
All called for Aristides  
To act as referee.  
The umpire was Cai. Gracchus,  
Of great ability.  
Aristides flipped a nickel,  
The Roman won with ease,  
And from the stand all yelled out,  
"Kick off, Demosthenes."  
The latter boots the pigskin;  
It travels very slow  
And nestles in the clutches  
Of speedy Cicero.  
But Xenophon's upon him  
And downs him in his tracks.  
A famous play they're working,  
These brawny Roman backs.  
They mass their men at tackle;  
An avalanche of beef

Swoops down upon the Grecians  
And brings them all to grief.  
But Virgil finds an opening—  
He sure will score a try,  
But, no, he is quite winded  
With Archimedes by.  
The latter steals the oval  
And punts it out of bounds.  
No kick like his was witnessed  
On any football grounds.  
Here Remus calls attention  
To springs in Archi's boots.  
He cries, "They are illegal,"  
Mid savage yells and hoots.  
"Talk reason," cries wise Plato;  
"A fable," shouts Aesop.  
To further altercation  
The umpire puts a stop.  
The author of Eureka  
Is forced to change his shoes  
Mid Roman yells of triumph  
And Greeks' indignant boos.  
The ball again is scrimmaged.  
It rolls out on the grass—  
Leonidas, the full back,  
Neglects to hold the "Pass."  
But Socrates is on it,  
He's working like a fox,  
And Aristotle's coaching  
Is very orthodox.  
Here Cocles saves his country  
By holding all at bay,  
He breaks the interference  
In a most effective way.  
The Macedonian phalanx  
And tandem-back are jarred,  
For Alexander's absent—  
'Twas at these plays he starred.

The first half soon is over,  
Both teams can breathe awhile,  
Each player gets a lemon  
And Horace takes a *smile*.  
Again the whistle's sounded.  
J. Caesar boots the ball,  
Stout Socrates receives it,  
But gets an awful fall.  
The twins, Pollux and Castor,  
Pull off the forward pass;  
It fills all Rome with gladness  
To see them fool the mass.  
When Castor gets the oval,  
A mighty run makes he.  
The Romans yell to hoarseness,  
“Well done, by Gemini!”  
Has Horace lost his noodle?  
He makes a foolish play,  
He grabs the fumbled oval  
And starts off the wrong way.  
But soon he's intercepted  
And spilled upon the ground.  
The Greeks then get the pigskin,  
And things are turned 'round.  
Ulysses hugs the oval,  
An opening he espied  
Between right guard and tackle—  
The referee's blind side.  
And when he reaches Pollux  
He makes a feint to pass,  
He shoulders him and Pompey  
And lays them on the grass.  
He hurdles “stone-wall” Balbus  
And wolf-faced Romulus,  
The straight arm gives to Remus  
And Coriolanus.  
The full back now is near him.  
His gait is getting slow,

To right, then left, he dodges  
T' escape his tackle low.  
As cheer on cheer re-echoes  
Ulysses never stops  
Till, panting, yet triumphant,  
Between the posts he drops.  
The kick at goal a failure,  
This is the only score.  
Both teams will come next autumn  
To try their luck once more.  
The Romans feel disgusted,  
They keenly mourn their fate,  
A suicide is Cato  
Behind the college gate.

CHARLES McCAMBRIDGE, '08.

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## CARDS OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His Infinite Goodness and Wisdom to call to Himself the uncle of our fellow student, John Mayer, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in behalf of his classmates and fellow students, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

GEORGE J. BULLION  
GEORGE P. ANGEL  
JAMES F. CARROLL

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WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His Infinite Goodness and Wisdom to call to Himself the grandmother of our fellow student, John J. Millard, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in behalf of his classmates and fellow students, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

THOMAS J. DUNN  
JOSEPH N. A. WHALEN  
JOHN T. McMAHON

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

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VOL. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

No. 2.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *Clearing the Ground.*

Good times seem coming for Catholic higher students. A pause is given to the laborious amassing of crooked speculations and hypotheses. In book and paper they were gathered up, not to be straightened out—which was impossible—but to be conclusively shown crooked, as they were seen to be from the beginning. To what purpose—many have asked. Now several years' growth of the weeds and briars has been piled and fired by a searching Encyclical. It has coincidently grubbed the bad roots and made future scattering of poisonous seed both precarious and unpromising.

To be free to look for the true, the good, the beautiful, and to advance, unhindered, in their acquisition and

enjoyment, with hardly a passing glance at baseless opposing theories, is for hearty learners a condition of real felicity. Not that the pursuit of science will not always brand and list errors, for the fuller illustration of truth; but that the undeviating aim will be the final understanding of the true, and not the endless appraising of the false. Moreover sureness of footing will afford leverage for scholarly strivings of increased compass and intensity. To be certain of the ground actually held, and to see the lie of the land for further operations, is a means of success in physical engineering; so is it similarly in the moral industry, in enterprises of the mind and the soul. Rome is still the enlightener, the leader, the opportune deliverer.



### **A Rosary.**

A bishop's function in his own cathedral has often about it an unobtrusiveness of solemnity that is very attractive. In his case to be grave, to be grand, is just to be fittingly graceful. His ministry, indeed, is frequently so sacred, even awful, that we readily connect both the pomp and the severity of ritual with his person and office. Yet in simplest services he may be most impressive. The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin is well called the queen of prayers; and nevertheless all clerics, all Christians, the very school-children, are free to conduct it—or *give it out*, as the expression runs. When a bishop goes up to the chair from which, as Teacher and Prince, he is accustomed to enlighten and direct his people, and begins with Creed, with *Paters* and *Aves*, to weave, as might the lowliest of his flock, the golden chaplet of combined supplication and meditation, the effect is at once subduing and inspiring. No one can, of course, show too much honor to such a devotion; but its being put in so special prominence on a very great occasion, is as striking as it is admirable. The recent Eucharistic Congress had many features of edification; none was more forcibly instructive than the prelatial Rosary of the closing exercise.

## College Notes.

### Congratulations from the "Pittsburg Catholic."

We beg to thank the *Pittsburg Catholic* for the following congratulatory notice which appeared in its issue of October 3rd:

The *Catholic* extends its congratulations to the Very Rev. Father Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost, and the faculty on the splendid showing in a largely increased attendance of students, this collegiate year. This evidences the interest taken by this Catholic community in the cause of higher education and their loyalty to Catholic principle in their patronage of the Catholic school. With a justifiable pride we watch the onward, steady progress of this college from its small beginning in October, 1878, on Wylie avenue, in hired rooms, until to-day the grand college buildings overlook the great city. From the college portals have gone hundreds of well-trained Catholic young men, an honor to the community in all the diversified callings of life. These graduates have made deserving priests, lawyers, doctors, business men. This has been due to the admirable system of educational training. The course embraces all the departments that a young man could wish, either to fit him for business, for the learned professions or for the study of theology; while the many advantages arising from the lessening of expenses to parents, the good effect of having the children at home, and others, are such to commend the college still more to public favor. In the matter of college athletics this institution has an unrivaled record for clean, wholesome games. With the advent of a new scholastic year, higher honors await the college.

### The Retreat.

The Annual Retreat was opened on October 1st by the Rev. Bernard Carey, C. S. Sp. After the closing words of the Veni Creator had died in an echo, he ascend-

ed the pulpit, and dwelt on the importance, usefulness, and necessity of a spiritual retreat for Catholics in general, but particularly for Catholic students. Afterwards, he preached on the text: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul; or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Softly, at first, fell the words from his lips—a faint knocking at the door of the soul; louder and stronger they grew, as if the voice of God were forcing an entrance into our hearts, till soon the very walls re-echoed with the earnest appeal of the holy missionary.

Father Carey delivered six discourses on Confession, Death, Judgment, Eternity, Sin, the End of Man, each increasing in force and pathos. Occasional anecdotes, amusing and sorrowful, helped not a little to point the moral, and to keep weary minds from wandering.

Confessions were heard on Thursday morning and afternoon.

On Friday, the chapel was the scene of a touching solemnity. At 8:00 o'clock, Father Carey celebrated Holy Mass, at which Holy Communion was distributed to all, the choir chanting the beautiful hymn, "O Lord, I am not worthy." With hands joined in prayer and holy contemplation, all piously knelt at the altar rails, to receive their dear Lord. It was a grand demonstration of Catholic piety. Again, at 11 o'clock, the chapel was crowded, as Father Carey with stole and crucifix in hand, ascended the pulpit to give us his parting advice; it was indeed one of love, and one not soon to be forgotten. In part he said: "The golden orb which we behold at morn on the eastern sky, appears at eve on the western horizon; its work has been done for the present; slowly it sinks from our view, and the bright, sunny day gives place to darkest night. The year, with its varied incidents, drags slowly onward, and fades away into the past. Nay, the very greatest of God's works, man, is short-lived; we behold him a babe in his mother's arms, innocently smiling in her face; we watch him advance to

ruddy boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, and, lastly, we see him decline, till he is numbered among the dead, and his name is soon forgotten. So it is, my dear children, with you and me.

"The retreat which we began last Tuesday has to-day come to a close, at least for me; but for you, for you, oh, remember, it is only beginning; it is now that the fight is to be waged, it is now that the trumpets of the enemy are sounding at the ramparts. It is now especially that the devil will strive to tempt you. Oh, dearly beloved, resolve this day, to avoid dangerous companions, immoral books and all occasions of sin. Guard against the curse of youth, intemperance; and guard against the curse of nations, lust. To-day you are free from sin. Oh, may you all persevere in that holy state until death, that when the inevitable hour shall have come, you may attain Heaven as your reward, where the streets are lined with crystals, where there entereth no sorrow, and where alone is true love, true joy, and true happiness!"

At the conclusion of the sermon, each one, holding a lighted candle, renewed his Baptismal vows, after which Father Carey gave us the last touching testament of his solicitude, the papal blessing. Solemn Benediction brought to a close the services of the Retreat.,

#### Visitors.

During the week in which the Eucharistic League held its meetings, the V. Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers; V. Rev. J. Oster, C. S. Sp., Superior, Agricultural School, Ironside, P. Q.; Rev. F. N. Gres, C. S. Sp., Rector, St. Joseph's Church, Bay City, Mich.; Rev. E. Phelan, C. S. Sp., Superior and Master of Novices, Darien, Conn.; Rev. S. Rydlewski, C. S. Sp., Rector, St. Joseph's Church, Mt. Carmel, Pa., and Rev. L. Farrell, C. S. Sp., Director, St. Joseph's House, Philadelphia, Pa., were guests at the College.



## ATHLETICS.

The newly adopted football rules and regulations were weighed in the various colleges and universities last season, and were found wanting. For this reason the Faculty have decided that there shall be no 'Varsity eleven on the Bluff this year. Despite this fact, however, interest in athletics does not flag among the students. Besides the Rugby teams representing the college, association football has become very popular among the devotees of the pigskin on the college campus. It is a sight to behold, at the noon recreation hour, some hundreds of students racing after the many footballs booted over the campus. The good nature existing among the students, the absolute safety of the game, and the physical benefits derived from it are no small points in favor of propagating association ball.

### **The Freshman Team.**

The Freshman team has already demonstrated that its football horizon is a bright one. The eleven is characterized by energetic players who, although light for their class, doubly compensate for this physical disadvantage by good will and energy. As yet they have played only four games.

On October 9, the Freshman team played their initial game with the Wilkinsburg High School. The teams were evenly matched, but the collegians outplayed their opponents in all departments. On account of the short halves, the frequent fumbling at critical stages, and the sad lack of combination plays, they were able to score only six points. The frequent line bucking of both teams, the long runs of Murphy, and the spectacular tackling of Creighton were the features of the game.

On October 12, the Freshman team, notwithstanding its brilliant defensive work against much heavier opponents, was defeated by Waynesburg College, at Waynesburg, 0-11. The very rough and unsportsman-like usage to which our players were subjected, will bar

Waynesburg from consideration when schedules will be arranged hereafter.

On October 19, the Freshmen were outclassed by the Kiskiminetas Academy team. The score was 0-24. The college boys thoroughly enjoyed the day's outing, and were loud in the praises of the very gentlemanly treatment they were accorded before, during and after the game.

On October 23, the East End Amateurs were defeated in a pretty game, 11-0, the touch-downs being made by Murphy and Ryan, and Muldowney kicking one goal.

#### GAMES STILL TO BE PLAYED.

October 26, Wellsville H. S.; November 2, California Normal (at Pittsburg); November 9, Monaca H. S.; November 23, California Normal (at California); November 29, Sayers Business College (at Kittanning).

The Freshman team is made up as follows:—l. e., Toohill; l. t., Ryan, Dugan; l. g., Mulvihill, Habrowski; c., Egan; r. g., Harrigan, Wilson; r. t., Creighton; r. e., Kaylor; q., Muldowney; l. h., Murphy; r. h., Gwyer (captain); f., Doran.

#### The Juniors.

The Juniors played their first game against the Sheridan A. C., and won by the score of 18-6, Haggerty, Strako and Moorhead making the touch-downs.

In the game against the Coraopolis H. S., the Juniors were considerably outweighed. Still they played a brilliantly defensive game, eliciting the applause and admiration of the spectators, and holding their opponents down to the small total of 10 points. Linnermann was the brightest star in the Junior constellation.

The McKeesport Juniors suffered defeat, 5-33. Strako, Quirk and Moorhead were responsible for most of the touchdowns.

The Millvale High School was next defeated, 11-5, Moorhead making both touch-downs, and Strako kicking one goal.

The Junior team is composed as follows:—l. e., Szabo, Kearns; l. t., Brunner, Good; l. g., Quirk, Shay; c., Shaughnessy; r. g., Brady; r. t., Koehler, Gillespie; r. e., Linnermann; q., Strako; l. h., Haggerty; r. h., Moorhead; f., McGuire.

#### **The Minims.**

The Minims bid fair to maintain their title of former years, "invincibles." In a close and exciting game with the All Stars of East End, they just managed to win, 5-0.

They downed the Parnassus Juniors by the overwhelming score of 30-6, and defeated the All Collegians, 5-0.

The success attained so far is due in great part to Mulvihill, Gunn, Carroll, Snyder and Purtell.

The make-up of the team is as follows:—l. e., Gunn; l. t., Esser; l. g., Schulte, McAteer; c., Wackermann; r. g., Szabo; r. t., Gutwald; r. e., Purtell; q., Sullivan; l. h., Carroll; r. h., Snyder; f., Mulvihill.

#### **The Independents.**

The Independents have recently organized, the successful candidates being Brady, Burns, Crehan, Darby, Dunn, Esser, Gutwald (captain), Heimbuecher, Heinrich, Isherwood, Kerr, McGrath and Shaub. In their opening game they faced the St. John Cadets, and defeated them by the overwhelming score of 26-0. Repeatedly the young collegians made breaches in their opponents' line of defense; in the second half they resorted to trick plays. The touch-downs were scored by Gutwald, Heimbuecher, Darby, Isherwood and Crehan.

The E. E. Clayton eleven was the next team taken into camp. Through the strenuous work of Crehan, Darby, Gutwald and Dunn, our boys scored 17 points in the first half; they scored none in the second, on account of the stubborn resistance of the visitors.



## Alumni Notes.

In our last issue of the BULLETIN we expressed the hope that we should be able to state where our commercial graduates have found employment. We have not heard from all of the twenty-one: we expect to be in a position later to give some particulars about those silent gentlemen.

Victor E. Bossart is with the Harbison-Walker Refractories Co., 18th Floor, Farmers' Bank Building.

Lawrence H. Callahan is employed in the Pittsburg office of J. E. Barnes, coal and land broker and operator.

Raymond C. Gaugler is shipping clerk and assistant book-keeper for G. J. Ramlack, wholesale dealer in Pabst Milwaukee beer.

Martin A. Gloekler is book-keeper for the L. A. Green Iron and Steel Co., Park Building.

M. J. Lally is recording clerk in the Open Hearth Department of Jones & Laughlin's Steel Works.

John F. McKnight is head book-keeper for the United Planing Mill Co., Putnam Street, near Frankstown Avenue, E. E.

John A. Mahon is cashier in his mother's office, Second Avenue.

Michael G. Minick is assistant book-keeper for the Central District Printing & Telegraph Co., Seventh Avenue.

Thomas W. Noonan occupies a cosy corner in the General Superintendent's Office, Pittsburg Railways Co.

George P. Parker is assistant book-keeper at Weisser-Low Co.'s, 626 Liberty Avenue.

Joseph G. Smisko is keeping books for the Harvey Coal & Coke Co., Harvey, W. Va.

Clement J. Staud is assistant in his father's carriage factory, 1436 Preble Avenue, Allegheny, Pa.

Clarence M. Straessley has returned to college to pursue the Scientific and Engineering Course.

John T. Cawley is Advertising Manager for the Koppel Iron & Steel Co.

James McLaughlin and Claud McDermott will finish their medical course in Georgetown next year.

Charles Duffy has started his second year in the same university. His sister was the recipient of a handsome wedding present sent by the college athletic association as a token of their good wishes and an expression of their appreciation of the interest she took in all their social gatherings.

J. Vick O'Brien presided at the organ on the occasion of the dedication services, St. Lawrence's Church, October 13. The Rev. W. J. McMullen preached the sermon at the evening devotions.

Charles A. Sweeney, of last year's First Academic Class, is clerking for the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., East Pittsburg, Pa.

Edward R. Flanigan, of last year's Freshman Class, has entered the novitiate of the Passionist Fathers.

Jason A. Strong has entered the Franciscan novitiate at St. Louis, Mo.

Frank Teufel is filling one of the most responsible positions in the Pittsburg Gage & Supply Co.

Michael J. Daley is clerking at the Union Station.

Ralph L. Hayes has just completed a tour of Milan, Pavia, Genoa, Pisa, Lucca, Florence and the Italian Lakes. He also visited the Holy House at Loretto.

James L. Curran, of last year's First Academic Class, is now studying law with McKenna & McKenna, 433 Fifth Avenue, having passed the examinations held on July 9th and 10th. The subjects were Latin (Caesar, Bk. I.; Virgil, A., II.; Catiline Orations), English (leading writers and composition), Geometry (five books), Algebra (quadratics included), History (Myers' General, Greene's Growth of the English People, American, 1775-1792).

P. Brennan Reilly was best man at the wedding of his brother, John D. It is peculiar that the brother of the President of our Alumni Association has married the Vice-President's sister.

William Weiss was best man at Dr. Weisser's wedding.

Daniel B. Dougherty visited us lately on his way to Chicago. He was about to enter the second year's law course in the university of that city.

Robert A. Brown has been obliged on account of his health to interrupt his studies. He is engaged with the Government Engineering Corps that has been appointed to survey the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans.

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#### EXCHANGES AND CONCERTS.

We are obliged to hold over for the December issue our notes on Exchanges and Concerts.



#### JOTTINGS.

RAH! Rah! Rah!

FOOTBALL!

GET into the game!

IF anyone has a kick to register, direct him to Gwyer.

MANY of our South Side friends spent the summer at the beach. Swimming pool? No!

SOMEONE has just discovered that the Freshmen are not all "Angels."

FROM all indications we are to have a player who will "A Dorn" the position of full back on our football team this year.

JOHN (RED) SULLIVAN paid us a visit a few days ago and told us of his success in the mountain league; we sincerely hope he won't contract President Roosevelt's mountain "lion" fever.

WHO broke the "Locke" in St. John's Hall?

THE P. R. R. Company intends to introduce a new system of weighing passengers from Wellsville instead of counting them. Ask Pat.

RAY MILLER, our crack south-paw pitcher of last season, is expected back soon.

IT has been rumored that the Burgess of Wilkinsburg wished to appoint some of our football team policemen in his somnolent village. Eddie knows!

A DARK, rainy day is productive of melancholy: one wise man of the Freshman Class informs us that at Niagara Falls it causes a mental blank.

PROFESSOR (Fourth Academic): "What do you mean by saying that the Pope is infallible?"

Inattentive student: "Excuse me, Professor, I never said he was."

ENDIE MCKNIGHT, whose baseball laurels are many, adds speed and dash to the Freshmen eleven, his work in the backfield being noteworthy.

PAUL BRADY plays a fine game at tackle for the Junior team. His work in the class-room is also high-grade. He is President of his class, the Third Academic B.

WHEN his work was Dunn, the Moeller, with much Payne, searched the Ackers on which his Mills were situated, and found, in Goode condition, the Locke of his Gunn, where the Cunning Butler had put them.

HEINRICH registers from New Castle. It is a long time since the "tin village" sent two students, and the first time that it ever equalled in that respect its ancient rival, Youngstown.

CLIFFORD and O'Connor are the champion handball team of the Academics. But they are rivals for class honors, and theirs is a neck-and-neck race.

"ED" MISKLOW was chosen President of the Second Academic by his classmates, the vote being almost unanimous. "Ed" is a real student.

"ED" CURRAN has cast his fortunes with the Classicals, and is leading his classmates a merry chase.

PAUL DARBY is taking "Time by the forelock" these days, we are told, and he expects to be "inside the money" when the curtain drops on the current scholastic year.

McHATTIE comes from Aliquippa each day. Last term "Mac" missed only one day, and that on account of the record-breaking flood in March.

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Vol. XIV.      Pittsburgh, Pa., December, 1907.      No. 3.

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## Ode to Psychology.

Teacher of truth, which ever peaceful flows,  
Doctrine divine, which reason e'er bestows,  
Slighted art thou, in this material age,  
Scoffed at and trod 'neath fiery passion's rage.  
Humbly do I, an infant in thy school,  
Beg for thy guidance, and thy constant rule.  
Teach how the Almighty Wise, by act of Will,  
Creating all, adds animation still;  
That act of Power, that show of Love so kind,  
Is Freedom Infinite of the Eternal Mind.  
Oh! list, my soul, this science lives for thee,  
Suffers and strives, from error ever free:  
Kindly respond, and concentrate thy mind,  
Be not to Wisdom obstinate and blind.  
Of souls, Great Science, ever teach, I pray,  
In noblest strains, to Blessed Light the way.  
Through error, teach me, safe my mind to guide,  
Benignly, aid me never truth to hide.  
Thou noble study, difficult, sublime,  
My joy, my pride, my spirit's limpid clime!  
Imbue, Angelic Doctor, me thy child,  
Thy bellow mingle with thy breathings mild.  
Seat of true Wisdom, Mary, Mother pure,  
To heavenly heights my feeble heart allure.

J. F. CARROLL, '08.

## In St. Vincent Seminary Recreation Grounds.

As I am inclined to feel an advantage in entertaining amid the beauties of Nature, I would have you, if you please, accompany me in mind to the recreation ground allotted to Seminarians in St. Vincent's. Leaving the Seminary building, which, by the way, has but lately been erected, and proceeding along the pathway through the campus of the students of the college department, we find ourselves after a few minutes at the entrance of a cemetery situated on an eminence that commands an excellent view of the surrounding country. From this point we descend the hill a short distance, and are then in the midst of the Seminarians engaged in part of their daily relaxation from study.

That you may be the better acquainted, this recreation ground is known as the "Cherry Path." Around this name are centered sacred traditions and fond recollections entirely too numerous to be even mentioned here. Being far removed from all noise producers, the place is comparatively free from distraction. In the distance, the P. R. R. is visible, but the trains, like dutiful children, are seen but seldom heard. The "Cherry Path" consists of two broad cinder paths on either side of which are cherry trees. At the west end of this path is a small grotto erected in honor of the blessed Mother of God. Seminarians are justly proud of this possession, and, when wild flowers are in bloom, scarcely a day passes without some loving soul filled with tender admiration of the spotless Virgin, placing a bouquet at the feet of the beautiful image enshrined in the rocks.

Perhaps it would be of interest to many, and it certainly is amusing, to note, though rather briefly, the occupations of some who have but recently entered upon seminary life. One who in former years was apparently continually occupied never appeared to be more so than at the present time. His love for walking is seldom satisfied. Another finds in croquet a convenient substi-

tute for the great national pastime. Although the resemblance is scarcely perceptible, croquet has been classified by some as out-door billiards.

When one is disposed to meditation, a very gratifying diversion is the silent contemplation of the beauties of Nature, especially suitable when Mother Earth has donned the mystic robe of autumn, and the multi-colored foliage of the trees and shrubbery lends a sweet exhilarating balm to the imagination. But man finds not the ultimate object of his inborn longing in any created thing, for, though filled with ecstasy at the sight of the glory and splendor of autumn, he must conclude with a sigh that all this magnificent display is but the final effort of the dying year, and that autumn, too, shall fly from his grasp, even as the rainbow, leaving only a memory. And, alas! the inevitable has happened. With sorrowing hearts we behold our inspiring friends, like tearful mortals, shedding their attractive leaves at the unquestionable command of the cruel, relentless Frost.

A habit rapidly acquired by Seminarians at St. Vincent's is that of walking early in the morning. At this time the mind is fresh and vigorous, the faculties possess a keener edge and more fully interpret surrounding beauties. Many experience delight in memorizing poetry at sunrise, but it is far more pleasant to delve into Nature's own book of poems when the King of Day is slowly mounting the eastern hills, and the sweet voice of the Muse seems to penetrate the atmosphere with an exalting thrill, translating the mind to realms beyond, there to be refreshed at the sparkling fountain from which the bards themselves imbibed the precious potion.

Oh, blissful sight! Ennobling charm! How grand,  
Sublime the power that holds in rapturous sway  
Man's soul with wonder, admiration, praise,  
All mute—the first soft gleams of new-born day!  
Like 'tis to Grace, that penetrates the soul,  
Then onward guides, where beams supernal light,  
Into celestial realms where all is love.  
Sweet gift of God dispelling darkest night!

Another occasion for a delightful walk is "in the evening by the moonlight." On a certain evening, a short time ago, I happened to be strolling leisurely along the "Cherry Path," conversing with a friend while the silvery moonbeams playfully flitted through the trees and cast weird reflections upon the marble tombstones. Suddenly conversation ceased, and, in the somber silence, as if by mutual instinct we both came to a sudden halt. Then wistfully gazing at the moon my companion turned to me with the words: "What an excellent tribute to Thespis!" Well justified was the remark for no stage was ever more artistically arranged or more skillfully illuminated than was the scene there presented to us by Nature.

P. G. MISKLOW, '07.



## JAPAN.

### II.

In my last essay on Japan, I briefly treated the history of the country. This naturally leads us to consider the pursuits and occupations of the people, their laws, religion, and literature. As it has been only during the last two or three decades that the empire of Japan has begun to expand, modern Japan will be a more interesting subject to most readers than ancient. I shall therefore treat of Japan as she is to-day.

Through the whole period of her history, Japan has been engaged in continual warfare, which was carried on entirely by one class of the people, the warriors, or Samurai. The nobles of the court and the peasants did not fight. These latter were the main-stay of the empire. There were few merchants and fewer manufacturers, and rightly the peasants ranked above them. Even to-day more than half the whole population are farmers. Only about twelve per cent. of the land can be cultivated, and

even this is not very fertile. Their methods and implements are very primitive, and were introduced from China many centuries ago. Yet with all these drawbacks, the best rice in Asia is grown. Besides rice, cereals, vegetables and sweet potatoes are also grown. Next to rice the most important products are tea, camphor and lacquer. These are sent to all parts of the world, and form the most important exports of the country.

Since the awakening of Japan, many have taken to commerce and manufactures. In fact, some are so much in earnest, and so earnestly desire to learn the methods of the West, that they have sent their sons to us to study our industries. In Germany, in France, in England, and in our own country, you will find them as house-servants, as students, as mechanics, and in every conceivable walk of life. All the knowledge they gain is helping Japan in her progress towards the supremacy of the East. Even now in every city of Japan are numerous factories. Daily, more are being erected. In commerce too Japan is making giant strides. For example, we all know how she gained control of one of the great Pacific steamship lines without any opposition. On account of the late Russian war, she has secured an immense advantage in her trade with China. If she continues advancing at her present rate, there is little doubt that she will soon be mistress of Asia. It has often been said that the Japanese have no inventive genius, and perhaps truly, but they have at least what is just as good, the power of imitating, and they know how to best use to their own advantage the successful methods of their white brothers.

On account of her intercourse with European nations, education has received a great stimulus in Japan. During the Middle Ages, this was left in the hands of the Buddhist priests. Of course, these would teach only what they thought necessary, and forbade the studying of the learning of the West. Since 1854, the country has been filled with Europeans, and European customs have

begun to prevail. The old system of teaching was entirely abandoned. Universities, schools and academies were founded, and foreign faculties were employed. All branches of study are taught. In the Tokyo University, six courses are open to students; Law, Medicine, Engineering, Science and Agriculture. Not even is the higher education of women neglected. There are the Higher Normal Schools, the High Schools and the Peeresses' School.

The Japanese make good students. They are quiet, intelligent, deferential and studious. They have only one great fault, a fault common to all subordinates in Japan, a wish to have a voice in all that concerns them. Very frequently the boys at some of the important schools strike because they disapprove of their teachers' management.

As in everything else, Japan has had no real literature of her own until lately. Only three notable books, the *Kojiki*, the *Nihongi*, and the *Monjoshu* were written. They deal principally with the myths and legends of antiquity, although they are considered authentic in Japan. The last two named are filled with Chinese maxims and ideas, and are written in the style of Chinese classicism.

Of late, books without number have been written, but, although composed by Japanese, they show too plainly the Chinese influence to be considered representative Japanese. All the books of old Japan were either poetry or history. Lately the Japanese have taken to writing on every conceivable subject, but mostly in other languages than their own. Although not in their mother tongue, they clearly show that they are typically Japanese, for the ideas and the character of the little brown men are plainly visible through the thin garb of foreign words.

Concerning the music and art of the East, the less said the better, and especially of the music. In Japan it has existed from the earliest times, and consists for the

most part of a babel of strummings and squealings. To the Oriental, no doubt, it sounds beautiful, but I do not think there has ever been found a white man who was able to find harmony in it.

The art of Japan has always been a question of dispute among western artists. Although it is most pleasing in some respects, yet it can hardly be considered really beautiful. The outlines are rather harsh and the coloring too vivid. Certain it is that the Japanese artists most assiduously disregard the rules which are considered paramount in the West.

It is a curious anomaly that although the Nipponese are generally very quiet and not much given to litigation, yet they are now becoming a nation of lawyers. At all the universities law seems to be the branch most favored by the students. During the Middle Ages, all the law was introduced from China. During the last few years, Japan has been adapting the laws of France and Germany to her own needs. So to-day the laws of the islands are a curious mixture of all that is best in the East and the West. Of course the legal code has not reached so high a degree of perfection as prevails in Europe.

Although the Japanese are essentially an undevotional people yet two of the greatest religions of the world, Christianity and Buddhism have existed there with a greater or less degree of success. Buddhism, although it originated in a different part of Asia, is the prevailing religion as different families of the same race are somewhat closely related and follow the same religious leaders and prophets. Besides, Buddhism has been the agent for the education of the country. When this religion was established in Japan many centuries ago, it came from China. Then the priests became teachers and the ancient learning and culture of the celestial kingdom soon followed. They were very jealous of foreigners, and did all in their power to thwart them. At last Christianity gained a foot-hold in the country. In

my last essay I showed how this come about, and mentioned the trials and persecutions the Church had to endure during those troubrous times. To-day it is very highly honored and respected, at least outwardly, both by those in power and by the common people. This may be on account of political reasons only, as it is to Japan's best interests to be on terms of friendship with all Christian nations. But let us hope that it is due to a nobler motive, so that soon all Japan may embrace the great religion of Christ.

Taken all in all, there is no doubt that the little, brown Japs are a remarkable race. Closely related to the Chinese, there is the greatest difference in the world between them. Quick to learn, they are becoming famous in science and in the arts. Although a much younger nation than China, they have learned all she can teach, and have far surpassed her in civilization. Now we of the West are their teachers. Will they out-distance us as they have done former teachers and competitors?

J. H. McGRAW, '10.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a pretty pocket edition of the *New Testament* published by the C. Wilderman Co., N. Y. Every Catholic should have a copy of it. Numerous graces and inspirations result from a devout reading of the Holy Scriptures. The late Holy Father, Leo XIII., granted to all the faithful who devoutly read them for at least a quarter of an hour a day an indulgence of three hundred days to be gained once a day.

Cloth-bound copies sell for 25 cents each. Better bindings run up to \$3.00.



## From the College Tower.

The class of '11 had laid aside their books and dismissed the thoughts associated with the study hall and class room, to indulge with full freedom in the pleasures and recreations incident to the summer holidays.

On the Sunday afternoon following the close of the year's session, those members of the class who were still in the college, joined Father Baldwin in a visit to the college tower. There were some good stories told, Father Baldwin, of course, being the chief contributor, relating incidents and anecdotes connected with his life as a missionary in Africa. The informal nature of the gathering, however, allowed each one present to follow his own train of thought. I myself must confess to some roaming fancies, which, though not altogether relevant to any part of the afternoon's conversation, were suggested by Father Baldwin's narratives, and may be set down here.

Sunday brings with it many blessings. And without irreverence to the glorious day, glorious for what it commemorates, I would number among its chief blessings a smokeless Pittsburg. The brightness of the day afforded us a fairly good view of the surrounding country.

But my fancy was not pleased with the factories and places of trade that covered the hills and valleys which lay before us; so she blotted them all from sight. She then wrought wonders, and nature rejoiced at her skill. Wild flowers grace the dales and hill-sides; some are even so bold as to nestle beneath the trees of the forest which crowns the hilltops. Land, sky and waters are all in harmony, a harmony in no way disturbed by the marks of men's greed for wealth.

Once again the wants of the people inhabiting the land are few and simple, and are easily satisfied. Their observance of the law of the Great Chief of their hereafter is rarely broken, except when their medicine man, at the devil's suggestion, prompts them to crime against a

comrade, against another tribe, or against the gentle "black-gowns" who have come amongst them to show them the light to the land of the true Great Chief. At times, the medicine man opposes the missionary with all the strength of his savage nature; at other times, he bows in meek submission to the teachings of the gentle black-gown, and leads his people to a like submission.

In the course of years, God permits two alien nations to enter the land. One of these is of the same blood as the black-gown. This nation seeks at least to understand the Indian, and to live in peace with him. These realize that the Indian has a soul, and that his soul is as precious to God as is the soul of any white man. And, as a people, they act in conformity with that belief.

Not so with the other nation. God has sent them, so they think, to rid the land of the Indians, as one might clear a forest of wild beasts. It is the Anglo-Saxon way of "taking up the white man's burden." They reason thus: "The Indian belongs to an inferior race, incapable of development and impervious to the cultural influence of Christianity and of European civilization. It would require too much time and too much trouble to lift him out of the depths of his ferocious superstition. The sentimental French and Spanish may waste their time in uplifting the savage red men, but the acquisition of land and wealth is the worthiest object of English energies!"

In their pursuit of material things, the English find this other nation, the French, in possession of the key to the West. It is at this point the Ohio River has its beginning, and the English realize the importance of possessing the Ohio. A European war transferred to American shores receives a new name, and affords the longed-for pretext for wresting the key to the West from the French.

At length a new scouting party composed of English troops and colonials reach the vicinity of the head waters of the Ohio. But there before them they have not only

the French to fight, and a French fort to capture, but also the Indians from Canada and from the country around the Great Lakes, who have come to avenge the wrongs done to their kinsmen and to repel the advance of a race bent upon destroying the Indian. The English themselves realize the tremendous crisis they are facing. Victory means the complete achievement of their desires: defeat means utter annihilation. It is only the valor and prowess of a young Virginian that saves the English and the colonial troops from this annihilation.

At the end of the war, the banner of the *fleur-de-lis* is replaced by that of St. George at every point east of the Ohio and throughout the North. England now has two routes by which to proceed to the winning of the West—the Ohio and the Great Lakes. The French can offer no interference this side of the Mississippi. Many tribes of Indians, however, remain in the territory won from the French. Towards these Indians the English do not use such means of conciliation as justice would suggest; they use instead robbery, force, and fraud. The Englishman's religion, since the time of Elizabeth, has been little else than a deification of self offered as worship to God! Such a religion, if religion it may be called, had no room in its scheme for an unselfish regard for weak and uncultured peoples. The whole scope of the law for such is comprised in the word extinction! Like sire, like son. The colonists were true to their parent stock. The weaker their religious tenets and inclinations grew, the stronger grew their bigotry, and egotism, and cruelty, the offspring of these tenets.

The struggle of the American colonies with England brings about a change of policy towards the Indian, even though it did not necessarily bring about a change of sentiment in his regard. The most bigoted has to study how to conciliate the Indian, to cater to him, to give him money and whiskey, if he asks for them, and, even if he desires a Catholic priest to minister to his people, to scour the country to fill his want. Bigotry had made Catholic

priests scarce. Bigotry, however, has to give way to policy, and policy secures what had been denied to justice and humanity! The colonists realize that the more Indians they have allied to themselves, the fewer there will be to fight against them. A bloody war is fought, and the American colonists come out of this war a new and victorious nation under a new flag consecrated to principles of liberty not new it is true, but never before so well defined.

Within three decades, as many banners have floated to the breeze at the head waters of the Ohio: first the *fleur-de-lis*, next that of St. George, and then a banner spangled with thirteen stars, one for each of the thirteen sovereign states comprising the territory of the new nation.

The ending of the war leaves the restless American free to follow his policy of expansion and to renew his march westward or southward, as fancy or circumstances dictate. He frequently meets the Indian in conflict, and up to the war of 1812, he as frequently finds that the English government, through its agents and traders, is the "nigger in the wood pile" from Florida up along the western frontier to Canada.

The Indian in the West has placed all white men in the same class—his enemies. The wrongs of the Indian in the East had crossed the mountains and the rivers to make themselves known in the West. The innocent often suffered with the guilty at the hands of the Indian. The missionary might win over the Indian to confidence because of his established reputation for doing good. The trader, too, has more or less intercourse with the Indian. Through him the Indian may get the means of self-destruction, and not know him as an enemy to his true welfare.

The Spanish and the French missionary still labor with the Indian of the West and South-west. Many a time their good work is undone by the miserable trader, who brings the wares which brutalize the Indian.

Time and time again, the missionary, unsolicited, stands between the Indian and the American home seeker and prevents many a massacre. The United States Government acknowledges his worth when it wants a peace secured or a treaty negotiated. The missionary seeks the betterment of all and peace for all. Of course most of these treaties are broken as soon as they stand in the way of greed and injustice, but despite these discouraging results, the missionary is ever willing to risk even life itself in the cause of humanity.

By the late forties the American has blazed a trail to the Pacific, as he had to the Gulf at an earlier time. American soldiery are now to be seen hovering about the hills of San Francisco. This news is brought to an Irish priest laboring in the Spanish missions in California. He knows too well the fate that now threatens his people. He knows too well that the soldiers are soon to be used as the tools of bigotry. Those who had disdained to work for the betterment of the Indian, have not left him in peace, nor will they. They considered it their privilege to rob the Indian. If he resists, they proclaim the axiom that the "best Indian is a dead Indian," and they act up to their belief through their tools, the government and its soldiers.

What wonder, then, that the priest writes to the Spanish government requesting it to aid him in securing Irish settlers to protect the missions and to protect the Indian! Truly this would have been a glorious place for "Wild Geese" to rest their wings! These Irish had their own tale of suffering to tell about the sires and the kinsmen of these very men who now threaten the Indian with the loss of all that is dear to him. The good father knows that these bigots will sweep everything before them, and this he explains in writing to the Spanish government, from which he is seeking means of transportation for his countrymen. But the plea comes too late, and the red man has to suffer.

But out of the evil actions of men God often times

brings good. The land has been cleared and awaits occupancy. The immigrant has come, and is coming, from the crowded countries of Europe, and, if wise enough to avoid the city, he has splendid possibilities before him in territory that awaits development. But there are some whom circumstances force to remain in the city. And on this Sunday, a congregation whose ancestors, if not themselves, are from the various countries of Europe, are attending Mass in a Pittsburg church. An appeal is made to this congregation in behalf of the Indian schools. A dishonest government has neglected to continue the support it has pledged: and so God's poor must help God's needy. These people strive to pay an interest on the principal owed by the white man to the Indian. An Indian priest, in whose behalf the appeal has been made, intones the *Credo* in testimony of the faith of his people. He stands there a contradiction to their calumniators.

Such was this Sunday's scene. It has suggested many thoughts to me and some have pressed their way to the pen's point. Many of them, it is true, led me far from the present time and place; but, under fancy's spell, views of this kind may be seen at any time from the College Tower.

J. E. KNIGHT, '10.

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### CARD OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the brother of our fellow-student and companion, William J. O'Neil; be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

E. J. MISKLOW  
P. W. BRODERICK  
W. J. WEIR

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## A Day and a Night on the River.

The sun sparkled on the water as a friend, and myself made an early morning start for a short camping trip in a motor boat. The boat glided gracefully away from the dock, our hearts beating in unison with the chug, chug of the little engine. We had all the requisites of camping-out stored under the front deck, and felt no misgivings as to getting along without home-cooking for a while at least.

We made a pretty run to Nine-mile Island and here prepared to do battle with the swift current of the riffles, for the water sweeping round the head of the island, rushes through a narrow channel at a smart clip. With full speed on, the little boat nosed her way through small whirlpools, and, after a long quarter of an hour, we found ourselves well out of the half-mile course of bad water.

It was easy going after that, so we lolled back on the cushions, observing the beautiful scenery of both banks and noting with interest the small towns and rolling fields that glided by like biograph views.

By this time it was high noon, and the smart breeze from off the water had given us a good appetite. Having made a neat landing, we prepared a regular old camp dinner. I built the fire and then set our table, while my friend did the cooking. When everything was in readiness, we set to with knives and forks, and very soon had wrought a noticeable amount of havoc on the bill of fare.

After dinner we packed everything in orderly array, and once more started on our journey. After a pleasant run of about four miles we had the misfortune to lose our propeller and were compelled to float back down the river about six miles to a store where we purchased, almost to the demoralization of our pocket-books, a new and better one. We quickly and securely adjusted it, and turned the boat once more up stream.

The sun was now ready to drop behind the trees

fringing the hilltops, but we did not want to stop for the night until we had passed through more riffles, above which we were positively assured of a good camping ground. But these riffles were much longer and harder to fight against than had been the previous ones in the morning. The little engine stubbornly fought the swift tide, but we crawled at scarcely more than a snail's pace. At last darkness settled down with a misty fog, catching us about three-quarters of the way through. On account of sand bars and rocks in the shallow water, we had to put in to shore slowly, feeling our way to a good landing place.

The river bank here was so steep and so covered with huge boulders that we concluded it to be an impossibility to pitch our small tent. I built a rousing fire and we then prepared supper. Even though circumstances were against us, we enjoyed this meal almost as much as we did our dinner.

We saw that we were compelled to make a night of it in an open launch on the river. Having securely fastened the boat to large rocks we went to bed, one on either seat. A bed, ten or twelve inches wide, is not the most comfortable, I can safely assert. After tossing about for what seemed to me to be nearly all night, I turned over to find my friend also awake. I asked him the time. He struck a match and looked at his watch and then told me that it was just eleven o'clock. We had been lying down but two hours, and I felt as if it should be morning.

I knew I would not be able to rest well on the seat, so I tumbled the cushions out on the floor of the boat and myself after them. Wrapping my blanket around me, I turned over and slept like a top until about four-thirty in the morning, when I was awakened by rain drops splashing on my face. Springing up, I awakened my chum, and having put our blankets in from the rain, we sat covered with ponchos watching the down pour. But it did not rain long. As it was now pretty bright, we pushed the boat off from shore and started the engine.

At length we passed through the second "bad water," and made about eight miles before breakfast.

I have related to you the one or two misfortunes, if I may so call them, that befell us on our trip: it is my earnest wish to direct your attention in the near future to some of the good times my chum and myself enjoyed before we again landed on our home pier, and for the last time this year shut off the chug, chug of our little engine.

T. F. RYAN, '08.



## Bethlehem.

A civil obligation brings a throng  
Of people from the cities far and wide;  
They join in feasts, in music and in song—  
The hours in festal gladness swiftly glide.

As ever and anon that sound ascends  
Of revelry from out the village near,  
It loud proclaims the citizen that spends  
His life in hollow joys and worldly cheer.

Just as the twilight deepens in the vale,  
A holy pair advance upon the plain;  
They try to gain a shelter, but they fail—  
No room for Him whom heaven can not contain.

On, on they wander in the star-lit dell,  
Descend a hill and find a stable-cave,  
There shelter find where lowly oxen dwell—  
What man refused this lower order gave!

And there within that cheerless, humble home,  
The Word made Flesh was born for us that night.  
The Promised of all ages now had come,  
A gentile revelation's gladsome Light.

*Gloria in Excelsis* angel voices sing,  
*In terra pax hominibus* resounds;  
Across the land the joyful echoes ring,  
And shepherds at their watch the hymn astounds.

*Venite adoremus* let us say;  
With angels may we sing that anthem grand  
Upon this holy, happy Christmas day  
Diffusing peace and joy throughout the land.

C. L. McCAMBRIDGE, '08.



### Alumni Notes.

We congratulate Mr. John Scanlon on his recent marriage to Miss Stella Huckestein, sister of our former captain of baseball and football teams.

Richard Hanley has gone to Los Angeles, to benefit his health.

John and Donald McVean are in the undertaking business in Youngstown, Ohio.

Rev. C. J. Rudolph, C. S. Sp., writes from his far-off Mission of Gerihm, 150 miles inland from Freetown, Sierra Leone, Africa. On the feast of the Holy Rosary he baptized the dying king in the presence of all his chiefs. He has just built a residence, the walls being of sun-dried bricks, and the roof of corrugated iron. At this moment—the end of the six months' rainy season—he is rebuilding his church. His only helpers are the boys of his Mission. For the furnishing and decoration of his church he appeals to his friends and school companions. Will he be disappointed?

Dr. W. J. Hickson is on the city staff and has the fifth district assigned to him. The Doc. is far heavier than when he made his record run on the gridiron with the Wheeling Tigers in pursuit, and has decided to invest in an automobile. His office is at Penn and Pacific Avenues.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 3.

## EDITORIAL.

### *The Greater City.*

Now for municipal progress! But need it be all politico-material?—as the current gratulations would suggest. There certainly must be social, mental, moral, even spiritual interests that a strongly unified administration is called upon to further.



### *School Classification.*

In newspaper inventories of the Greater Pittsburg, there recurs an ancient libel. The primary schools are divided into *Public* and *Parochial*, implying that the

latter are not public. As much may underlie this pretense, Catholics would do well to shame it out of the language of logical speakers and writers. But, unfortunately, some of us use the objectionable classification, not noticing that it is an arrogant slight on our own system. The contrast is unfounded: *Parochial* schools are *Public* schools, often more public in width of constituency and number of pupils than those which receive the technical qualification. Where private schools exist, let them be so called: they are not parochial. Then, if the two kinds of public schools are to be distinguished, it should be by their principles—and they are *Secular* and *Religious*; or by their means of support—and they are *Rate* and *Voluntary*; or finally by their territory—and they are *Ward* and *Parish* schools. *District* was a term employed, but it commonly covers various schools. The term *Ward*—the usual one in many places—seems the best designation, in the mouths of Catholics and other correct people, for the rate-supported schools as distinct from the free parochial schools.



### *Mellow Pedagogy.*

Transmission of power offers some of the greatest problems of mechanics. The production of energy is plain and easy in comparison with its communication; in comparison especially with its unwasted application to the very work to be done. Often but a small percentage of what is produced reaches effectually the point in view. Hence is the belt system of huge machines so interesting a study, the almost frictionless movement of one great band seeming to convey and multiply all the impulses of the central power-producer. As something equivalent has to take place in education, between the teaching power and the learning power, there may be needed reforms such as are boasted of in the present industrial world. 'Tis advertised that certain new belting methods

work smoothly, noiselessly, powerfully, transmitting all they have, all they receive. In the school mills friction, fuss, splutter, are sometimes evident up and down the line; and, measured on the expenditure of energy, the results are "monstrous little." Perhaps only experience can thoroughly mellow pedagogy, but controlled system should do something.



## College Notes.

### First Term Examinations.

The first term examinations were held in the week beginning November 4. They were written in all subjects, and oral in classics, modern languages, book-keeping and commercial law. The results were proclaimed in the college hall on November 12. One hundred and fourteen honor cards were awarded. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes:—J. F. Carroll, C. A. Mayer, T. J. Szulc, A. G. Maingot, C. S. Merkel, S. A. Kester, J. A. Czarnowski, J. L. Wassermann, T. H. Skarry, L. B. Litot, J. V. O'Connor, E. J. Misklow, F. J. Mueller, E. A. Heinrich, F. M. Ubinger, J. F. Heidenkamp, J. S. Kedziorski.

### Class Presidents.

The election of Class Presidents resulted as follows: B. J. McGuigan, J. T. McMahon, E. J. McKnight, H. J. Gelm, T. H. Skarry, W. L. Moorhead, M. J. Ennis, T. B. Doran, J. V. O'Connor, E. J. Misklow, J. R. Gutwald, P. J. Brady, E. J. Bannon and M. Snyder.

### For a Former Professor.

On November 6, a solemn high Mass of *Requiem* was offered up for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. E. Reibel, C. S. Sp.

### The Right Rev. Bishop and Total Abstinence.

On Thursday afternoon, November 14, the Rt. Rev.

Bishop Canevin visited the College, and delivered an eloquent address in the chapel on "Total Abstinence." Since the re-opening of school, interest has been manifested by the students on this all-important subject, and the convincing, solemn tone of the Bishop's words has intensified this interest. In substance, he said: "It is a rare pleasure to come amongst you, dear students, but it is a rarer and greater pleasure to have the opportunity of saying a few words on total abstinence. The predominant principles of all society, Catholic or otherwise, are self-restraint and self-respect; these are incompatible with the vice of intemperance. Let us but visit a prison, insane asylum or hospital, and we shall find that the majority of the inmates are there because of the use and abuse of intoxicating drink. Intemperance is the main cause of degradation, and the chief producer of crime, insanity and disease.

"On the other hand, you will find no one in prison because of total abstinence, no one insane because of his abstineness, no one diseased because he never tasted intoxicating drink. Self-restraint and self-respect are the ruling motives of non-Catholics. They practise restraint, not because they want to mortify themselves, but because they respect themselves. You, Catholic young men of a flourishing Catholic institution, you have your Total Abstinence League, and your future depends mainly on your fidelity to its principles. The ideal business man, the ideal clerk, and the ideal priest, are the total abstainers. Remember that the use of intoxicating drink will never bring you success in the drama of life, nor will it ever soothe an aching brain. Abstinence means self-restraint; total abstinence means self-respect. Therefore, my dear friends, abstain from intoxicating drink, and teach others by your example."

The Total Abstinence League, under the direction of Rev. A. B. Mehler, holds regular meetings in the College hall.

**Sympathy.**

We cordially sympathize with Joseph Glesenkamp in the recent accident which resulted to him in painful injuries, and heartily congratulate his parents on their narrow escape when their carriage was smashed to pieces by a roving automobile.

**Congratulations.**

We heartily congratulate our sister colleges, Blackrock and Rockwell, on the brilliant success they have achieved in the annual Intermediate Examinations, Ireland. The record of Blackrock is the more gratifying as the students were obliged to interrupt their studies during several weeks, previous to the examinations, owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever.

The following are extracts from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*:

"Blackrock is first of the Catholic Colleges with 6 Exhibitions (money prizes ranging from \$50 to \$200), Rockwell College having secured 8, and Clongowes Wood 7."

"In this (table of all distinctions, representing 69 schools of all denominations), Clongowes Wood College succeeds in regaining the premier position with a total of 44 distinctions. Blackrock College stands next with 27, beating its friendly competitor, Rockwell College, Cashel, by four distinctions."

**ENTERTAINMENTS.**

The customary Sunday evening entertainments began in the middle of October. Unusual interest is manifested in them, and all kinds of talent seems abundant. The training the students receive in preparation for those entertainments is of great advantage in fitting them for the annual elocutionary and oratorical contests, and the college plays presented in one of

the city theatres towards the end of the school year. During the last month we have been favored with the following:

Selections by the Orchestra:—March, Old Faithful, *Holzmann*; Waltz, *Senora, Halle*; Medley, Keep on Smiling, *Paley*; Intermezzo, *Topeka, Jones*; Characteristic, Dance of the Frowsey Heads, *Story*; March, In the Land of the Buffalo, *Lampe*; Cornet Solo, Star of the Sea, *Kennedy*; Waltz, 'Neath the Old Cherry Tree, *Williams*; Mexican Dance, Dark Eyes, *Moret*; Pittsburg College March, *Rev. J. Griffin*.

Recitations, Vocal Selections, and Essays:—Asthere, H. M. Payne; The First Mass in Pittsburg, E. J. Ley; The Death of Little Nell, A. G. Maingot; An Italian at a Baseball Game, G. M. Dugan; Lullaby, A. L. Mamaux; Curfew Must not Ring To-night, R. J. Leahy; Electric Flash Galop, J. L. McCarthy and J. C. Moeller; The Noble Fireman, H. F. Cousins; Morning Star, R. A. Telerski; School Days, E. J. McKnight; The Newsboy's Plaint, D. A. Sullivan; A Medley, C. A. Sanderbeck; The Dawn, J. P. Egan and C. J. McGuire; School Days, Freshman Class; The Patriotism of Peace, H. J. Schmitt; Gunga Din, G. M. Dugan; The Fall of D'Assas, J. N. Whelan; My Old Plantation Home, J. Mamaux; Little Boy Blue, W. A. Crehan; Souvenir de Weinowski, H. J. Wilhelm; Guardian Angel, M. J. Yates; Handy Andy, F. M. Boenau.

Debates:—Resolved, That an Income Tax Be Adopted; Chairman, M. J. Brennan; Affirmative, J. A. Carlos and G. J. Bullion; Negative, R. V. Conway and J. F. Carroll.

Resolved, That the Crusades Benefitted Europe; Chairman, C. K. Kaylor; Affirmative, W. T. Carey and A. P. Dzmura; Negative, J. Habrowski and J. A. McGlade.

Resolved, That Immigration Be Controlled by Laws More Restrictive Than Those in Force; Chairman, H. J.

Gelm; Affirmative, J. E. Knight and H. J. Gilbert; Negative, J. P. Egan and G. P. Angel.

Resolved, That the State Legislature Adopt a Local Option Law; Chairman, B. G. McGuigan; Affirmative, J. T. McMahon and J. P. Gwyer; Negative, T. J. Dunn and C. L. McCambridge.



## EXCHANGES.

We take pleasure in complimenting the editors of the *Dial* on their new cover. It is certainly very neat, and is appropriate to a school magazine. The least that can be said is that it is a pleasing improvement. We also appreciate the clear explanation in the November issue of the emblems and initials used as ornaments on the cover. But good as the back undoubtedly is, it is not the best part of the last number of the *Dial*. It contains good essays, stories and poems. To our mind the best of the essays is "Automatic Telephony," which deals with one of the most important of modern inventions. It is chiefly descriptive and explanatory, but one will certainly gain a practical knowledge of the subject if one reads the essay. The "Viper" is an interesting story with an excellent plot. The author seems to have all the requisites of a good short-story writer, a strong and energetic style, and a good imagination.

In the *St. Ignatius Collegian* for November is a well written eulogy of Father Marquette. The writer first gives a short biography of this remarkable man, and then concludes with a beautiful paragraph on the noble character and high sense of duty of this holy priest.

Although the "Academy of Scientific Defense" described in the *Fleur de Lis* for November is certainly a very good idea for all students who are members of the "Sons of Rest," and although there is no record of any other institution of the same sort in the whole United

States, yet, at least at the home of the BULLETIN, the methods taught in the "Academy" are very well known and are daily practised with varying degrees of proficiency. It is our earnest hope that the author has no intention of matriculating at such an *Alma Mater*.

We cordially congratulate the *Fordham Monthly* on its Silver Jubilee number. The issue is well worthy of the noble institution it represents, and of the happy event it commemorates. For years we have watched the *Monthly* grow and improve, keeping pace in all respects with the progress and development of a worthy college patronized by many Pittsburghers. *Crescat, floreat.*



## A THLETICS.

### The Freshman Team.

Since the last copy of the BULLETIN, the goddess of Fortune has beheld the work done by the Freshmen with a benignant mien. The success so far attained is mainly due to the star playing of the individuals,—the excellent team work resulting from the effective blending of their efforts, and their versatility in pulling off legitimate tricks of football.

On October 25, the Pittsburg Athletics lined up against the collegians on the college campus. The teams were well balanced; but on account of the line-bucking of Doran, the end runs of Murphy, the tackling of Wilson and Lawler, and the punting of Muldowney, the visitors were forced to bite the dust by the score of 11-0. The touchdowns were made by Doran and Murphy, and one goal was kicked by Muldowney.

On October 26, the Freshmen travelled to Wellsville and were defeated by the team of that place by the score, 15-5. In the first half the collegians outplayed their rivals hindering them from puncturing their own line while they scored a touchdown. Captain Gwyer skill-

fully blocked a kick; Harrigan secured the ball, and sprinted twenty yards for a touchdown. In the second half the tables were reversed, when Wellsville substituted three ex-gridiron famous stars. The collegians were unable to withstand the onslaughts of this preponderance of weight, but still played gallantly and put up a stubborn resistance.

On November 2, the husky aggregation representing the California Normal School went down to defeat at the hands of the Freshmen by the score of 11-0. The collegians owed their victory largely to the excellent work of Muldowney at the pivotal position. The game was replete with brilliant plays; the sprinting of Murphy, the tackling of McKnight, and the line hitting of Doran are deserving of special mention. The touchdowns were made by Doran and Murphy: the latter kicked one goal.

On November 9, in a bitterly contested fray, the Freshmen defeated the Monaca eleven on the grounds of the latter by the score, 5-0. The only score of the game occurred when Habrowski cleverly blocked a kick and, as the booted oval rolled behind the lines, the alert Murphy was upon it like a flash. This blasted the hopes of the Monaca eleven, since the ball was in their territory throughout the game. The steady playing of the entire Freshmen aggregation demonstrated their excellent team work.

On November 13, the Freshmen overwhelmed the Pittsburg College of Pharmacy in an interesting game by the score, 40-0. The victory was due to the combined efforts of the entire team. In the second half Kaylor distinguished himself by securing a fumble, and having circled around the right end, ran nearly half the length of the field for a touchdown. Touchdowns were made by Murphy (3), McKnight, Egan, Doran, Kaylor; Murphy kicked five goals.

#### The Juniors.

On October 28, in a hotly contested game, the Juniors defeated the Corpus Christi Cadets by the score of

6-0. The touchdown was made by Kearns, who also kicked goal.

The young collegians next triumphed over the Sheraden Juniors by the score of 20-5. The bright feature of the game was the superb field goal kicked by Strako, after three minutes of play. The opponents' goal line was crossed by Haggerty (2) and Moorhead.

The Juniors next travelled to Crafton, and were defeated by the score of 0-20. Still, words of praise and admiration are due to the efforts of the entire team, which intrepidly faced an eleven outweighing them by twenty pounds per man.

The Juniors next demonstrated their superiority over the crack Freeport eleven. The only score of the game was made by Captain Strako, who kicked a field goal.

#### **The Minims.**

The Minims still continue to gain laurels, achieving the following excellent results during the last month:

P. C. M.,	5;	Arlington A. C.,	0.
"	0;	Trenton Jrs.,	0.
"	6;	Colonial A. C.,	0.
"	11;	N. Kensington Jrs.,	6.
"	16;	Sheraden A. C.,	0.

#### **The Independents.**

The Independents have played only three games during the last month, and these were victories.

On November 2, through the brilliant work of Heimbuecher, Darby, Gutwald and Creehan, the Independents downed the Boyd Juniors. The touchdowns were scored by Yates (2) and Heimbuecher, and one goal was kicked by Yates. The final score was 16-0.

The Sheraden Independents were next defeated by the collegians by the score of 7-0. Mahon, after many line plunges, scored a touchdown, and McDermott made a safety.

The Windsor A. C. lost to the Independents, Schaub, Gutwald and Heimbuecher making a touchdown each. The score was 15-0. Other victories:

Independents,	21;	Clayton Jrs.,	0.
"	15;	Academics,	0.
"	11;	Boyd Jrs.,	0.
"	20;	Academics,	0.

## JOTTINGS.

CHEER up. The Examinations are over.

IF you did not get an honor card this time, be a waiter.

THE melancholy days have come, but the holidays are approaching.

THE last "roomer," Toohill. The latest additions to the boarders' ranks, Szabo brothers and Downey.

WHILE watching a football game on the campus, a gentleman was heard to give a new version of an old quotation: "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

THE manager of the Minims has been threatened by the police for carrying a "Gunn" with his team.

EGAN and Toohill are practising daily for the Freshman track team.

WHO was it that tried to arrange a football game with the Ursuline Academy? Ask Jimmie Dunn.

ANGEL and Egan won a very spirited debate from Knight and Gilbert on the laws governing immigration.

EVERYONE has something to be thankful for. What about Mulvihill's auto?

JUDGING by his successful plunging through opponents' lines, Doran certainly deserves his title of Buck.

"BILL, you *done* me wrong!"

HARRY MURPHY is the fleetest halfback ever seen on a Freshman team. He is a reliable ground-gainer, a sure tackler, and a fine kicker.

KEEP on the good side of Makowski, Uhrin and Mills, if you would enjoy your meals, boys!

HEARD the latest dormitory joke? No? Ask Millard.

THAT loud noise you hear is "Bill" Egan making a touchdown.

WILSON is a lively pool-player and a clever football tackle, but he allows neither game to interfere with his studies.

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Vol. XIV.

Pittsburg, Pa., January, 1908.

No. 4.

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## Ode to the New Year.

I sit and think this wint'ry eve, alone,  
My musings fostered by the wind's deep moan.  
A thousand phantoms of the fading year  
Rush to my mind, upon this scene so drear;  
Remorse for moments, never more to be,  
Squandered, misspent comes hastening back to me.  
The morrow dawns, another link to bring,  
Another year, whose infancy we'll sing.  
Thy birth we honor, glad thy advent hail,  
Though chorused to life by winter's snowy gale.  
O human race, from pole to pole rejoice,  
To God's high throne waft you a prayerful voice,  
Another year 'tis granted you to see,  
Mayhap the dawn of your eternity.  
O blessed year, felicity be thine,  
May Heaven's radiance ceaseless on thee shine!  
The sunlit clouds which mark thy natal day  
May still recall that promised brighter ray,  
Brighter and purer, in the land above,  
The home of Angels and the seat of Love.  
May all, O maiden year, thy blessings prize—  
The past is past, entombed 'mid cleansing sighs;  
Thy primal hour has come for joy and fear.  
Our friendly welcome to thee, bright New Year.

J. F. CARROLL, '09.

## Religion and Fiction.

Whether the treatment of religion in works of fiction is to be encouraged or discouraged, whether it should be approved or disapproved, is a question, the answer to which depends on the manner in which religion is treated in the case. If an author shows respect and reverence for religion and sacred things, his book is at least not to be discouraged.

On the contrary, if a work of fiction contains anything against faith, truth or morality; if it sneers at, mocks, ridicules, misrepresents or puts in a false, unfavorable light religion or what pertains to religion; if it has in it the least that might in any way harm the reader, such a work is evidently to be outlawed. This view of the question is the most moderate that can be taken, the proper and correct view, and the one to which undoubtedly most persons will be inclined to hold.

On this subject, however, as on most others, differing opinions are to be expected. One may choose to regard it from the extreme optimistic or pessimistic point of view—that is, a person may be disposed to think that all the good, all the beneficial effects, all the excellent influences that result from an interesting and attractive interweaving of religion and romance, outweigh and counteract the evil done and the harm wrought by a perverse presentation of the sacred theme.

Another again might contend that religion is a subject of too much dignity, a matter too delicate and serious to be so used or employed; he might insist strongly upon the evil results and bad influences caused by a lowering and belittling of what is venerable and holy in numerous modern works of fiction.

These two extreme and opposite views, each in itself imperfect, each in itself containing but half the truth, give, when put together and evenly considered, the whole truth, the right and perfect view of the question.

Beginning now with a fact acknowledged, with the fact that religion when properly treated, is admissible, that it may be advocated in works of fiction, let us examine the numbers of ways in which proper treatment of religion here is helpful and beneficial to the reader. As the first step in our inquiry, as the first point to occur to us, it can be urged that a tactful and happy blending of religion and invention may accomplish indirectly the ends that religion alone seeks to accomplish directly. So much for a general aspect of the question, as we are all more or less aware of the many noble, worthy and supernatural ends sought by religion.

A tale in which religion in one way or another forms a leading component, or in which something associated with religion is the basis, can in numberless little ways bear upon the reader for good. According to the story itself as a whole, according to the abilities and skill of the author, according to the manner and style in which events and things are laid before him, according to the portrayal of characters, in proportion is the reader acted upon, moved, impressed and influenced for general good and uprightness.

A judicious and apt commingling of religion and fiction, it can be said, tends to ennable and elevate the reader's mind, increase his store of knowledge, quicken and put into operation his powers of thought and reasoning, sharpen his faculty of observation, and enliven and give pleasure to his imagination.

Many of these results, nearly all indeed, may be obtained and accomplished by the reading of an ordinary, worldly novel not intrinsically bad or immoral, yet the wholesome influence on the disposition of the reader, the most noble and worthy in him, wrought by the religious novel is the great lack in the former. For its healthful effects on the reader's moral sense alone is the novel of religion most worthy of attention and cultivation; for this reason alone should its production be considered

seriously by persons with literary talents and leanings toward this kind of work.

The work of fiction that combines all the old ordinary elements with the new or religious element, an element that but recently and in a very small measure has appeared in this form of literature, will be just as popular, will appeal just as strongly to the taste of its readers, will meet with success as great as has the usual kind.

The religious element in the novel is the latest feature, the latest degree of development, the most recent step of progress, made in this branch of composition. The novel with religion, or with something closely connected with religion, as a basis, will be the ordinary novel of the day, the current form of this style of literature of the twentieth century.

The possibilities, however, the merits and value, the great literary opportunities, the vast and fertile source of invention, variety and originality that the new idea furnishes, have not as yet dawned upon the minds of most of our modern writers.

The old rules, the old style and methods are still in use in this branch of letters; the old ideas of fiction-writing still prevail and retain a favored hold on the minds and tastes of our writers.

Tales founded on old and well-worn subjects are yet with us and yet coming. This all will soon be changed. A new era of story-making is shortly to dawn upon us.

The strongest proof of this, the one fact that best shows the trend of popular taste in the matter, is the wide and lasting interest that has been taken in the few such novels that have already appeared.

From the observations made, it would seem that the right kind of religious novel, the novel in which religion is properly treated, is to be not only approved but encouraged and aided in every way. For the strongest and most eloquent reasons in behalf of the mighty influence for good it will have on the generations of our

century, the novel dealing with religion should receive every help, assistance and support in its production and the attainment of its end.

The new novel, the novel of religion, shall come at an opportune time, at a time when it is peculiarly and specially needed, in time as a co-aid to religion itself and in time to fulfill a high and important mission. It shall come to keep alive in a restless, active, fickle age the principles that are alone really worthy and lasting for time and eternity.

J. A. CARLOS, '08.



## JAPAN.

### III.

After studying the history of Japan, her customs, occupations and striking characteristics, and seeing how fast she has advanced in civilization in the last fifty years, it is only natural to ask, how will this development affect the other nations of the world. Japan has become a great naval power, and she is building up an extensive commerce. That the Japanese are well able to protect their own interests has been most clearly shown both in the Russian and the Chinese war. But lately it has been said that soon the commerce of the United States and of Japan will clash, and that a great war will ensue. That the commerce of the two countries will clash and, in fact, now do clash, is undoubtedly true, but it is probably mere Jingoism to say that there is immediate danger of war.

The foreign policy of Japan is very much one of expansion, and it is the intention of her statesmen to gain territory at any cost. This is almost absolutely necessary, as the land of Japan is very thickly populated, and a large percentage of the soil is not fertile. This is leading to immigration, but as most foreign countries

exclude all of the yellow race except those coming as scholars, very few of those leaving Japan have any intentions of entering another country as such, but many masquerade under that title until they are admitted. When these frauds are discovered, they cause many complaints to be made by the countries imposed upon.

Now the nearest and most important territory in the eyes of the Japanese is the Philippines. The climate is something like their own, and the soil is much more fertile than that of Japan. Besides they are but a comparatively short journey from it. To obtain them, the government of Japan would make great sacrifices. The United States can not sell these islands, nor can she give them away, and if she gives the Filipinos self-government, she is still bound to protect them. Thus, to obtain them, Japan would have to use violence. But it is very improbable that she will do so. In the event of a struggle, she would perhaps seize the islands without any trouble, but later on she would be compelled to relinquish them. For even if the United States was not powerful enough to make her do so, the other nations of the world, in order to keep all the power in the West, would assist her.

Japan is not only covetous of our possessions, but she is also angry at the way in which we treat immigrants from her shores. The first or at least the greatest cause of this ill-feeling was the dispute in San Francisco concerning the Japanese school children. The school board of that city denied Japanese children admission to the schools. Japan held the United States Government responsible, but the latter disclaimed any complicity in the affair, and said that as it was unjust to keep the children out of the schools, they must be admitted.

A short time afterwards, Japan was involved in a similar dispute with England. The laboring class of British Columbia, becoming exasperated at the competition which was caused by Eastern labor in that section, resolved to get rid of all Orientals.

They began to annoy them in every conceivable way, and at last they drove large numbers from their homes. Japan immediately protested to England, but as yet no important consequences are apparent.

Thus we see that in different parts of the world Japan is constantly causing disturbances. Even with those countries with which she has the most iron-clad treaties, she no more than fulfills the letter of her obligation, whilst with others, she uses any means necessary to gain her ends. This has caused a revulsion of the friendly feeling towards her.

After the Russian war, the whole world looked upon her as a modern Jack the Giant Killer, but now the most general opinion is that she is acting like the dog in the manger.

Japan expected to gain all Manchuria and eventually China after the Russian war, but the Powers decided this should not be. She then determined to obtain other lands that would compensate for this loss. Lately she has appointed herself the guardian of Korea, and this means virtually its ruler. There is no doubt that Japan will never relinquish this word. Besides bringing money into the coffers of the Empire, the possession of Korea presents another great advantage—it is a lengthy step on the way to the ultimate control of China.

The personal character of the Japanese seems to be the reflection of that of the government. Among themselves their lives may be considered ideal, but there are many things that prejudice us against them. It can not be said that, as a race, they are immoral or degenerate. But they are known to care very little for truth or honesty in their business dealings. Thus, when foreigners make a bargain in Japan, they must make it sure by such agreements as can be broken under no circumstances. If they will not take this precaution, they may have reason to regret it. This trait in their character is, to say the least, most annoying, and they must speedily eradicate it if they wish to hold the respect of the nations of the world.

To say that the government follows a policy of dishonesty would be foolish, but it is true that everybody distrusts it, not so much for what it has done, but more on account of the character of the common people. Japan is becoming more democratic, and her subjects are daily having more to say in the governing of the country. If they intend to treat the great Powers in the same way in which they treat the visitors from these same countries, surely nothing awaits them but sad defeat.

Japan has many ardent well-wishers: as soon as she shows that she intends to be fair in her treatment of all she will gain many more. She has a rosy future before her, but, to attain it, she must eschew all trickery and double-dealing.

JOSEPH H. McGRAW, '10.



### In a Country Churchyard.

The words, "In a Country Churchyard," will be forever associated with one of the sweetest utterances in the English tongue. The hand of a master has struck the lyre, and the measured strains will reverberate through the ages, touching and soothing human hearts with hallowed tones.

On entering the abiding place of the dead, we unconsciously divest ourselves of many of vanity's garments. Our self-assurance and co-relative attributes droop in disarray from our shoulders, and in humility we move about from grave to grave. A sense of reverential awe and of quiet contemplative melancholy cause us to alternate between the *Psalm of Life* and Gray's sweet *Elegy*. A stray measure from either may even reach our lips, and for a moment tremble there, then to go as it came, without warning. Memory has called it home for fear of losing it.

What an excellent specific is a visit to the city of the

dead for one upon whom skepticism and unbelief are fastening their talons to carry him from duty, and in the end from God! Though the cemetery is the city of the dead, it proves the value of a life well lived. Were there no future life to look forward to, a cemetery would not be worth while. Man without hope of future life and future reward would be as gross as the beasts of the jungle.

The cemetery, be it in a village, a town or a metropolis, has its votaries, regular and transient. The young and the old visit there. Their motives are various, but each one must surely benefit in some way from his visit. Whether it be to lay a tribute upon the grave of a loved one, for purposes of contemplation, or simply to come, to see and to go, there is a message that forces its way to our hearts, and we are ready at that time, at least, to obey the mandate contained in it.

The cemetery is the abode of peace and serenity. It has a beauty and a suggestiveness all its own. The shams that force their way into our lives are held aloof by the self-restraint we place upon ourselves and by the charity that has entered our hearts.

But following our sympathy for others, there creeps into our hearts the desire to learn from one who has weathered the storm of life and now is sleeping at our feet, the secrets of the grave, as if this foreknowledge could be of more use to us than the graces God gives to us with which to work out our salvation while we are here on earth. We flush with shame at our own folly, and complete our repentance as we pause before a plain, yet beautiful, shaft shadowing and sheltering the small grave to which it belongs. A little hand is engraved upon the monument, the index finger pointing to an inscription which reads: "I Am Going To My Heavenly Father's House!" The peculiar phraseology and the quotation marks cause one to believe that the little one has himself lisped the words, and that his parents have thus commemorated them. Knowing nothing but

love from his parents he had already in his tender years begun to love and trust God because his parents loved Him.

Our own faith has now renewed its vigor, and the consciousness of our littleness has come upon us, making us humble, and therefore pleasing in the sight of God. Once more it has been brought home to us that we strut and fret a few brief years upon life's stage, and then pass beyond the ken of even those who knew us best. But this thought has no sting when we labor for the "greater glory of God" and the salvation of men.

J. E. KNIGHT, '11.



## ROBERT EMMETT.

Among all the patriots celebrated in the annals of Ireland, probably none is more beloved or oftener spoken of by the children of Erin than Robert Emmett. His picture holds a place of honor in their little cabins, and his memory is cherished in their grateful hearts.

Dr. Robert Emmett, an Irish physician, was the father of seventeen children, only four of whom lived to reach maturity. They were all, in their own way, persons of genius. The Emmett family was of Anglo-Norman origin, of the Protestant denomination, and had settled for centuries in Ireland. Robert Emmett, the subject of this essay, was born March 4, 1778, in Dublin. When a mere child, he was very fond of books, so fond indeed that his interest in them was almost insatiable. At the early age of fifteen he entered Trinity College in his native city, where he established a reputation, not only for scientific scholarship, but also for brilliancy of fluent speech. He was always rather grave than gay, but of a pleasing disposition, which made him a general favorite at school. Mr. Charles Philips, when writing of Emmet, said: "Everyone loved, everyone respected

him; his fate left an impression on the University which has not yet been obliterated." When in his twentieth year Emmett, together with nineteen others, was expelled from the University because he refused to tell the names of those who shared his outspoken opinions in regard to the so-called Rebellion in which Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald were leaders. During the year that followed, Emmet had bestirred himself so effectually that a warrant was actually issued for his arrest, but for some reason or other it was never put in force. At last the position became so oppressive that he found it advisable to go to France to see the First Consul and Talleyrand on most important matters. While abroad, he perfected the plans of campaign—plans which for their boldness of conception startled entire Europe. But even thus early began to be woven the web in which eventually he was caught and strangled.

Under an assumed name, Emmett lived in the suburbs of Rathfarnham after he returned from France. From this place as his headquarters, he secretly arranged the particulars of his bold attempt to restore Irish liberty. He worked day and night, sparing no pains and spending his own money freely, but heedfully, on manufacturing and storing weapons of war in Dublin. He was ever looking forward towards a moment when a legion would arise at a given signal, commanded and armed by him for Ireland's regeneration. When scarcely prepared, Emmett was forced, by an unforeseen explosion in one of his Dublin magazines, to begin military operations. The chief move was to seize the Castle in Dublin, and to set up a provisional government. But on the day appointed for the assembling, the trusty battalions failed to appear. The implements of war were not ready, and treachery was working overtime, running like fire in oil. Emmett had scarcely received the news of the explosion when a soldier rushed in with the false report that the English were upon them. Nothing was left for him to do but to sally out. A fight began in the open streets, and, for a time,

Emmett's men were victorious, but soon superior numbers began to tell and Emmett saw that all was lost. So with a few trusty followers he fled from the scene of bloodshed and reached safety unchallenged.

For a few days Emmett lay hidden on the Wicklow hillsides. Everything was prepared for his departure, but a desire to see Sarah Curran, to whom he was betrothed, and who was the sister of one of his college mates, Richard Curran, suddenly took possession of him. Below in the port was a vessel under full sail, which meant liberty and security for him should he but abandon everything. But no, his desire to see his affianced bride was so great that one night he stole back to Dublin. It was a mad deed, but this very fact only served to make the adventure more attractive. He hid himself in a house which overlooked the road that ran towards Rathfarnham, the place where Sarah lived. Here he lay hidden for many days, when, suddenly, on August 23rd, 1803, he was arrested. Who the informer was has never been discovered.

The famous trial of Robert Emmett took place before Lord Norbury, on September 19, 1803. It lasted eleven hours, the prisoner standing during all that time. Emmett refused to call any witnesses or to furnish any comment upon the evidence. And when he was invited to speak, he was constantly interrupted by the presiding judge. Without leaving the box, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. It was late in the evening when Emmett was permitted to speak again. How nobly he asserted himself and his cause is known to all who have read his "Speech of Vindication." Among other words in concluding his speech, he said: "My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom." Sentence was then immediately passed while strong emotions filled every breast, Emmett alone remaining unaffected. He was hanged the following day, September 20, 1803.

Emmett's mind was naturally melancholy and

romantic. The poets of antiquity were his companions, its patriots his models, and its republics his admiration. His one fault was that he counted too much on the co-operation of his associates. He leaned too much, not on human goodness, but on human intelligence in making opportunities. This was the cause of his downfall.

His memory has been done honor to by men of genius in England and America; by Moore and Southey in verse, and by Washington Irving in lasting prose. Thomas Moore, who was one of Emmett's early college companions, declares that he would place Robert Emmett among "the highest of the few who combined, in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power." Emmett himself showed us his true character when he so nobly said: "My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of love and kindness to all men."

GEORGE J. BULLION, '09.



## Causes of the Commercial and Naval Prosperity of the Phoenicians.

Some thirty-five centuries have elapsed since the Phoenicians flourished, and yet even to-day they are entitled to the admiration of the world. Not like the other great nations whose martial campaigns or whose sky-piercing pyramids were the pathway to glory, the Phoenicians have earned a foremost place in the history of the world by the industry and perseverance that have elicited the praise and admiration of the people of every succeeding century. Through their undaunted industry they were the first to establish the commercial art; they became the most eminent inventors, and held the highest place in the arts and sciences.

In the early stage of their existence the Phoenicians were confronted with that inevitable question: "What

pursuit shall we carry on as a means of subsistence?" Since their primitive place of habitation bordered on the Arabian Gulf, a narrow tract of land about four hundred miles in extent, peculiar for its lofty mountains, rich plains, and shores, their natural position was by no means advantageous. They could not resort to agriculture because the steep sides of the Lebanon Mountains rose up precipitously everywhere; nor could they, in the manner of their predecessors, have recourse to the prowess of war, since they were hemmed in on all sides by the mighty Asiatic conquerors.

All these disadvantages the Phoenicians carefully noted, but they were not disconcerted in their efforts to become a successful race. To be successful in life, the two essential requisites are an acute mind and a determination to execute the task one has undertaken. These good qualities met in the Phoenicians. They had a peculiar capacity for business. In it they were never surpassed. They applied themselves to their work with the resolution to succeed, even in the teeth of adverse circumstances. The honest industry of the Phoenicians was so much recognized among foreign nations, that it even became proverbial among the Romans.

The home the early Phoenician settlers had chosen possessed splendid harbors which abounded in fish. Naturally the ingenious Phoenicians immediately grasped the opportunity and made fishing their leading pursuit. After the fish became somewhat scarce in the Arabian Gulf, they emigrated from their original abode to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Here they built their first great city and called it Sidon (sidon, a fish) on account of the abundance of fish found there. At first Sidon was thinly populated, but as the settlers became wealthy, their friends and relatives willingly accepted their invitations to dwell with them.

Their country was traversed by the Lebanon Mountains, which produce the best cedar in the world. These became their great incentive for commerce. The first

ships which they made from the cedar trees were rude and awkward. In their navigations they were rather timid and cautious, and hugged the shore, ready in case of danger to change their course and steer directly for the mainland.

But the Phoenicians were not the people to experiment a little and then cease. Their motto was onward. After the surrounding shores had become better known to them and they had become accustomed to the terrors of the sea, they visited more distant countries. As their commercial projects on the Mediterranean coast were effective and prosperous, they traded even on the Atlantic Ocean as far as the confines of Spain. Where they found people in the uncivilized state, they made large profits by furnishing them with all the necessities of life. In the highly civilized countries, as in Greece and Rome, they introduced their novelties, such as bracelets, rings, mirrors, glass vessels, and perfume. With the people of the western coast of Africa they had commercial intercourse, to secure from them gold, ivory and deer-skins.

The founding of colonies tended not a little to the commercial success of the Phoenicians. Gradually the population began to increase to such a degree that their own territory became too small to accommodate all the people, so that the superfluous population were forced to dwell in colonies. For this reason the many thinly populated islands in the Mediterranean Sea in time were settled by Phoenician colonists. Among their numerous colonies, Cyprus, Carthage, and Tyre are best known to us. These colonies were all joined together like a chain through their commercial intercourse. They rarely quarreled with each other in a serious manner. Among themselves they carried on trade confidentially, but they concealed from foreign nations their methods of successful commerce.

The Phoenicians are also the first people known in history to have made a regular science of the nautical art. Without a chart, without a compass, they penetrated

to the shores of Scythia in one direction, and to those of Great Britain in another. Their only guide in these sea-daring voyages was their knowledge of the stars, in which study they were thoroughly proficient.

The commercial success of the Phoenicians is greatly due to their celebrated manufacturing products. Thus embroidered and dyed stuffs gained the highest reputation on account of their stability and brilliancy of colors, and the delicacy of their workmanship. The brilliancy of color resulted from the excellency of their dyes, which they obtained from shell fishes or molluscs. The art of making glass had attained such a high degree of perfection among the Phoenicians, that even at the present day glass manufacturers are trying to discover the secret of their methods.

It is surprising that the Phoenicians, who had no pretensions to war and therefore could not protect their commercial transactions, monopolized commerce among the powerful nations of the world, even in the period of their decay. But the explanation of their continued success is best expressed by the Oriental proverb, "The bosoms of the wise are the tombs of secrets." Secrecy was their safeguard, and the strict observance of this rule effected more than force of arms or persuasion. When some ambitious nation wished to follow them in their course to Britain and Scythia, they would dishearten them with fabulous stories concerning the demons of the main and at the same time expatiate on their own magical powers. Thus, for centuries, they were the masters of the seas, until their industry and perseverance were dulled by the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



## The Winter Nights of a Century Ago.

Now that the golden days of autumn have passed away, and the nights have grown longer, the city dweller seeks for some amusement with which to beguile the dullness of the evening hours. Almost by instinct he turns to those rendezvous of pleasure, the theatre, the dance hall, or the skating rink; yet such pleasures as these can offer, are unable to give the recreation for which he longs.

Have you ever thought how far more pleasant the winter nights were about a century ago, when grandmother was a girl, in those simple pioneer days 'ere "trade's unfeeling train" found its way to the forest of Western Pennsylvania; when the theatre was an unknown institution in those inland regions, and indoor ice-skating was not so much as dreamt of? The winter nights of that olden time were longer and severer, it is true, but how far more sanely happy they were.

While out-of-doors the wind moaned through the leafless trees and whistled about the gables of the house, within, the log burned brightly on the hearth, the roasting apples and chestnuts filled the room with a sweet and appetizing aroma. Father and mother, sister and brother gathered around the family fire, telling weird tales of ghosts and goblins, until to one's excited imagination each dark recess of the low-ceilinged room seemed tenanted by one of those uncanny creatures.

Then the skating on the village pond, the songs of the skaters falling sweetly on the winter air; that clear, loud laugh of purest childlike merriment, the musical ring of the skates, the wild hurrah of the boys echoing and re-echoing through the silent valley. What if one's fingers did get cold, what if the frost did cleave to one's hair, who cared? Who would exchange those skating hours under the starlight in God's out-of-doors for an evening spent in the garish light and mephitic air of a modern skating rink?

The sleigh rides! What joy it was to go gliding over the smooth white snow, the stars and moon shining upon you, the snow-covered trees standing out like ghosts, and the watch-dog barking from out the darkness.

Add to these the walks on Sunday night through the snow and moonlight to the little village church whose sweet-voiced bells sounding through crisp winter air, summoned men to prayer. There old and young joined their hands in childlike simplicity and breathed out to their Creator the prayer of the care-free souls.

Yes, those times are gone forever, even as the actors of those happy scenes, whose bones lie moldering in the dust for many a year. Yet, as I think of those times, I feel something of that sentiment which the genius of Goldsmith has so sweetly expressed:

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,  
The soul adopts and owns their first-born sway;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade  
With all the freaks of wantom wealth arrayed,  
In these, 'ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks—if this be joy?"

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



### L I F E .

(With acknowledgments to Young, Dr. Johnson, Pope, Prior, Watkins Herrick, Dona and Shakespeare.)

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
Life 's a short summer; it 's but a flower.  
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die.  
The cradle and the tomb, alas, how nigh!  
How long we live, not years but actions tell.  
The man lives twice who lives the first life well.  
The trust that 's given, guard, and to yourself be just.  
For live now how we may, yet die we must.

## OBITUARY.

JOHN J. McGRATH died at the Mercy Hospital, on Thursday, December 19th, after an illness of but one day, fortified by the last rites of holy Church.

The deceased entered the College in November, 1905, and at the time of his death was a member of the Preparatory Business Class. He was born in Allegheny, on June 19th, 1894, where he resided until he entered the College on the date above mentioned. He was a bright young boy of a cheerful disposition and well liked by all who knew him. The news of his death came as a shock to his many companions, as they little thought that the illness which seized him the day before his death, would prove fatal. On Friday, December 20th, a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the College chapel for the repose of his soul.

To his bereaved mother and relatives we beg to convey the expression of our heartfelt sympathy in their sad affliction.

How sad are death's grim tidings when  
They tell that some dear friend  
Who did with us his college years  
With all their pleasures spend,  
Has closed his eyes for ever more  
And, bidding all farewell,  
Relinquished every secret hope,  
For e'er with Him to dwell!

How sad it must have been for him  
To see all fade away,  
Those faces beaming o'er with love,  
Who fain would have him stay!  
When we reflect on his pure life  
We feel 'twas for the best  
That he was called e'en in his youth  
Unto eternal rest.

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

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VOL. XIV.

JANUARY, 1908.

No. 4.

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## EDITORIAL.

### ***Great Joy.***

'Tis happy that the civil year begins so soon after Christmas. The *great joy* of the Nativity overflows into the new cycle of the months, carrying with it its incomparable strength and incomparable purity. What a wonderful thing is this Christmas rejoicing—a kind of perpetual miracle! It came nineteen hundred years ago and intoxicatingly rejuvenated the weary old world, which, as the time "so hallowed and so gracious" recurs, ever displays something of the fresh elevation that is sure to come of being glad for a really good reason. The midnight *brightness of God* out of the burst heavens, and the angelic *tidings of great joy* to all the

people, have certainly had their reflection and their echo. Whether the world knows or cares, it grows happy and human when the God an Infant is announced as born of The Virgin of our race. To its readers—who do know and care—the BULLETIN wishes a continuation of the great joy, even till it become the Gospel's *omne gaudium, gaudium plenum, abundantia gaudii, gaudium Domini.*



### **A Faithful Witness.**

The Catholic educational impulse which is putting our treasures of sacred writing into the hands of school children, may well be strengthened by attention to the liturgical language of this season. The Church's hope, joy, exultance, find an expression which, literally, the world cannot equal. Her skilled use of Scripture—'tis hers, of the teachings of her pontiffs, of the eloquence and poetry of her saints and doctors, furnishes a feast for mind and heart, for soul and affections. A single example may strike. Though she is wholly engrossed in the Lord's birth, she has to present to us her first athlete, His first witness. She can call on St. Luke, her early artist, to lend his aid in depicting the typical crowned one and his typical triumph. The Holy Spirit made him mold, from the beginning, the figure of the Christian martyr, complete and perfect in every detail. Here indeed is literature, human though divine. Long ago St. Augustine told his African audience that they could not hear the tragedy without seeing it. Neither Homer, nor Sophocles, nor Dante, nor Shakespeare, could similarly tell of a pathetic struggle and a heroic death. The youth on whom apostolic hands were laid because he was good to the poor, and who was quickly found full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, full of grace and fortitude, doing great wonders and signs among the people; whose face in the council of accusation was like that of an Angel; whose mouth exulted to recall the

Father of the Faithful and His Blessed Seed, with the intervening persecuted Prophets; whose eyes rent the sky to gaze on the glory and power of the Son of Man, and who feared not to proclaim what he saw; whose ecstasy of love made violence of no avail, and gnashing of teeth and battering of stones but pleasant and soothing; who could kneel to be killed and, disciple-like, pray for his murderers and commend his spirit; who so calmly fell asleep in the Lord—what trait of the Faithful Witness did he leave unfulfilled? The Sacred Writer gave us the story that is a picture; were it only for its art, it deserves to be studied.



## College Notes.

### Meeting of the College T. A. U.

Urged on by the appeal of Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin in the cause of Total Abstinence, the students decided to reorganize their branch of the C. T. A. U. Many had received the pledge from the bishop, several renouncing strong drink for the remainder of their lives.

A general meeting of the students was held in the college hall for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. It was formally opened by the Very Rev. Father Hehir, who dwelt on the necessity of such an organization among Catholic students. He explained the need of a college student's being a total abstainer, saying it was necessary in order to insure his success in the professional and business world. He exhorted the students to do all in their power to enlist others in this noble cause.

Owing to his many duties as President of the College he found it impossible to assume charge of the Society in person, and, for that reason, he appointed Father Mehler.

During his remarks Father Mehler stated that he

willingly assumed charge of a Society that had for its example the imitation of the thirst of our Lord and which numbered among its disciples such a noble man as Father Mathew. He said that he would put forth all his energy, and with the help of the students would make this Branch of the C. T. A. U. not only the Banner Society of Pittsburg College, but also the greatest Society in the Diocesan Union.

Father Mehler then assumed charge of the meeting and proceeded with the election. The following students were unanimously elected: First Vice-President, B. G. McGuigan; Second Vice-President, J. N. Whalen; Recording Secretary, E. J. McKnight; Corresponding Secretary, M. J. Brennan; Treasurer, T. F. Ryan; Librarian, F. J. Toohill; Organizer and Marshall, M. J. Ennis.

First Vice-President, B. McGuigan, then spoke a few words, appealing to the students to unite in this holy cause, and since they were numerically the largest Branch in the diocese, let their results be proportionally striking.

Before adjournment, it was decided to invite noted advocates of the Total Abstinence Union to make addresses at the monthly meetings.

#### Congratulations.

Our cordial congratulations are hereby tendered to the Rev. John McKeever, Rev. Jeremiah O'Connell and Rev. Joseph D. Hagan, ordained priests by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in the Cathedral, Baltimore, on December 21, for the dioceses of Cleveland, Wheeling and Pittsburgh, respectively.

The results of the Propaganda examinations held last July were published quite lately in Rome. The *Pittsburgh Dispatch* states that Ralph Hayes carried off three gold medals, the highest awards for three of his subjects, and obtained distinctions in the other two. The respect in which he is held is evidenced by the fact that he was appointed prefect—an honor that falls to the lot of very few.

**New Furniture.**

The furniture of the commercial hall has been completed by the acquisition of sixty new desks of large size, each fitted with drawers fastened with patent locks. The development of the commercial department in recent years rendered necessary the purchase of so large a number.

A long-felt want was supplied by placing pressed-steel lockers in every corridor for the use of students. The lockers were furnished by the Art Metal Construction Co., and are neat in appearance, and strong and durable in material.

Three hundred chairs recently ordered from the Heywood Bros. & Wakefield Co., Wakefield, Mass., arrived on the day before Christmas and were at once placed in the entertainment hall. The chairs are made in sections of two or more. All are made to fold, so that when they are not needed they may be set aside, to leave the floor free for other purposes.

**E X C H A N G E S.**

We welcome a new and pleasing visitor to our sanctum, the *Kiskimineta*. It seems to be well gotten up, but as it is a semi-monthly, each issue is rather short.

We are never disappointed in the *Collegian* from far California. Each number seems more interesting than the preceding. There is an abundance of all forms of composition—poems, essays, and stories which show a depth of reflection and a wealth of thought not often to be found in magazines of this sort. This month's issue is no exception, although its stories are its principal attraction. "Ye Scowl," an amusing story of school life, is, to say the least, very entertaining. It deals with the rivalry between the four classes in a large college. It is written in a humorous vein, but, nevertheless, it is not difficult to

find a profitable moral beneath the surface. "The Banker's Christmas" shows the spiritual struggles of a man who must decide between Masonry and Catholicism. The hero is a Catholic by birth and early training, but, should he join the Masons, he will gain many worldly advantages, wealth, rank, and influence. It is the oft repeated story of the fight between God and Mammon, but a story which never fails to interest its readers. At this season, when all the magazines are publishing their Christmas poems, the *Collegian* supplies three very good contributions. As these relate to Christmas, one of the most beautiful of feasts, the thoughts contained in them cannot be anything but fruitful.

Of all the school papers which we receive, we do not think there is one which can equal the *Exponent* for the number and the beauty of its cuts. These include not only subjects of local interest to the school, but also a variety of art engravings. In the December issue is a well written essay on Sir Edwin Landseer, the great animal painter. The essay is enhanced with a number of cuts of this master's work, which certainly make a pleasing addition to the *Exponent*.

We do not know how to begin to describe even some of the good things found in the *Mountaineer* for last month. It is a joy to the exchange editor's heart to receive such a magazine. The eulogy on Sidney Lanier is a production which seems to have been written by a master. A correct appreciation of the merits of this wonderful poet forms the basis for an essay beautiful in style and correct in design.

We wish all our friends, our Exchanges, a most Happy and Prosperous New Year, and we earnestly hope that they will progress rapidly and substantially in the good work they inaugurated at the beginning of the school year.



## The Pealing Bells.

The pealing bells are chiming clear  
At the lone hour of night,  
And all the world then greets New Year  
With welcomes of delight.  
No more unto the past assigned,  
Our thoughts fatigue the buoyant mind;  
For to a future bright  
Whose beaming rays dispel despair,  
We offer every hope and care.

There glitters hope where sorrow reigned,  
That had unstrung the heart;  
The dawning morn is now attained,  
And all our sighs depart.  
If now perchance you may descry  
A future fraught with misery,  
In joy embrace its smart:  
For when thy toil is still the oest,  
Reward expect, eternal rest.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



## A T H L E T I C S.

### The Freshman Team.

The Freshmen played their final game of the season with Sayer's Business College at Kittanning. Although outweighed, the fast aggressive work of the collegians and the marvellous punting of Muldowney, held the Kittanning aggregation at bay throughout the game. The final score was 5-5, the Freshman's goal being scored by Kaylor.

Now that the toot of the whistle has ceased on the gridiron and the football of this year is a thing of the past, it is not out of place to pass in review the athletic activities of the past season. The prediction made in the early part of the season that the Freshman eleven would be much in evidence in the football circles has been verified. Though comparatively light for their class and without the services of a coach, the Freshmen have achieved a record worthy to be proud of. Their three defeats have been due principally to the fact that their opponents completely outweighed them. Even in these frays, the collegians did not cower before the onslaughts of their beefy opponents, but frequently offset their physical disadvantage by agility and dogged determination. When pitted against teams of their class, the collegians played all round their opponents at nearly every stage of the contest. Their success is largely due to the practical interest of the manager, the energy of their captain, and the combined efforts of the entire eleven. Murphy, Doran, Gwyer, and McKnight were an impregnable tower of strength in the backfield, always responding in making substantial gains. Quarterback Muldowney, on account of his versatility in punting tactics and his generalship in running the team, has been a potent factor in the brilliant showing of the Freshman eleven. Their line of defense, including Relihan, Toohill, Dugan and Kaylor as ends; Miller and Harrigan as guards; Creighton, Wilson, and Habrowski as tackles; and Egan as centre, was made up of such sterling quality that opponents of their class could make no opening. During the early part of the season Ryan stood out prominently as left tackle, but was obliged to forego football on account of his studies. Following is the record for the season:

P. C. Freshmen.....	6	Wilkinsburg H. S.....	0
" .....	0	Waynesburg College.....	11
" .....	0	Kiskiminetas Academy.....	24

"	.....	11	E. E. Amateurs.....	0
"	.....	5	Wellsville, O.....	15
"	.....	11	Pitts. Athletics.....	0
"	.....	11	California Normal.....	0
"	.....	5	Monaca, Pa.....	0
"	.....	40	P. C. of Pharmacy .....	0
"	.....	5	Sayer's Business College....	5
	Total,	94		
			Opponents,	55

### The Juniors.

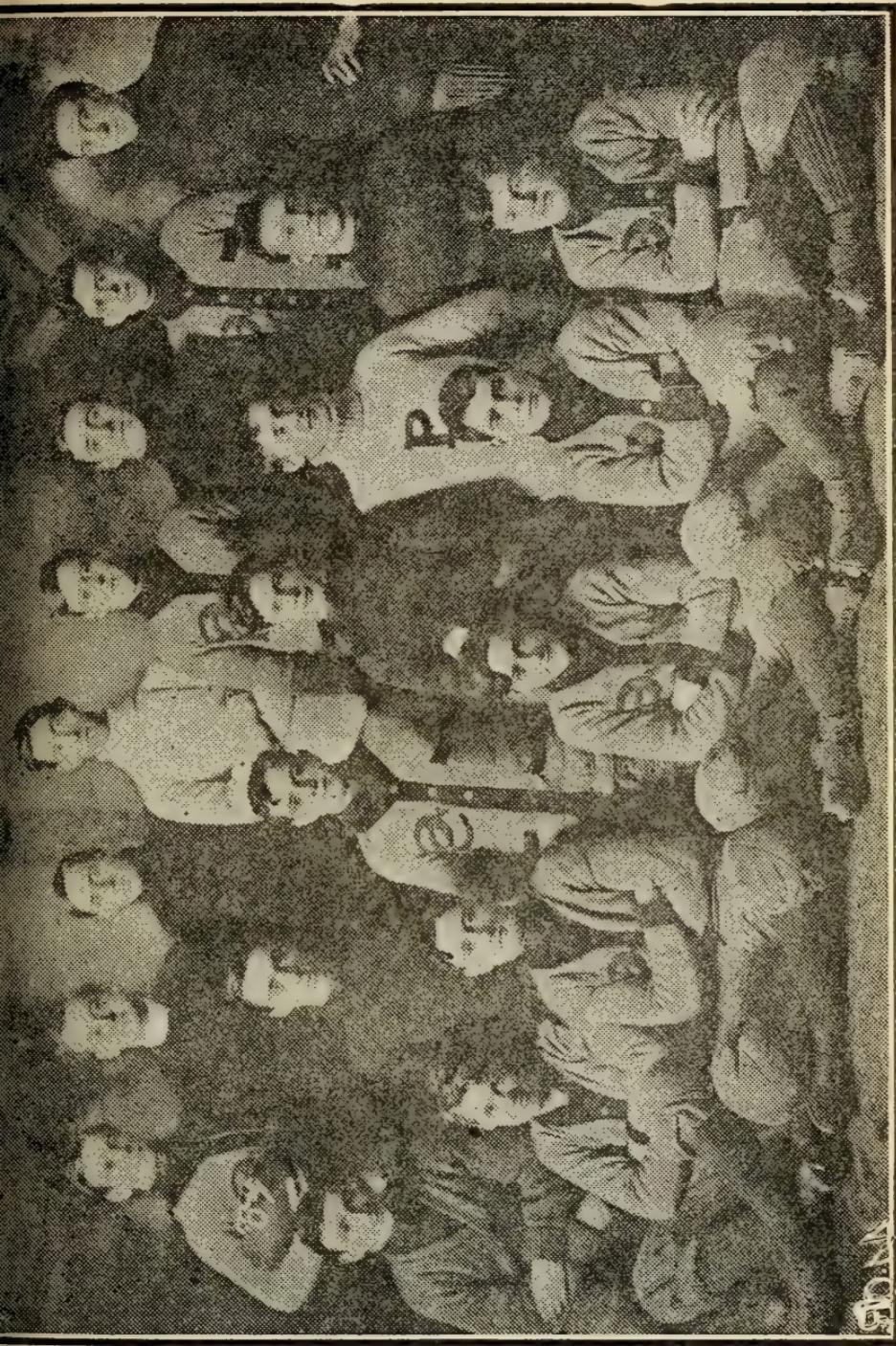
The Juniors have closed a very successful season, not having sustained a defeat in their class. They were so unequally matched with the Coraopolis H. S. and the Crafton eleven, that these games can scarcely be called defeats. The young gridiron warriors faced all their opponents, both those of their class and such as greatly outweighed them, with undismayed determination. Their success must be attributed to the untiring efforts of the whole team. Their record for the season is as follows:

P. C. Juniors.....	18	Sheridan A. C.....	6
".....	0	Coraopolis H. S.....	10
".....	33	McKeesport Juniors.....	5
".....	11	Millvale H. S.....	5
".....	6	Corpus Christi Cadets.....	0
".....	20	Sheridan Juniors.....	5
".....	0	Crafton.....	20
".....	4	Freeport.....	0
".....	7	Iroquois.....	0
".....	4	Freeport.....	0
	Total,	103	
			Opponents,
			51

### The Minims.

As in the three years past, so also this year, the Minims have passed through the season without sustaining a single defeat. By their deeds they have shown what noble results even midgets can achieve, if they but set to their allotted work with determination. On the strength of the figures given below, they claim the championship of their class in Western Pennsylvania. The complete record:

## FRESHMAN TEAM, '07.



Upper row, from left to right—Gwyer (captain), Rev. H. J. Goebel (manager), Relihan, McCambridge (ref.



P. C. Minims.....	5	East End Collegians.....	6
" .....	30	Parnassus Juniors.....	0
" .....	5	All Stars.....	0
" .....	25	Arlington A. C.....	0
" .....	5	East End Collegians.....	0
" .....	0	Trenton Juniors.....	0
" .....	6	Wilkinsburg Colonials.....	0
" .....	15	St. Vincents.....	0
" .....	11	New Kensington Jrs.....	6
" .....	16	Sheraden A. C.....	0
" .....	4	New Kensington Jrs.....	0
" .....	15	Camden Jrs.....	0
" .....	5	Seneca Indians.....	0
" .....	16	Clifton A. C.....	0
" .....	18	All Stars.....	0
" .....	32	St. James' Cadets.....	0
" .....	5	All Amateurs.....	0
" .....	6	Sheraden A. C.....	0
" .....	39	Camden Jrs.....	0
" .....	21	Commercial A. C.....	0
" .....	11	Commercial A. C.....	5
Total,	290	Opponents,	17

### The Independents.

The Independents have made a brilliant record during the past season, having 207 points in their favor, while their own goal line was not crossed. Under the able leadership of their sturdy chief, Gutwald, they attained such a degree of perfection in the various formations, that their movements were as regular as clock work. The record for the season:

P. C. Independents.....	26	St. James' Cadets.....	0
" .....	17	Clayton Jrs.....	0
" .....	15	Academics .....	0
" .....	21	Clayton Jrs.....	0
" .....	26	Arlington A. C.....	0
" .....	16	Boyd Jrs.....	0
" .....	7	Sheridan Ind.....	0
" .....	20	Eclipse A. C.....	0
" .....	15	Windsor A. C.....	0
" .....	28	Hall A. C.....	0
" .....	6	Shadyside Jrs.....	0
" .....	10	Lincoln A. C.....	0
Total,	207	Opponents,	0

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REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.  
President.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIV. Pittsburg, Pa., February, 1908. No. 5.

## The Land of Billows.

Ever onward sweeps that mighty tide,  
Its moan is wild, and wilder still its roar.  
By its command we mortals must abide,  
Trembling with fear, we linger on the shore.

O fearful, mighty, dreaded one, O sea!  
Thy billows surge and boil in stormy foam,  
Still music echoes in thy name for me,  
And o'er thy snowy crest I long to roam,

Where din of crowded streets is never heard,  
And wayward waters with a weeping sound  
For ever silence every song of bird,  
But thoughts of Heaven and of God abound.

There I can see the glorious orb of day  
Sink in its grandeur from my dazzled view,  
Brighter and gayer while its parting ray  
Lingers to greet me with a fond adieu.

When night's black curtain gathers on the sea,  
Reflected suns as countless as her sands  
With every ripple beckon forth to me  
To dwell in their illuminated lands.

Thou speakest, O sea, of God and Him alone.  
Thy wordless voice is eloquence untold;  
For me seraphic music fills thy moan,  
Thalassa, O Thalassa, mighty, bold.

J. F. CARROLL, '08.

## Poland, and Some Children of Her Soil.

Poland has done more in the cause of European civilization than many historians of our day are willing to admit. Few publicists of the nineteenth century, "the century of superficialities," are ready to join Victor Hugo in assigning to her the title of *the knight of civilization*. Yet to one well acquainted with Poland and the ten centuries, or more, of her history, nothing perhaps is so certain as the fact that she has in full truth merited this encomium.

One hundred and fifty years ago, Poland was still an independent nation. Her territories then extended from the Baltic Sea to the Carpathian Mountains, from the river Dnieper to within some leagues of the city of Berlin. The Polish crown was worn at that time by the Saxon prince, August III., and his ambassadors were to be found in every court of Europe. Though yet an independent commonwealth, the shadows of what was to happen in 1772, '93, and '95, visible already in the latter days of John Sobieski, were now deepening rapidly. The ruin into which the country was crumbling became daily more marked and certain.

Reduced by the turbulence and unruliness of many of the nobility to a state bordering on internal anarchy, Poland found herself in sore need of vigorous and immediate reform. Russia, well aware of the wretched predicament of her sister country, resolved to make the loss of Poland redound to her own advantage. Under pretext of restraining the licentious forces of anarchy, she introduced whole regiments of troops into the realm. Re-inforcements were then deemed necessary, and the submissive soldier of the czarina became soon after more menacing to the kingdom, than was the refractory though often patriotic noble he had come to reform. The medicine proved more dangerous than the disease itself. Instead of smothering the flames of revolution, the emissaries of Catharine II. only fed them with fresh fuel.

Every best effort of well-meaning citizens to bring the unbalanced and contending forces of the nation to an equilibrium, was checked. Unable any longer to offer strenuous and effective resistance, Poland was successively divided and annexed to Russia, Prussia and Austria. The final of the three partitions took place in 1795.

The cruel fate Poland suffered at the close of the eighteenth century was the reward for the ages of service she had rendered to Europe and modern civilization. Many were the deeds of bravery she generously and religiously performed in the defence of Christendom and of the very nations who to-day are her oppressors. For many centuries Polish valor was the only barrier of Europe against the triumph of Muscovite arms. Ninety-one times did the Orient open its gates and send forth countless hosts against Christian Europe; ninety-one times did these nomads turn their faces towards the low and level plains of the commonwealth, and ninety-one times did the chivalry of Poland repel the invaders. Yet one hardly dares conceive the terrible disasters that would have attended any one incursion of the non-Christian East into Europe had it been successful. Well did Parsons say: "Just as to the sword of France the Europe of the early Middle Age owed its escape from imminent Mussulman domination, so does modern Europe owe to Poland the fact that she is not to-day either Turkish or Muscovite."

What school boy does not know the story of the ever memorable September 12th, 1683, the date of Sobieski's signal defence of Vienna, where he struck a death blow to Oriental ambition? Father Wojnowski, one of the most charming characters in Sienkiewicz's latest historical novel, *On the Field of Glory*, shouted while bidding farewell to the gallant army that was to save Europe and Christendom: "Now, now I know why this Polish people was created! . . . It is only when the pagan sea swells, when that vile dragon opens its jaws to devour Christianity and mankind, when

the Roman Caesar and all German lands are shivering in front of this avalanche, that I learn why God created us and imposed on us this duty. The Turks themselves know this. Other men may tremble, but we will not, as we have not trembled thus far; so let our blood flow to the very last drop, and let mine be mixed with the rest of it. Amen." What he then expressed was Poland's conception of her national mission.

Deeds of valor, performed in her defence on the field of battle, are not the only benefit Europe should be grateful for to Poland. The country of Sobieski gave also to the world the master-mind of his age, a peerless scientist, mathematician and astronomer.

Visitors to Warsaw rarely fail to inspect a fine marble monument—a figure in the sitting posture considering attentively an ancient device that looks like a globe surrounded by rings and circles. With its rays falling softly upon him, even the sun seems to take special complacency in this cosmographer: he had secured for it supremacy in the heavens. Should his name not appear anywhere on the monument, every child of the metropolis could tell you it is "Kopernik."

Nicholas Copernicus, by which name he is known outside of Slavonic countries, accomplished what rarely is given to an individual, a complete change in mankind's view of the universe. Before his time the Ptolemaic theory was in vogue. It held that the earth was the stationary centre of the visible creation, around which the other heavenly bodies moved. To Copernicus is due the honor of having corrected this error, by establishing what is called after himself, the Copernican system.

On the top floor of an old dilapidated barn belonging to the estate on which he spent the best years of his life, the celebrated astronomer cut holes in the roof and gables, through which he watched the ways and movements of the stars. During twenty-seven conse-

cutive years, he himself tells us, not a single day or night passed without his having added something to his monumental work, *On the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies*. The last glance of the feeble old man fell on the first printed copy of his work, brought to him from Nuremberg, May 23, 1543. Happy to see his life's task completed, he peacefully committed his soul into the hands of the Creator whose works he had so loved to study.

It is an honor to Poland and to the astronomer as well that Prussia should have claimed him as her own. Yet he was, every inch, a true child of the Polish soil. A strain of Jewish blood flowed in the veins of the Koppernigs, but the family, many years before the birth of Nicholas, was both Catholic and Polish. Their home was for generations in Cracow. At the university of the same city, Nicholas was first student, then professor. Here too he developed a system of higher mathematics, which has since become trigonometry. If he did not, as was his intention, pass his entire life in the heart of Poland, but lived for many years and died in Prussia, at that period a fief of the Polish crown, it was due solely to the influence of his uncle, a bishop of those parts, who wished to keep his nephew near him. Besides, the astronomer always considered Poland his country, and invariably wrote after his name Polonus. In 1873, on the occurrence of his fourth centenary, medals of Copernicus were struck with the following pithy inscription in Polish:

“He stopped the sun and moved the earth;  
The Polish nation gave him birth.”

A fine distinction also belongs to Poland, that of having produced the foremost musical celebrity of our times. On the wall of one of New York's trust companies may be seen, in a frame, a check for \$171,781.89. It represents the actual receipts of one artist for a single concert tour, and is the largest amount any virtuoso ever received in this country during one season. The check is drawn to the order of Ignace J. Paderewski.

Though the greatest living exponent of pianoforte playing is no longer a novelty, his name is still sufficient to fill a music hall in any part of the world from floor to roof. And his princely art fully merits the triumphs he is ever achieving. It may be too early yet to assign him a niche in the great masters' temple of fame, but the most exacting criticism has pronounced his *Manru* the flawless work of an epoch.

Even the shortest essay on Poland's contribution to European literature would be incomplete without at least one paragraph on its modern interpreter to the world. The ideals also and tendencies of his nation have of late been influenced too forcibly by the genius of his pen, to allow his name being passed over in silence. The man in question is evidently Henryk Sienkiewicz.

An English critic has pronounced the creator of the incomparable Trilogy of Polish novels, *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, Scott and Dumas rolled into one, with the added humor of Cervantes, and at times the force of Shakespeare. His virile and plastic style has been favorably compared with that of Homer. The world at-large has declared the author whose works are being read in thirty different languages, a past master of clean, absorbing, powerful romance.

For Poland, however, Sienkiewicz is more than a mere word-master—more in fact than any other writer has perhaps ever been to his nation. He is an artistic painter of her past glory and greatness. His works comprising, as they do, a nearly complete picture of the commonwealth, are a reflection in which "Sarmatia sees her strenuous, beautiful self." The great novelist is also a guide and comforter to her in these days of strife and sorrow. There is joy and cheer in his books that save their spirit from despondency. He is the hopeful prophet of a brighter and happier age.

A word on the future of Poland may be of interest to the reader. May the country of Sienkiewicz reasonably expect to see the glorious day of its re-established in-

dependence? This is a truly delicate question. Despite all the clouds of doubt, however, that naturally envelop the fate of an oppressed people battling with superior powers for its liberty, a few traits are clear and evident.

The Poles have largely overcome the faults which occasioned their downfall. The salient reason alleged for the dismemberment of Poland, the powerful democracy of the nation, has moreover lost its force now; for a considerable democratizing has taken place since in the spoilers' own lands. A divided Poland presents in fact a problem very hard to solve. The times also point to a marvelous growth in her commerce, manufacture, literature, art, and sincere patriotism. The rash and even desperate measures of Russia and Germany to suppress their language and land-ownership—attempts which, politically at least, proved a terrible failure—served only to make the exasperated people cling more passionately to their nationality. Reviewing the century just closed, one of their historians writes: "In 1800 we prayed to be allowed to live; in 1900 we know that we shall live." Whether their hopes are well grounded, time alone will tell.

S. J. KOLIPINSKI, '05.



## John Shaffer's Victory.

### I.

When John Shaffer arrived at Yale, he was a poor country lad, unknown and friendless. His father was a prosperous, but by no means wealthy farmer; and, had it not been for a spinster aunt's legacy, John would never have seen the quaint college town of New Haven. John was a tall chap, delicately built, with a fair complexion and auburn hair. His bearing, although not quite girlish, still lacked the appearance of manly independence which characterized the rest of the students. Being

what he was, he suffered severely at the hands of the sophomores. How often he thought of the green New Hampshire fields and of the comfortable old-fashioned farm-house, it is hard to tell.

Much of the ignominy, however, departed when it was discovered that, despite his feminine bearing, he could play foot-ball. When, therefore, he was chosen right end on the "scrub eleven," he became the hero of the freshman class. His making the 'varsity team was freely predicted; and predictions, for once, proved true.

As may be imagined, John was elated with his honors. He was idolized by the freshmen, treated with civility by the sophomores, and even the reserved and dignified seniors condescended to shake hands with him. But with all his fame, he was not quite happy. The reason was this. His opponent, whom he had beaten out of the position on the team, was a man named Robert Bradley. Bradley was, by the kindest reckoning, at least twenty-six years of age, a senior at Yale, and a man of few acquaintances and of no intimate friends. He was reserved, and considered somewhat eccentric, never associating with the boys, but remaining in his room studying. For the fourth successive year had he been beaten out at the eleventh hour, and this last time by a green freshman. It was beating this man that John disliked. Every time John out-played this opponent, a pain went through his heart and he called himself a cur. So greatly did John dislike supplanting Bradley, that several times he was on the point of quitting the team. But by the urging of his intimate friend, Clyde Hitts, he was dissuaded from this plan.

In a few weeks' time, after he had gained distinction in some of the minor games, the thirst for honor was so great that John would not think of quitting the team under any condition.

## II.

It was the night before the big game. It was

unusually dark, and a light rain was falling. Not far from the Inn of The Three Pigeons, about thirty miles from New Haven, a solitary man could be seen walking along the highway. His whole attitude was one of meditation; and, if there were light enough, a smile could be seen hovering around his mouth. He was certainly pleased with himself, and he had reason to be. From the mere nobody of a few weeks past, he had risen to be one of the notables of the university. The newspapers printed his picture and lavished all kinds of extravagant praise upon him. No wonder he laughed at himself for ever thinking of resigning his position on the team.

He was brought to earth by a light touch on his shoulder. He turned and beheld a feeble, gray-haired old woman.

"Young man," she said, "is the Yale foot-ball team staying near here?"

"Yes, madam, it is staying at an inn near here," he replied, after he had recovered himself.

"And is there a player with them by the name of Robert Bradley?"

"There is," he answered.

"He is my son."

Shaffer looked closely at the woman and was silent.

"Do you think," she asked abruptly, "that there is any chance of my son's playing to-morrow?"

"There might be," he answered.

"Yes, there would be," she continued fiercely, "if that man Shaffer were out of the way. What right have they putting his picture in the paper? I'm sure my son can play as well as he. But they don't know, they cannot know what depends on his playing to-morrow. But a good deal depends on Robert. He is too independent to tell his case to Mr. Shaffer. I'm sure Shaffer would help him. Rob said himself that he was glad it was Shaffer who beat him out."

John was mute. He never for an instant imagined

that Bradley regarded him in any other light than that of an obstacle to success, and he wondered much that it could be otherwise.

"Your son does not care for foot-ball," he said at last, "and still he is so anxious to play on the team."

"I will tell you why," she answered, "but you must reveal it to no one, for my son would be angry. There are four in our family; my husband, my two children, and myself. We are not very prosperous. There was a time when I could have said otherwise, but of that I will not speak. Robert is the elder of the two children by ten years. When he was young, we could give him a good primary education. Then financial reverses came and he had to go to work. After a lapse of a few years our circumstances improved somewhat; Robert then applied for a scholarship at Yale and obtained it. In the meantime, Eva, our younger child, was attacked with a disease of the eyes and has ever since been blind. Yes, she is blind," she continued, "but she can be cured. But it would cost money, oh! so much money, and we have so little. Oh, Eva!" she wailed, "if this misfortune was destined for us, why did it not come ten years ago; then we were wealthy, then we had friends—now we have nothing and are friendless. Eva, you must remain blind; there is but one chance,—no, it too, has vanished even as the others." And the little, old woman began to moan and weep.

At last she spoke slowly and distinctly, without any traces of her former emotion. "There lives in our village," she said, "a certain man by the name of Burkett; perhaps you have heard of him. He is very wealthy, but heartless and miserly,—a veritable Scrooge. However, he has one great desire. He was once a famous Princeton foot-ball player. After graduating, he applied for the vacant position of head coach, but for some unknown reason his application was rejected. This inflamed him with a fiendish desire of revenge. He has been training the Preparatory School players of our town,

and so desirous is he of lowering the colors of his *Alma Mater*, that he has promised a reward of one thousand dollars to the first of his pupils that helps to defeat Princeton. "Don't you see," she exclaimed fiercely, "my son has a chance to gain that reward. Eva can yet be cured—but no, it is impossible."

They walked on in silence until they reached the inn. John was about to enter, when the old lady detained him. Her face was flushed, her eyes burned with a strange light as she hissed the words into his ear, "Shaffer must not play to-morrow. Do you understand? Shaffer must not play." She held him with an almost superhuman grip. But suddenly a change passed over her face and in a voice full of anguish she exclaimed, "My God! what have I said? Oh, despair, you will drive me unto death," and she entered the inn.

That night John Shaffer did not sleep, but throughout the long weary hours paced the floor of his room. Outside the storm raged and howled, but far worse was the tempest within himself. It was his first fierce combat, and it tore his heart asunder. The lessons of charity, of abnegation, of heroic sacrifice, whispered by a voice within him, so like his mother's, were deadened by a vision—a vision of glory and success. He saw himself carried in triumph on the victorious shoulders of his comrades. He saw grave statesmen and solemn dignitaries pat him affectionately. He saw stately dames and comely maids wave their pennants to him and smile benignantly upon him. He beheld himself the hero of an heroic band. Why should he give up all this for a mere nobody who was nothing to him, for a maid whom he had never seen, because a demented old woman desired it?

He, too, had a father, a mother, and a sister. He recalled the picture of his parting from them: the hearty farewell of his father, the tearful, loving adieu of his mother, as she admonished him to be good and gave him

numberless instructions how to care for his health. He saw his sister smile at him through her tears as she predicted his future greatness and the honor he would gain. And he, with his heart overflowing with emotion, vowed that he would never disappoint that flush of joy on her face nor extinguish the proud light in his parents' eyes. Now, now, was the time to fulfill all those hopes. Should he disappoint them? Should he see those flushes of joy and pride turn to blushes of shame,—and for him, the disgraced, who had been their greatest hope, for whom they all were making such bitter sacrifices.

But then the scene changed. He saw a humble cottage, within it an old man whose appearance showed that he had seen better days, and beside him was a maiden whose face was pale and worn. Apart from them in a corner was an old woman with fiery eyes and flushed face, who hissed, "Shaffer must not play."

And so the battle raged until the gray uncertain light of dawn came creeping in at the window. He stood looking at some picture he had found; a smile passed over his face. He had formed a plan and his resolution was made.

### III.

The day was bright and joyous. The gay old college town was one buzz of excitement and enthusiasm. Business was suspended. The shop windows were trimmed in blue, with here and there a trace of yellow and black, just to show good feeling. The streets were filled with carriages, and resounded with the songs of undergraduates and the shouts of venders.

But gloom covered the Yale student body. John Shaffer, the man that was the back-bone of the Yale team was missing. The whistle blew and Robert Bradley lined up at the right-end position.

It was a gorgeous sight, those thousands of violets and chrysanthemums beneath the bright November sky. Song after song fell on the afternoon air. Men whose

names were known all over Christendom, and who held the fate of corporations in the palm of their hand, laid aside class distinctions and cheered as heartily as the most enthusiastic "freshie." Everywhere was sunshine. All were happy, all but one.

In the center of the Yale grandstand sat Captain Gray's sister. A lady entered and seated herself near Miss Gray. She was unusually tall, dressed in blue, a heavy veil protecting her face from the wind. She looked at Miss Gray and started. A few moments after the game had commenced, Miss Gray looked at her neighbor; she in turn started, then looked more closely as if to assure herself. At last she spoke in somewhat caustic tones, "Recalling memories of Hallow E'en must be far more pleasant than playing foot-ball."

The person in blue half rose,—then sighed heavily. Shaffer had been discovered. Why had he undertaken such an adventure? But he had been half-crazed that morning. He knew it was useless to hide from the student body. Besides, he wanted to see the game. Prudence and foresight had never been his virtues. He had always been ruled by impulses and once again they were his undoing. But now he was disgraced before the students. What a disgrace! And discovered by the sister of Captain Gray, the captain who had been his boyhood's dearest friend. To be thought ill of by a Gray was the unkindest cut of all. His disgrace would reach home. What would his aged father think, and his mother, and his sister; such were his reproaches.

"I'll tell you a story," said Miss Gray, "I'm in a story-telling mood. There was once a boy," she began, "who lived near my home. His sister and I were great friends, and my brother and he were chums. We used to have Hallow E'en parties and this boy would dress up as a girl. We told him he looked fine. There was something girlish about him. He later became a great foot-ball player. But when the real test came, this boy, whom my brother said had the real bull-dog grit of old

Eli, this boy, whom the papers called the shining light of the foot-ball world, this boy, I say, suddenly forgot his sex and put on skirts. Isn't that a queer story?"

"Miss Gray, I would ask a favor of you."

"What is it? Do you want my face powder?"

"Miss Gray," he said, with a catch in his voice, "do not think me a coward."

"Oh, no, I think skirts become you far better than trousers."

#### IV.

The game itself was one of those that live in men's memories, and about which they love to speak years after. Every inch of ground was hotly contested. Every man was a hero, but the one shining light was Robert Bradley. Time and again he made long runs. His name was echoed and re-echoed across the field. And finally with a few moments left to play, he ran eighty yards for a touch-down, and won the game.

One of the players, marching in triumphant procession, stepped on a lady's dress, and John Shaffer stood revealed in man's attire. There was a moment of silence, then Captain Gray spoke up: "Really, you make a very attractive lady. No wonder they call you girlie. So this is how you disappeared. Indeed, you do great credit to old Eli."

The rest of the boys showed their indignation, and the end might have been fatal had not Robert Bradley spoken. "I think I can explain this. Mother, is this the young man you spoke to?" Bradley then told the reason of John's peculiar behavior. The boys listened in amazement, and at the conclusion of Bradley's story, looked at John with that genuine reverence of which only the young are capable. And Captain Gray as he extended his hand to him said: "Forgive me, John, you have fought and won a greater battle than we have."

Thus ended this eventful day, and John Shaffer, lately called coward and girlie, was carried at the head of the procession, honored above all.

Never before did those gray old college walls echo and re-echo more loudly than they did that November evening to the song of the victors. And John was happy, for large tears were in his eyes. He had fought a bitter battle with himself and had come out the victor. He had gained honors even beyond the girlish imagination of his sister, for his story was destined to go down in the annals of the university and to be admired with all the enthusiasm of youth as long as courage, charity, and heroic sacrifice are admired by the American college boy.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



## Two Invitations.

The young voyager—for he was but twenty-three years old—had at last found a resting place. Wearied by his long travels, he sat down on a projecting rock and was soon fast asleep.

Awaking from his slumbers a few hours afterwards, he noticed that everything about him had changed. The wide road leading up the mountain had become a narrow path. The calm brook below was now a raging torrent. The beautiful trees were transformed into ugly shrubs. The azure sky was dark with fleeting clouds.

The youth arose and looked about him. On his right he saw Virtue, a tall, beautiful maiden with loose hair and long-flowing robes. She was standing near and intently watching him. He cast his eyes toward the left and saw Pleasure dancing merrily on the narrow path. She was young and joyful apparently, but she did not have the same sweet and happy countenance that rendered Virtue so attractive.

The young voyager approached Virtue and said: “Fairest maiden, I am lost. A few hours ago I came here to rest, and now all is changed. Please tell me the cause of all this.”

Then Virtue looking at the young man answered him thus: "Youth, many young men do I see, whom I advise and exhort to follow me, but they refuse. Everything about you is changed, because you have dreamed of pleasure. You have dreamed of satisfying all your desires and you thought you were happy. But now you see it is different. Happiness is with me. From me only can you get happiness. Follow me."

The young voyager just then looked back and saw Pleasure coming up to meet him. Pleasure touched his shoulder and said: "Friend, where are you going? Come with me, and you will be happy. Everything that this world can give, will be given to you."

Virtue then spoke: "Young man, to follow her, would mean your ruin. You would be happy only for a short time, and afterwards you would be miserable and wretched."

"Tut, tut," broke in Pleasure, "she speaks as if there is no joy with me. Follow me, and see for yourself."

Virtue continued: "Young man, she is my sister. There were three of us; my sister Vice, she and myself. We separated in early youth; she became the associate of my sister, and I work alone. If you follow her, she will lure you into my sister's trap and there you will perish."

This last entreaty was too much for the young man, who answered: "I will follow you."

But Pleasure cried out aloud: "Friend, come with me, and I will give you contentment."

The young man then replied: "I will go first with Virtue, and if she can not give me happiness, I will return to you."

Virtue led the young man along the narrow path into a beautiful room. Happiness was sitting on a stool, looking about the room, which was brightly lighted up. Kind Words, Kind Thoughts, and Kind Deeds were sitting around the table, at which were seated the people

who had been the friends of Virtue. Pointing to them Virtue said: "See! they are my followers."

"Yes, and I want to be one of them," answered the young man.

"You will be one of them after you have been my follower long enough," advised Virtue.

Then bidding her a fond farewell, the young man left her home. The dark clouds had passed away, and the beautiful sky could be seen. The ugly shrubs were replaced by the stately trees. The calm brook was again seen. The narrow path was changed into the road, by which the young man descended and resumed his travels.

THEODORE J. SZULC, '10.

## O B I T U A R Y.

It is our heart-felt sorrow to announce to the readers of the BULLETIN the death of the late Brother Rupert, which occurred on January 7th. On Thursday, January 9th, the students assisted at the chanting of the Divine Office, after which Father Griffin celebrated a Solemn High Mass of Requiem. At the conclusion of the Mass, the Rev. President delivered an eloquent and touching panegyric on the deceased. His text was taken from the Apocalypse, xiv. 13: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; from henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow them." In substance, he said:

"Rev. Fathers and dear brethren, you have just assisted at the Holy Office and Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Brother Rupert, and though it is not customary in religious communities to eulogize departed members, yet there are cases when this custom may be dispensed with, and the present I consider as one of these. Sooner or later, death will overtake us; nothing is more uncertain than its hour. Our daily life

should be a preparation for that awful moment; that Brother Rupert lived up to this maxim, his life for the past seventeen years bears witness.

He was born in the city of Port-of-Spain, in the island of Trinidad, on December 17, 1864, of good, amiable Catholic parents, who spared no pains to bring up their child in the fear and love of God. To nurture the innocence of his childhood, they placed him at an early age under the care of the Fathers of our Society, where his college days were marked by a spirit of deep piety, keen mental activity, and unruffled cheerfulness of disposition. At first he intended to become a priest, but following the advice of his director and the dictates of his own conscience, he abandoned this pious project for life in the world. The sentiments of piety and love, however, acquired at the knee of a devout mother, and fostered by the sound Catholic teachings of his college life, soon led him back to the precincts of religion. Accordingly, he resolved to become a brother in our Society, and though home was to him a thousand times dear, though his parents were the idols of his every hour, and though the affections of sister and brothers tearfully deplored his departure, yet his noble soul withstood these onslaughts of affection, and, in 1889, he set sail from the land of perpetual summer for the United States. Here he entered the novitiate, and two years afterwards consecrated his life for ever to the service of God.

"Consider, dear brethren, the sacrifice which this entailed. In the full bloom of manhood, when the path of life seemed strewn with thornless roses, he left his country, home and friends. Full well did he understand our Lord's promise: 'He that leaves country and home, or father and mother, or brother and sister, for my sake, shall receive a hundred-fold in this life and, in the next, life everlasting.' His life since has been a daily preparation for death. In his spiritual, as in all other, exercises, he was most punctual, and, although of a

delicate constitution, he rose every morning at half-past four, heard Mass, and almost daily received the Bread of Life. He had a particular devotion to the Sacred Heart, to the Passion and to the Immaculate Conception, three most potent helps in the journey to eternity. Sunday after Sunday, in his leisure hours, he could be seen here, going through the Way of the Cross, telling his beads, or pouring forth his soul in pious colloquy with God. He was ever kind and affable, and his outward serenity betrayed the surpassing peace within.

"Such, dear brethren, was his life for the past seventeen years, and surely his works have preceded him; they will accompany him, and follow him. He is even now partaking of the fruits of his heroic sacrifice; the hundred-fold of the Gospel is even now being fulfilled. Wherever our priests are stationed, they will celebrate Mass for him as soon as they are notified of his death. And brothers, novices, and scholastics in every land will offer up their Holy Communions for him. In conclusion, this would be my request to each one of you—to offer your next Holy Communion for his eternal rest, and to pray that his works may precede, accompany and follow him to the throne of the ever Blessed Trinity."

Immediately after the Absolution, the mortal remains were borne in solemn procession through the chapel, whence they were followed to their resting-place, Sharpsburg Cemetery, by a large number of priests, brothers and students. *R. I. P.*

J. F. CARROLL, '08.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

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VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 5.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *Newspapers and Morals.*

More and more has it become apparent that year after year the moral standard of the newspapers of this city, and of every other city for that matter, has been descending. As the prosperity of the country increased, the papers, it seems, gradually lost sight of their duty to the public, namely to present facts in a true light and with due propriety. Instead, led by the all-powerful greed for gold, they have been giving to the public a lot of trash, without any regard for truth, and, worse still, without any sense of morality. The newspapers have been censured from the pulpit, but the public, ever slow to move in the right direction, have carelessly imbibed the poison, and the daily papers have flourished.

The liberty of the press, although a very good thing in itself, has been greatly abused by our papers. The private citizen is actually in the power of the press insomuch as publicity is concerned. The domestic troubles, which he never imagined would penetrate beyond his small family circle, are eagerly gathered by some ambitious cub of a reporter, and he finds himself rudely thrust into the glare of notoriety. The facts, although not quite false, are presented in such a light that they are sure to be falsely interpreted.

Sensations are the great prizes with newspapers. The reporter is ever on the watch for a big scoop. And thus the particulars of scandals, which it is a sin and a shame to publish, are printed in large letters and sold in the streets for the sum of one cent.

It is with curiosity that men watch to see if the newspapers will repeat their outrageous conduct of printing the particulars of the second "Thaw trial," as they did of the first. For common decency's sake a stop should be put to selling literature on the streets for one cent, which, if printed in any other shape, would be confiscated. Where is morality?

There is however a remedy. It is this. Publish a daily Catholic paper, a paper that will regard truth and morals. The plan is not at all utopian. It would succeed. That the paper would have to be up-to-date goes without saying. Every Catholic, I am sure, would patronize such a paper. Charity begins at home. We have so many Catholics of wealth and influence, why does not one of them add to his share of good deeds by giving Pittsburg a Catholic daily paper.

H. J. S.



### ***Annual Euchre and Reception.***

There is no necessity of overtures in introducing the annual Euchre and Reception which the members of the Athletic Committee are going to hold on the night of

February 19th. The affair last year proved such a decided success both socially and financially, that the highest optimism is entertained concerning the outcome of the approaching one. These events are managed entirely by the students, who realize that they are working for their own interests— for the general advancement of athletics in the College. The more of a success we make of this affair, all the more do we co-operate with the College authorities in improving apparatus, buildings or teams.

The boys last year did some “tall” hustling in arranging details and managing the event with so much success; but let us demonstrate that hustling is in our repertoire, and that we can make the approaching affair a far more brilliant success.

Many persons are eagerly awaiting the announcement of the date in order not to make a previous engagement. But we want you to let your friends know about it, and cordially invite them to be present. Remember, the date is February 19th, the euchre prizes are many and of the best, and the music will be entrancing. We are expecting to spend a most enjoyable evening with you and with your friends. Till then, *au revoir*.

T. F. R.



### ***Despotism in Athletics.***

For the last few years the supreme authority in track and field athletics has been vested in the A. A. U.

Any athlete of recognized ability who wishes to become a man of note must never dare to enter a meet under the auspices of any association other than that august body, “The Amateur Athletic Union.” In this part of the State little attention is paid to field or track events, but in the East the foremost clubs, i. e., the N. Y. A. C. and the Irish Americans, admit nobody without the A. A. U. approval. Of late, the election

of Halpin as director of the Olympic games to be held in London next summer, has caused such a stir that the honors of America are threatened to a great extent.

Is it through pure malice that he has disqualified a number of men of the Irish-American Club—men who are foremost in the world of athletics—and has charged professionalism in all cases? Mr. Halpin surely had known before his fight with that club whether such men were ineligible or not, and he is pursuing a course as an official which menaces the purely amateur athletics of the country.

H. L. M.



### *An Appeal.*

The receipts of the Society for the Preservation of Faith among Indian Children for the year 1907 were \$18,129.81.

Considering the meritoriousness of Indian mission work, the evident obligation incumbent upon the Catholics of the United States to sustain it, and the appeals that are continually being made in its behalf, we confess that we are at a loss to account for the fact that the Preservation Society does not meet with greater success. Surely, it is not too much to say that through it at least thirty or forty thousand dollars should be realized each year for the schools. On our part, all that we can do is to cry aloud, as it were, from the house-tops in the hope that eventually the hearts of our Catholic people may be moved to compassion for their Indian brethren. We, therefore, at the beginning of this new year earnestly plead for a more abundant harvest for the Preservation Society.

W. H. K.



## COLLEGE NOTES.

### In Aid of the Holy Childhood.

On Wednesday, January 22nd, the Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp., Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood in the United States, delivered an address in the College Chapel, in part as follows:

"My dear children, at the earnest request of your Very Rev. President, I come before you this morning to say a few words on the Confraternity of the Holy Childhood in the United States. The object of this Society, of which I am Director since 1896, is to induce Catholic children, by small contributions, to support Catholic missions and missionaries. The Society has been blessed by the Holy Father, and recommended by all the bishops and priests of the country. During the past twelve years, our Catholic children have contributed \$25,000, with which 200,000 pagans have been ransomed.

"You should join in this holy work, in the first place, out of gratitude to Almighty God, who has bestowed upon you the inestimable gift of faith. Millions and millions of souls for the past 2,000 years have passed from this life still enshrouded in the darkness of paganism. This consideration alone should inspire you to return thanks to God for the benefits bestowed on you, and the earnest and most efficient way is to contribute a little to this noble cause. Secondly, out of love of our divine Lord, who became man, and assumed our nature to save us by denying Himself and offering Himself a living sacrifice for our redemption, you should consider it a sacred duty to support these institutions and develop them.

"Pray earnestly for the success of this important and beneficent work. Contribute your mite towards the end it has in view. Give what you can spare, give it for the love of God, give it above all with a cheerfnl heart. Think of the thousands of men who have given up all to save those poor abandoned souls by

preaching the Gospel to them. At the collection this morning, make this little sacrifice cheerfully, for ‘God loveth the cheerful giver.’”

In response to the earnest appeal made by Father Willms, a handsome sum was collected and turned over to the Reverend Director.

#### Welcome Back.

We welcome Professor Dehey back to the College Faculty. Since he taught here some four years ago, he was on the staff of Notre Dame University, in charge of the department of French language and literature.

#### Our Well-water Analyzed.

A communication has been received from the Superintendent of the Board of Health, accompanied with a report of an analysis recently made of the well-water in the College campus. It is most gratifying to be able to state that the report of the City Chemist reads as follows: “Both chemical and bacteriological examinations indicate a pure water.”

#### A Word of Sympathy.

We would convey to Mr. John C. Larkin, a former student, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of his father, the Honorable John B. Larkin, late Controller of the City of Pittsburg.

H. J. M.



## ENTERTAINMENTS.

Since our last announcement, the following numbers have been contributed at our Sunday evening entertainments:

Orchestral Selections:—March, Japanese Brigade, *Nirella*; Waltz, The Enchantress, *Blanke*; Idyl, On The Mesa-Grande, *Maurice*; March, Seeing Paris, *Mougeot*; Intermezzo, Fascination, *Powell*; March, In The Land of The Buffalo, *Lampe*; Musette, *Moret*; Valse Lento, Rosy Lips,

*Bratton*; Snow Queen Novelette, *Salzer*; March, Dixie Girl, *Lampe*.

Instrumental Solos:—Cornet, Zenda Waltzes, F. M. Boenau; Violin, Air Varie, R. A. Telerski; Piano, Spring Chicken, J. P. Egan; Violin, Lucia de Lammermoor, H. J. Wilhelm; Violin, C. J. McGuire; Trombone, Afterwards, T. P. Darby; Violin, Kentucky Home, D. S. Fisher; Piano and Mandolin, 'Neath The Old Cherry Tree, E. J. McKnight and C. J. McGuire; Piano, Tannhauser, Rev. J. Griffin; Piano, Tarentelle, G. A. Ley; Violin, La Caprice, D. S. Fisher; Cornet, My Rose of Yesterday, F. M. Boenau; Piano, Peaches And Cream, E. E. Locke; Violin, German Song, A. L. Mamaux.

Vocal Selections:—Gypsy Jan, R. V. Conway; The Choir Boy, J. F. Corcoran; Come Back To Erin, J. L. Sullivan; Hearts and Homes, P. A. Lipinski; Grandmother's Chair, J. F. Heidenkamp, J. S. Kedzierski, J. J. Mamaux, F. M. Ubinger.

Recitations:—The Octoroon, J. J. Creighton; Prentiss' First Plea, G. M. Dugan; Dorkins' Night, E. J. Misklow; The Gladiator's Choice, C. A. Sanderbeck.

Debates:—Resolved, That Religious Novel Writing Be Encouraged; Chairman, T. F. Ryan; Affirmative, J. F. Carroll, J. A. Rossenbach; Negative, F. J. Toohill, C. A. Mayer.

Resolved, That It Is To The Best Interest of the U. S. To Construct And Maintain A Large Navy; Chairman, J. D. Locke; Affirmative, P. M. Nolan, T. J. Szulc; Negative, J. M. Lundergan, M. A. Shea.

We beg to thank H. N. White, of Cleveland, O., for the new marches recently sent to the Orchestra. They were duly programmed, and were well received by the audience.

C. J. McGuire, '10.



## ATHLETICS.

An ancient Roman used to say that a sound mind depends upon a sound body. Since man is a compound, whose constituent parts are the body and the soul, and since the harmony existing between the two, determines the health of the individual, surely the means which facilitates and strengthens this union must be sought out and adopted. Experience has shown that, for the student, healthy physical exercises most effectually dispel the clouds of a torpid mind and a depressed spirit, and at the same time suitably stimulate the brains and the lungs. The Faculty have long been impressed with this fact, and since at present out-door athletics are altogether out of the question, they invite us students to spend our recreation hours in the gymnasium hall, which is fitted out with all the requirements of a modern gymnasium suitable to the various preferences of the students. During the noon hour, some may be seen accomplishing feats on the bars; many take an interest in pool and billiards; others find a never-ending charm in ping-pong, while not a few devote their energies to the punching-bag.

Apart from all this, the College has again engaged the services of Professor Koch, so that each individual student may receive the benefits resulting from systematic physical exercise. The physical culture system of Professor Koch is of an eclectic character, including apparatus work, boxing, and club and dumb-bell swinging. The instructor's ability is best evidenced by the exhibitions given annually by the students in the local theaters. Apparatus work fulfills the end of physical education; it develops the body and upbuilds a fine physique, as silently and imperceptibly but as effectively as the spider spins his web. This department of physical culture has attractions for most students, while the stragglers are constantly developing on account of the encouragement given them by their stronger class-mates. Constant exercise on the apparatus begets strength, energy, courage and endurance.

The benefits of boxing are manifold; it expands the lungs, gives a fresh impetus to the circulation of the blood, and stimulates perspiration. Through practising blows and guards we incidentally learn the elements of self-defense, which perhaps in trying circumstances may be serviceable to us.

The object of club-swinging is to develop the muscles, and to teach the students unity of action whilst paying strict attention to the director. Quite a number take such an interest in this form of exercise, that they keep it up in after life.

Thus the physical culture exercises benefit both the body and the mind, and must be considered important factors in every complete course of education.

C. A. MAYER, '09.



## EXCHANGES.

As the Exchanges are late in arriving for this issue, our remarks must necessarily be short. Still there are a few exceptions to the rule. In those to hand we find some good stories, but not many solid essays.

It would be a change for the better if some of our High School Magazines devoted more of their space to interesting stories and good essays. As it is, their pages are filled up with trivial personalities, and some good jokes culled from the columns of their more staid contemporaries. A fair amount of this sort of matter is always pleasant, but, when there is little else, it becomes monotonous and disappointing.

In the Exchange columns of the January number of the *Loretto Magazine*, from Kentucky, we notice a few remarks directed at the unlucky head of the Exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*. They certainly are caustic. The poor target of their shafts may be assured of our deepest sympathy. Beware of girls; they *can* scratch.

A number of essays under the title, "A Beggar's

"Symphony," appears in the last issue of the *Fleur-de-Lis*. They are contributed by a number of persons, and consider the life of a beggar in different phases. They are well written, and all show a remarkably clear appreciation of the traveling mendicant.

The story, "The Evolution of a Climax," in the January issue of the *Xavier* is one of the best, at least for its plot, that have appeared in any of the school magazines for a long time. The reader will not be able to discover the denouement by his deductions. He must read the story to the last sentence to find the unraveling of the plot, and then he will be agreeably surprised.

J. H. McGRAW, '10.



## JOTTINGS.

DUGAN is earning a reputation as an entertainer. His renditions of English as "she is spoke" by various Old World citizens, are at once true and very pleasing.

OF course 1907 A. D. means 1907 years After the Deluge! Certainly! Ask Desmond McNamamy.

"CHARLIE" DOWNEY finds life as a boarder very agreeable, and is a popular member of the "elect."

ROY GUTWALD is the best pool player among the Juniors. He is also a leader in his studies, and is President of the Third Academic.

GET the society news from Moeller. John is "there with the fruit."

JOHN McGRAW and Joe Wagner aspire to ping-pong honors.

It is rumored that John Boskowitch will go down to an early grave by working overtime to support himself in his old age.

IF February does not March, April May.

NEW YEAR resolutions are still in order.

YES, I had some, but—.

H. L. MURPHY, '11.

# PITTSBURG COLLEGE

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## BLUFF AND COOPER STREETS.

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REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.,

President.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Vol. XIV.

Pittsburg, Pa., March, 1908.

No. 6.

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## The Shamrock.

The Shamrock green to-day we hail  
From far-off Erin's isle,  
To Irish lips it does not fail  
To bring a loving smile.

With care 'twas sent across the foam,  
That sprig of Shamrock bright,  
In every land it finds a home,  
A welcome and delight.

Its tender stem and triple leaf  
St. Patrick first did find;  
For many since an exile's grief  
It banished from the mind.

The Celt's fond joy, his heart's lone pride,  
Waves now in foreign breeze,  
Where'er he be, the world wide,  
Across the briny seas.

That emblem blest, that Shamrock dear,  
Lists now to his request;  
He ponders, ah! to home he's near,  
And clasped to Ireland's breast.

To-day may Erin's sons all bow  
To that one cherished name;  
Long live our land, though trodden now  
To dust, but not to shame!

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.

## Catholic Journalism in the United States.

In the early days of the printing press, thinking minds foresaw the many blessings that would follow from its use, and foresaw as well the vehicle it would become for conveying error and evil under the guise of truth and morality. Truly enough, in our own day, is the printing press turning out indiscriminately truth and falsehood, virtue and vice.

Catholic journalism is necessarily pledged to the Catholic point of view. Its business is not only to instruct, but also to defend; to stand as the bulwark of Christian teaching against falsehood, vice and error; to serve the Church in combating these wherever they may be found; to help to regain the ground that Protestantism has caused society to lose by misdirection of knowledge in catering to human weakness and pride.

The fostering and defence of Catholic citizenship must not be neglected, and so with Catholic institutions. Catholics in this country must be trained promptly and determinedly to demand justice when their rights or the rights of their institutions are being infringed upon. A peevish, wailing, whining cry will avail them nothing against political unfairness or wrong doing by individuals in government service. Catholic journalism must shape Catholic thought and defend Catholic interests in all places.

The lesser work of a Catholic newspaper is the mere retailing of events of interest to those in the locality in which the newspaper circulates. It is very true, however, that it is this retailing of local and parochial news, along with short stories of more or less merit, which keeps the subscription list of Catholic papers in a healthy condition. Failure with regard to securing locals means, trial and trouble for the subscription and the circulation departments all along the line, down to the collectors and news gatherers, who must soothe injured feelings by plea, pledge, and promise.

An editor who tries himself to rise and to raise others into the higher spheres of thought, has a sword of Damocles hanging over his head, ready to drop upon him at the least progressive move of his editorial pen. Those who subscribed to the journal in its knickerbocker days, and have at regular intervals fed their provincial minds with the locals and parish notes, resent it that as much as a column should be given to things of higher and wider thought, especially when the locals are curtailed thereby.

The daily secular papers are gradually winning this class of readers from the Catholic journals. Catholic journals, like everything else in this world, are valued for their usefulness to the user. With the class of readers to whom we now refer, the usefulness of Catholic journals does not depend upon their value in shaping Catholic thought, but upon their retailing news of local importance, according to whether the news be of parishes, associations, or societies. Catholic papers lose this class of subscribers as soon as the secular press opens its columns to news of this character.

The old folk who subscribed to Catholic papers or to magazines just because of their being Catholic journals, keep up their subscriptions, and read according to what their cramped chances for gaining an education have enabled them to grasp. The younger generation is far too much involved in material interests, to do its full duty by taking a proper interest in what Catholic journalism of the best kind is seeking to do for it.

Catholic magazines are not read to anything like the extent to which they should be read. Their circulation is limited to a comparatively small circle. The majority of young men and young women, upon leaving school, academy, college, or even a university, consider that the cultivation of the mind is to be continued no further than what their calling in life requires of them. There are certainly very few who take interest in such subjects as require thought and careful consideration.

At school and college, they have clung tenaciously to their text-books, not to acquire knowledge, but to take examinations and receive diplomas for subjects which they are supposed to have learned, but with which, as a matter of fact, they have formed merely a nodding acquaintance. The intellectual activity of such students ends when they have gone through the ordeal of their final examination, and have delivered their valedictory before the college faculty and their friends.

The cause of education along Catholic Church lines is sadly hampered by lack of means. Educators, be they clergy, religious, lay teachers, editors, and so on all the way down,—all have to make many sacrifices that the lamp of true knowledge may be kept lighting through the mists of skepticism and unbelief to the coming generations. Magazines and journals of other classes, edited by capable clergymen or by capable laymen can do, and are actually doing, wonderful things for Catholic citizenship.

One old fault of our Catholic newspapers still lingers, lack of good-fellowship towards one another.

In correcting mistakes made in the secular press, also, they are much inclined to harp on non-essentials, using these trivial errors in the secular papers for advertisement of their own reliability and correctness. Such puerile methods are sure to disgust their subscribers and to lessen the reader's respect for the editor. For example, a certain Catholic newspaper took occasion to condemn a secular paper and Catholic readers thereof in its own city, because this journal, in giving an account of certain ceremonies taking place at the cathedral, stated that the bishop was seated upon a biretta and wore a baldachin ! The Catholic paper criticised this statement with a rigor merited only by heresy of the rankest order.

We sometimes hear it said in regard to societies and associations existing amongst our Catholic citizens, that they are not readers. But we must consider the personnel of these societies. Good, stalwart men they are,

considering them all in all, but men engaged in such employments as permit them little leisure to read the higher class Catholic magazines. Their own fraternity journal, along with a glance through their daily paper, takes up most of the time they can spare for reading. A Catholic daily not afraid of spending money, should eventually succeed in winning the support of these working men of limited mental development and limited leisure.

Our Catholic young men are studying the new things of their age along with other young men, preparing for their life work or striving to improve their minds, studying at public libraries what they cannot afford to buy in books and magazines. The Catholic magazines are not of wide enough scope to fit their needs when they are subscribing for the magazine that they need most. In the ardor of their pursuit of knowledge for their material betterment, they grow away, so to speak, from their sympathies with subjects ordinarily treated of in our Catholic magazines and newspapers. Once outside of school or college, they have no one to urge them to the reading of subjects that will keep them firmly to the Catholic point of view.

A good percentage of our Catholic citizenship is of foreign origin. These still naturally enough cling to the language they learned from their mothers' lips. All the associations of their lives are interwoven with the language which they speak, and in which they have become accustomed to think. The journals of our foreign born citizens are a credit to them, and no doubt serve a useful purpose. As for the children of these immigrants, what they have accomplished in the past gives excellent promise for the future. Already are to be found amongst them the majority of the contributors and subscribers to the most intellectual of our journals.

Catholic journalism, considering its scanty means, is using well the opportunities afforded it to develop and shape the thought of our Catholic citizenship. Through

it and through our Catholic societies, our Catholic men are coming to know each other better. Our Catholic public men are becoming better appreciated, because they are better known, and they are gradually replacing the vulgar "flannel-necked politicians," who, if they did us and the Church some little good, have done it and us a vast deal of harm. Bright days are before our Catholic citizenship and Catholic journalism in the United States.

JOHN E. KNIGHT, '10.



### In Memory's Train.

Having revisited the various scenes of bygone days, many of which presented a sad aspect of ruin, there still remained one where a pilgrimage rather than a passing visit, would be more suitable; it was Currah Chase, the birth place of the great Catholic poet, Aubrey de Vere. An adequate description of that hallowed spot I leave to other more worthy admirers, as also

"To feel  
What I can ne'er express,  
Yet cannot all conceal."

It was a sultry afternoon in July, and the golden rays of the summer sun lent an added charm to the surrounding country. Wrapt in thought, I strolled along till at last I arrived at a thick wood. The entrance was guarded by tall stately trees of ash, fir and oak, while, beneath the shadows of their branches, a sparkling brook flowed merrily, leaping over numerous rocks and forcing its way round the mossy trunks of fallen trees; and then, onward again as if exulting in its triumph. There, Nature is lavish in her gifts, and there, too, did the Muse of Parnassus lavishly bestow gems of poetic beauty on a not ungrateful suppliant. I passed along the freshly-gravelled path, which, overshadowed by some stately oak or wide-spreading ash parting the sun's

bright rays, afforded a natural shady fret-work beneath my feet. Here I admired the overhanging ivy, there, the tender shrubs and clustering groves. It is in truth a fairyland, a land of dreams, and oh ! what dreams ! a land of poetry and of song; for, though the woods are thickly matted, still it cannot be said that there the "birds forget to sing." Morning and evening in sunshine and shower, they never tire of chorusing their ditties, whilst the occasional visitor lends a gladsome ear to their varied yet harmonious strains.

Such are the surroundings of the Currah Chase mansion. Flowers and fruit trees, fountains of crystal water, evergreens and ivy-clad bowers,—all tend to charm the beholder. Such is the birthplace of our Irish Catholic poet. We can imagine him in the dreary study of Trinity College with a fierce battle waging within his soul, recalling the fond memories of his boyhood, the matted woods, the babbling brook and chirping birds.

Lo ! I stand on the spot where a cherished bard lisped. Perhaps I am trampling the very moss where he fought the noble fight and groped his way from the darkness of Protestantism to the light of the true Church. Here, on this fair spot, perhaps, he roved at sunrise, lost in the depths of his favorite Wordsworth, yet not entirely passive to the morning charms of this terrestrial paradise. And oft, mayhap, at sunset, he betook himself to yon virgin shrine and holy well, thence to draw his Christian inspiration. Beyond, at no great distance, the noble Shannon rolls along, exhaling the salty breath from the broad Atlantic. The sun is setting fast. Now the orb of day has sunk, sending a quivering effulgence of gold and crimson from the low level of the horizon over the unbroken smoothness of the majestic river. Three miles across, the hills of Clare stand out boldly, and away to my right I can see the church spires of Limerick city.

But the poet and layman of rank still lives before me. Alas ! within that noble mansion it is a crime to speak of him in terms of praise.

Aubrey de Vere is dead. Now his bones lie mouldering in the clay, and, for many, his very name has passed into the lonely and silent tomb of oblivion. Ungrateful generation art thou, to close thy heart to him who celebrated thy name in undying song, who fought thy fight till the pen fell from his hand, till he was clasped in the strong grasp of his Mighty Master, till, in fine those eyes, blind forevermore to all things fleeting and paltry here below, were "sweeping the broad horizons of eternity." Scanty, indeed, is the praise, O poet. But I, nevertheless, "will wear you in my heart's core, nay, in my heart of hearts ;" nor shall I soon forget that charming haunt where you shrunk not from confessing your faith in saints and miracles in the presence of a world of haughty scoffers.

J. F. CARROLL, '08.



## LOCAL OPTION.

Local Option is one of the paramount questions of the day. The interest manifested in the subject by politicians is especially noticeable. Candidates for the Legislature are pledging themselves as supporters of such a bill if they are elected, and the liquor interests, fully aware of the injurious effect a local option bill would have on their finances, are determined to fight the movement to the end.

By local option is meant the determination by vote of the people of a town, city, borough, or other political community, as to whether or not licenses to sell intoxicating drinks shall be granted. The development of local option as an issue in Pennsylvania really began about three years ago, when the Berry local option bill was introduced, but only to be defeated. In March, 1872, a State local option law was enacted, but through the influence of the liquor advocates, it was repealed by

the act of April 12, 1875. Not the least undaunted by their futile attempts in the past, the local option advocates of Pennsylvania are determined that an effective local option bill shall be enacted when the General Assembly meets in 1909. The prospects of such a bill are encouraging.

Why should not Pennsylvania enact a local option law? Is such a law unjust? Is such a law unconstitutional, or is the passing of such a law contrary to the wishes of the people? A local option law can hardly be termed unjust when we consider that such a law gives the separate communities of the State the privilege of accepting or rejecting the saloon, just as the individual citizen has the right to use liquor or not as he sees fit. That a local option law is constitutional is verified by the fact that there are but five States in the Union which have not enacted legislation by which the people either in the State as a whole or in smaller sections of the State may have the privilege of voting for or against liquor. These States are Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Wyoming, Nevada and Utah. Local option is by no means contrary to the public opinion of the State; in fact, it is demanded by public opinion as a right and not as a concession. The Press favors it, and the Churches of the State, both Catholic and non-Catholic, desire an effective local option bill.

That local option is undoubtedly the will of the people of the country can easily be seen by the great number of States, counties and communities, that have the privilege of ousting the liquor traffic if they so desire. Maine, North Dakota, Kansas, Georgia and Oklahoma are now entirely free from saloons, while local option legislation prevails in the greater part of the territory of the following States: Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas, Oregon, California, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, Alabama, North and South Carolinas, Maryland and the New England States. The Governor of Florida, like most other Governors in the States of the South, is a pro-

nounced local option advocate. In speaking of the question he says: "It was observed by merchants in dry communities that their bills were paid more promptly, that the volume of business was greater, that the people became more prosperous and the towns improved more rapidly—both as to public and private improvements—until now people look upon the question both from a moral and a business standpoint, as their observation has confirmed them in the belief that it is better from every standpoint, that the country should abolish the sale of liquor."

I believe it was Patrick Henry who said: "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past." In the question of local option in Pennsylvania we have had no past to judge by, so the good or the evil that shall follow the passing of such a bill—if the State is fortunate enough to have one passed—will depend greatly on the kind of a law enacted and its strict enforcement. If Pennsylvania fails to enact a local option law at the next General Assembly, it will be because of the opposition of the liquor interests of the State, the extent and influence of whose power may be imagined when we consider that the liquor interests of the country operate one hundred and sixteen thousand more places of business than there are Christian churches in the United States. This country spends a billion and a third more dollars to maintain the liquor traffic than it does to educate its people.—"*"Hinc illae lachrymae."*

JOHN T. McMAHON, '09.



### On Board the "City of St. Ignace."

On one of the brightest days of August last, the writer sat in the stern of the steamer, *City of St. Ignace*, which slowly wended its way down the black Cuyahoga in tow of a little but powerful tug. The tooting of

whistles and the ringing of bells signalled the swinging of a large viaduct to make way for her passage. Crowds of enthusiastic excursionists were boarding the magnificent steamers for Put-in-Bay and Cedar Point. Lying in the iron ore docks were many large freighters that had come from the rich mines of the Lake Superior regions. As their precious cargoes were lifted from the deep holds, these immense freighters would proudly raise their huge bulks from the water's depth. Scattered here and there were little steam launches with their prettily polished brass railings that furnished a bright contrast to the greasy tugs that awaited the arrival or departure of the large steamers. Tall, gloomy warehouses lined the banks on either side.

A shrieking interchange of whistles told us of the departure of the tug: the steamer had begun her trip across the lake.

The first peculiar sight which strikes the eye is the different colors of the water. The dark, waste-like water of the Cuyahoga is separated from a broad expanse of blue by a long narrow strip of yellow muddy water. The line of demarcation is distinctly marked.

The great breakwater is soon passed. This gigantic wall of concrete is about a quarter of a mile distant from the shore, and measures one-half a mile in length, with a breadth of ten feet.

Now a broad view of the lake-front and of the beautiful city is spread out before you. A little to the north east and situated on the lake front lies Gordon Park. Hundreds of children swarm about the sands. Many fishermen are out for an early catch. Beautiful trees bend their lowly branches to shade a long, white driveway overlooking the lake. A view is also obtained of Euclid Beach and White-City-by-the-Lake.

In the background the box-like features of the high office buildings contrast with the tall architectural spires of the many churches and lofty monuments. A great

cloud of smoke marks the mill district, which reminds one of home industries.

Slowly the small objects on the shore become more minute: the tall figures grow dim to the eye. Gradually they seem to disappear until, in a short time, the whole shore presents one vast hazy expanse of land. Lastly, all is blotted out as if the steamer had rounded the top of a hill and was slowly descending, leaving only the billowy deep in her wake. The tourist is then left to the study of his surroundings.

The sun had slowly burned away the misty fog; one small dark cloud set off a heavenly blue sky; the savory, invigorating air brought back youthful strength; the waters danced everywhere as if to make the trip more pleasant. Leisurely the tourists moved about the deck, basked in the sun or sat in a shady nook, intently perusing a book or magazine; groups of men sent up pearly clouds of smoke while engaged in an interesting game of cards; many lounged around, pleasantly taking in the charms of lake and sky. Occasionally, an approaching steamer would arrest attention. Then the question would arise as to her distance away, her owner, name, cargo and other particulars that would tend to raise a discussion.

Soon a new subject was to claim the people's minds. A brisk wind had arisen and the lone cloud began to cast darkness over the lake. I still had hopes of fair weather. Pittsburg had accustomed me to all sorts of dark and gloomy weather without indicating a storm. So I promenaded about, inspecting my new floating home.

This magnificent steel steamer is one of the many sidewheelers belonging to the D. and C. line, and is a sister ship to the *City of Detroit*. She is three hundred feet in length and has a breadth of seventy-two feet, thus ensuring ample deck and cabin room. Combining the qualities of perfect safety, luxurious equipment and great speed with nicely arranged state-rooms and a large dining hall, decorations and furniture being in perfect

harmony, this large boat is truly a palatial modern hotel afloat. The grand salon comfortably furnished in solid mahogany is a splendid type of marine architecture.

Below deck are the boiler and dynamo rooms. These are divided into five or more water-tight, steel compartments, and in case of an emergency, any of the various compartments can be shut off from the rest of the boat. The engines are of 3,000 horse power and are capable of sending the steamer from eighteen to twenty miles an hour.

Descending the steep stairway, I came to the boiler-room. Grimy-faced men stripped to the waist were feeding the fiery furnaces. These men faced the intense heat in relays every seven hours. This compartment is ten feet below the water surface with a distance of three feet to the keel. The cinders from the mighty boilers all thrown on a small platform are drawn into the lake by large suction pipes.

I again returned to the deck to find the lone cloud acting mischievously, producing a sudden change in the atmosphere by loosing the powerful winds from their cave, sending them through the narrow course, hurling their superhuman strength against the boat as if it were a mighty enemy they sought to destroy. The whole lake was now in total darkness, occasionally lit up by streaks of lightning. Suddenly the floodgates of the heavens opened and poured a mighty deluge down upon us. The great waves colliding with one another would form one grand apex before splashing off into foam. The lake now spotted with beautiful white-caps resembled a vast camping ground. Quickly the storm increased in fury until it seemed as if the whole heavens were taxing their strength to wreak vengeance on the steamer. Still with her prow straight to the course she proudly sailed through the troubled waters.

Our attention was soon diverted to a speck of land which appeared to spring up in the lake far away to the south west. A discussion arose as to its name. Some

guessed it to be the extremity of the State of Michigan, others thought it Put-in-Bay, until all were silenced by being told it was Point Pelee.

While strolling about the lower deck watching the slowly abating storm, I came across many pale, sickly-looking women and not a few men, who were unable to bear the vibrating of the boat in the now crowded parlors. They were suffering from the dreaded sea sickness, which I fortunately escaped. The wind gradually tempered down to a cool breeze, and the occasional patter of rain-drops upon the deck told us that the storm had ceased. The waves gradually subsided and the steamer ploughed with greater speed through the smooth surface of the waters.

The crowds began to flock on deck, for the land of Edward VII. was sighted, with a glimpse of Sugar Island looming up in the distance, and the Detroit River swiftly drawing near.

MARTIN J. BRENNAN, '09.



### Those Monastery Chimes.

I fancy I can hear it as in the olden times,  
The sweet, celestial music of the monastery chimes,  
Breaking in upon the silence of a drowsy afternoon,  
Breathing forth a song of summer, of verdant, fragrant  
June.

I used to love to hear them, as a careless, idle boy,  
Ring out their song of gladness, of bliss without alloy.  
Their matchless strains still linger in the halls of memory,  
And move my soul to rapture with their wondrous  
melody.

JAMES J. HAWKS, '11.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIV.

MARCH, 1908.

No. 6.

## EDITORIAL.

### *National Righteousness and National Prosperity*

Seldom if ever has so remarkable a document been issued from the White House as that which was sent to Congress a few weeks ago by our honorable President.

This document is noted no less for the specific recommendations it makes, than for the tone and strength of its argument. It is remarkable for its critical analysis of conditions. And it is remarkable, above all, for the fact that it proves to the people of the United States that Theodore Roosevelt is unafraid, undaunted, unchangeable of purpose; not that these are newly-disclosed qualities in him, but that he has brought them out more forcibly than ever before and with more dramatic effect.

No doubt, the country is profoundly stirred by the amazing challenge which Roosevelt issues to the people to stand with him in his fight for honesty in business and politics.

Roosevelt is a man who is with the people and for the people. He is cautiously regardful of honest business men. His fight is not with but for them. By his message, it can be plainly seen that he firmly believes that the great energy of this nation will make the future secure.

It is a glorious proof of the sound moral health of our country that this fight against corruption in business and politics should be waged.

It behooves every citizen of the Republic to lay aside all prejudice of political affiliations and stand valiantly by our President in his noble struggle for "the righteousness that exalteth a nation."

P. A. D.



### ***Preparation for Citizenship.***

One of the greatest and most signal honors which a man may possess, is the privilege of American citizenship. To have a voice in the government of his country, to be a part of the mechanism of a great Republic, to lend a helping hand in guiding the Ship of State, should be the ambition of every truly patriotic American youth.

There is at present a lamentable indifference displayed with regard to the rights and duties of citizenship. This indifference can be attributed to nothing but ignorance. There are too many people who have not a sufficient appreciation of the privilege which they enjoy. To this indifference and lack of appreciation can be traced all that is corrupt in politics; and, until this evil is corrected, we can hope for no better political condition than that which prevails at present.

**CITIZENSHIP MUST BE ANTICIPATED AND PREPARED FOR.**  
When a youth has reached the age of sixteen years, he should immediately begin to take an interest in current affairs, whether of national or local importance. He should find out the importance and duties of the various public offices and acquire as accurate a knowledge as he can of the condition and operations of the government. He should read reliable and instructive literature pertinent to the public questions of the time. After due consideration of both sides of such questions as are engaging the attention of the public, the young man should strive to form a conscientious opinion of his own.

If a boy prepares thus for citizenship, when the time comes for him to exercise this proud privilege, he will find himself ready to vote intelligently and according to the dictates of a properly formed conscience. Free from any political entanglements and untrammeled by party obligations, he will step forth unfalteringly in his path of honorable duty. All this seems platitude, if you will. But the very basis of all our social fabric, whether political or moral, is nothing else than platitudes—the experience-tested truths; and it is by losing sight of these that a people come to grief.

H. J. G.



## COLLEGE NOTES.

### **Annual Euchre and Reception.**

The Euchre and Reception held in Montefiore Hall on the evening of February 19 was an unprecedented success. The presence of a thousand guests, friends of the student body, especially at a time when stringency in the money market limited the attendance at other social affairs to an unusually small number if it did not altogether oblige their abandonment, is convincing proof of the popularity of this annual gathering, and of the numerous following the College can at any time count upon.

The purpose of the Euchre and Reception was to provide the Athletic Association with funds to carry them through the season. All arrangements were in the hands of the student body directed by the experienced and energetic Rev. H. J. Goebel, Chairman of the Athletic Committee, to whose foresight, attention to detail and general supervision, was due the smoothness with which both features of this charming social event were conducted. The musical programme was most satisfactorily rendered by the accomplished C. B. Weis Orchestra. It can be safely said that all present enjoyed a delightful evening. To put it briefly, joy was unconfined.

Following is a list of the prizes, donors and winners, respectively:

**Hand Painted China Vase**, P. J. Fahey, Miss S. Fleishman; **Silver Knives and Forks**, 1st Commercial English Class, Miss Loretta Ley; **Dress Suit Case**, Mr. P. B. Reilly, Miss Carrie Dauk; **Fancy Vase**, 1st Commercial English Class, Miss Nora O'Brien; **Silk Umbrella**, J. G. Bennett & Co., Mr. L. Strub; **Silk Umbrella**, Mr. E. E. Locke, Mr. And. Ley; **Bronze Bust of Beethoven**, V. Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., Mr. J. P. Collins; **Rocker**, Murphy Bros., Mrs. J. E. Shafer; **Picture by Underwood**, Wunderly Bros., Mrs. M. E. O'Brien; **Silk Umbrella**, Mr. R. Pollard, Mrs. J. Biesinger; **Cut Glass Nappy**, Mr. George Giel, Miss Alice McGraw; **Umbrella**, Mrs. J. Freund, Mr. Frank Eisel; **Fancy Desk Clock**, Mr. D. Maginn, Miss M. Bauer; **Fancy Vase**, Miss J. E. Curran, Mr. L. A. Dempsey; **Picture—Night Scene**, Mr. L. Krieger, Mr. A. E. Ethier; **Hand Painted Celery Tray**, Miss M. D., Mrs. Catherine Rudolph; **5 lb. Box French Candy**, Reymer Bros., Mr. E. F. Kelly; **Picture**, Mr. John Mayer, Mrs. George Jacob; **Ornament**, Mr. H. Terheyden, Miss M. McCarthy; **Mandolin**, C. C. Mellor, Mrs. J. T. Quinn; **2 lb. Box Candy**, Davidson & Co., Miss Emma Cox; **Gentleman's Sweater Coat**, Mansmann Bros., Mr. Frank Kern; **Mandolin**, Bechtel, Mr. Joseph Rahe; **Travelling Set**, A Friend, Mr. J. Greffenstette; **Silver Fruit Stand**, Mrs. A. Doenges, Miss M. Pace; **Silver Mounted Ebony Brush**, Grafner Bros., Mrs. J. A. Walsh; **Ladies Sweater Coat**, W. S. Brown, Miss Eliz. Griffin; **Lady's Leather Purse**, A Friend, Miss Mary Lee; **French Briar Pipe**, J. W. Jenkinson, Mr. John L. McCarthy; **Box Stogies**, Mr. P. Schlereth, Mr. Thomas Coulter; **Fancy Vase**, A Friend, Mr. H. Brunner; **Leather Necktie Case**, Mr. J. E. Kane, Mr. T. Cunningham; **Gentleman's Slippers**, A. Franz, Jr., Mrs.

Fred. Fournier; Fancy Vase, Mrs. P. McGraw, Miss M. Cunningham; \$10.00 worth of Photos, D. Rosser Studio, Miss Lucy Gallagher; Smoking Set, A Friend, Miss Hilda Thoma; Box Cigars, Mr. L. A. Butler, Mr. J. D. Berry; Box Cigars, Mr. L. M. Heyl, Mr. P. Caveney; Box Cigars, Mr. J. Ratajczyk, Mr. J. T. Coyne; Leather Wallett, A. W. McCoy & Co., Rev. Fr. Crotty; Fancy Cuspidor, Mr. J. Bell, Mr. Frank McCabe; Safety Razor, Mr. Otto Helmold, Mr. Carl Brunner; Japanese Cup and Saucer, Miss A. S., Mr. Martin Gloeckler; Fancy Pitcher, A Friend, Mr. J. J. Quinn; Guitar, Mr. Bernardi, Mr. M. Lernahan; Neckties, Curran Bros., Mr. J. J. Corcoran; Book—Luke Delmege, Cath. Supply Co., Mr. A. Walsmith; Picture, A Friend, Mr. S. R. Snyder; Book, F. M. Kirner, Miss Conway; Fountain Pen, B. K. Elliott Co., Mr. H. Bityer; Silk Suspenders, Mr. J. H. Aiken, Mr. I. Hershberger; Candlestick, Greer-Milliken Co., Mr. H. Barns; Fancy Table Scarf, Miss K. M. Gallagher, Mr. P. Jones; Leather Purse, A. W. McCloy & Co., Mr. Sam Johnson.

We hereby wish to express our sincere thanks to the young ladies who lent their assistance in serving the refreshments and lunch, and who did such excellent work in getting donations for this purpose.

Miss Kathryn Scanlon, who directed both our refreshment stand and lunch room, is deserving of special mention for her indefatigable zeal in our behalf. Her aids were Mrs. J. T. Coyne and the Misses Jennie Curran, Kathryn Duffy, Cecilia Dugan, Alice Kilkerry, Josephine Lawlor, Gertrude Mellon, Rose, Loretta and Elizabeth McCrickert, Mayme Scanlon, Marie Stattler, Anna Thoma and Elizabeth Weis.

We also desire to thank Mr. Charles Shanahan, Mr. John Hermes and Mr. John Artho, who donated the ice cream; Messrs. L. and J. Schlelein, Mrs. C. Kurz and Mr. E. Brahm, who donated the hams; and all others, especially Mr. Joseph Murphy, of Parkersburg, W. Va., who so kindly donated toward the refreshment stand.

We are, moreover, indebted to Mr. B. Neiman, who donated the red and blue bunting for the decoration of the hall; and to Mr. Pickering, who kindly loaned us the palms and the outfit for a Japanese booth.

To the following Committees was due the great success of the Euchre and Reception:

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:—C. L. McCambridge, J. A. Rossenbach, J. Carroll, M. J. Muldowney, G. M. Dugan;

DOOR COMMITTEE:—T. F. Ryan; F. J. Toohill;

RECEPTION COMMITTEE:—M. J. Brennan, J. P. Gwyer, H. L. Murphy, J. J. Creighton, H. J. Gelm, H. J. Gilbert, J. L. Sullivan, J. D. Locke, J. G. Callahan;

EUCHRE COMMITTEE:—B. J. McGuigan, J. N. Whalen, J. J. Millard, T. J. Dunn, C. A. Mayer, J. A. Carlos, E. J. McKnight, J. H. McGraw, J. A. Habrowski, C. Kaylor, B. J. McKenna, E. Misklow, G. P. Angel, J. A. McGlade.

#### The Annual Play.

*David Garrick* has been selected as the play to be given by the students this year. It will be found extremely amusing, and well calculated to keep the audience in roars of laughter. The incidents of the comedy are founded on an apocryphal anecdote of the great English actor. Ada Ingot, the daughter of a wealthy East Indian director, having fallen in love with David Garrick while witnessing his performances, her father entices the player to his house and there proposes to pay him a large sum of money to leave the stage, if not the country. Ingot desires his daughter to marry Chivy, a horse-racing, wine-drinking squire, whom she heartily despises. Garrick suggests to the merchant to extend to him an invitation to dinner, promising that he would so behave as to induce Ada to accept for husband the man of Ingot's selection. After dinner and during the evening, the actor simulates inebriety and conducts himself in such a manner as to insult the company and to disgust the young lady. After his retirement, Chivy, besotted with wine, reveals to Ingot, in the hearing of his daughter, that, having casually met with Garrick later in the evening, at a Covent Garden club, the actor had confessed the trick he had played, and had

accepted a challenge to fight a duel with a fop who had spoken disrespectfully of the merchant and of Ada. Convinced of Garrick's love for her, Miss Ingot hurries to his lodgings at an early hour, to avert the duel, where she is surprised by the unexpected arrival of her father and cousin. Garrick appears, and illustrates the nobility of his true character to such a degree that the merchant discards Chivy as a son-in-law, and entreats the actor to accept the hand of his daughter, in this wise verifying the correctness of his promise that Ada should marry the man of her father's choice. The cast of characters:

David Garrick . . . . .	Professor Frank Hipps
Mr. Simon Ingot . . . . .	Michael A. Shea
Squire Chivy . . . . .	Eugene J. Ley
Mr. Smith . . . . .	Charles K. Kaylor
Mr. Browne . . . . .	George P. Angel
Mr. Jones . . . . .	Grattan M. Dugan
Thomas . . . . .	Hugh F. Cousins
George (Garrick's valet) . . . . .	Joseph Habrowski
Servant . . . . .	Charles J. Mills
Ada Ingot . . . . .	John F. Corcoran
Mrs. Smith . . . . .	Clarence A. Sanderbeck
Miss Araminta Brown . . . . .	Edward A. Butler

#### **Second Term Examinations.**

The second term examinations were most satisfactory. They showed conclusively that good work was accomplished in all the classes, and that a wholesome spirit of rivalry exists amongst the leaders. One hundred and seventy-two honor cards were awarded, forty more than at any previous examination; this is a conclusive proof of the general scholarship acquired by the students in the subject matter of their examination, for, in order to obtain this distinction, eighty per cent. must be secured in two subjects presented, and at least sixty per cent. in all others. Following are the names of the students who obtained first place in their respective

classes: J. F. Carroll, C. A. Mayer, A. P. Dzmura, A. G. Maingot, C. S. Merkel, J. F. Czarnowski, F. T. O'Connell, E. Lew, T. H. Skarry, W. A. Caveney, J. V. O'Connor, O. H. Steedle, F. J. Mueller, G. A. Baumer, A. Pietrzak, S. Adamczyk and S. Urbaniak.

#### **Delegates Selected.**

At a meeting of the College Total Abstinence Society T. F. Ryan and J. M. Ennis were elected delegates to the Allegheny County meeting of the C. T. A. U.

#### **Professor Weis's Jubilee.**

We heartily and enthusiastically congratulate Professor C. B. Weis on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his wedding. The Very Rev. Father Hehir, President, at a union of the Faculty and students made a neat speech in which he expressed the sentiments of both bodies, and in behalf of the college authorities presented him with a handsome testimonial of the respect and popularity in which he is held.

#### **Debate in Latin.**

Periodically debates are held in Latin, the language of the Church and of the strictest and most precise terminology. On Sunday, February 16, the proposition, "*Datur distinctio realis inter ipsam animam ejusque facultates intellectuales,*" was elucidated by the honorable speakers to the satisfaction and admiration of a large audience composed of students of the higher classes and their friends. J. A. Carlos acted as Chairman; T. F. Ryan and J. A. Rossenbach maintained the affirmative, and F. X. Toohill and J. F. Carroll the negative. From the audience C. F. McCambridge and M. J. Brennan also made short Latin speeches.

The speakers evinced a thorough study of their subject and expressed their thoughts fluently in Latin. Their speaking proficiency in this language is largely the result of practice in class and in the disputations held every Thursday afternoon and conducted in syllogistic form.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni held a Smoker in the College hall on the evening of Monday, January 7. Many members were present. The death of Brother Rupert a few hours previous to the meeting cast a gloom over the gathering. An elaborate programme of music, songs and recitations, by present and past students and professional talent, had been prepared, but, under the circumstances, it was decided to dispense with it. A substantial lunch was served in the students' refectory, several speeches were delivered, and the officers of last year were re-elected.

At a meeting of the officers held in the Fort Pitt Hotel on February 12, it was decided to hold the annual banquet on Wednesday, April 29. Committees were appointed to arrange for the hotel, menu, decorations, music, songs and speeches. Some speaker of national reputation is to be invited for the occasion.

We congratulate Mr. Frank J. Lanahan on his recent marriage to Miss Anne Heyl; and Mr. John A. Friday on his union with Miss Anna Marie Hermes.

School reopened after the Christmas holidays with a solemn high Mass, at which the Rev. J. O'Connell was celebrant. Father O'Connell, on the following Saturday, started on a three months' visit to Ireland before entering on his duties in the Wheeling diocese.

Robert A. Brown paid us a New Year's visit. He obtained a six weeks' leave of absence from his engineering corps in New Orleans.

Leo Schaill has been enjoying the climate of Florida since last summer.

M. F. Fitzgerald is now travelling salesman for the Alexander Bros. Lumber Co., Cleveland. His brother, Richard, is book-keeper for the same Company.

E. L. Davin has undertaken a general contracting business at McKee's Rocks.

Mortimer Flanagan is superintendent of all the divisions of the Pittsburg Railways Company.

"Joseph R. Garry, of Marietta, O., plays the heavy part, or, in other words, the villain, in 'The Money Lender' at the 16th Street Theatre, New York. His splendid interpretation of the thankless role of the basely wicked person of the play has won much praise from the critics and delighted his numerous friends who know him off the stage as a quiet, unassuming chap whom it is a pleasure to meet."—*The Columbiad*.

J. Vick O'Brien has just produced the "Mass of the Nativity." It is composed for four male voices, and embodies the Gregorian spirit though composed in modern style and written counterpoint and fugal. Vick has another Mass to his credit, *Missa Sanctissimi Rosarii*, sung in the Holy Rosary Church two years ago last Easter. A number of small and light compositions bear his name. He is at work, and has been for the last year, on an opera which he hopes will be thoroughly American in spirit. He has chosen to call it "Old Virginia." It deals with the early days, and he hopes to fill it with sufficient early-day color to make it thoroughly characteristic. An ambitious effort, it is modeled on the Wagner symphonic motif form. For the Indians and the early settlers who comprise the characters of the opera, Mr. O'Brien has figured motifs each distinct and peculiar to its place.

Thomas H. O'Brien is organist in the Holy Rosary Church.

Albert W. Ott has gone into the real estate and insurance business. He has opened an office at 55 Washington Avenue, S. S.

Bernard P. Dunn, formerly Mr. Bigelow's Secretary, has now a responsible position in the District Attorney's office.

Frank and Charles Mayer have opened offices in the Park Building. Frank is manager of a lumber company, and treasurer of the C. P. Mayer Brick Co., of which Charles is the president and manager.

P. A. McCullough has been engaged as engineer by D. T. Nisbet, Lewis Block.

Henry S. Lycoe has found employment in the East End Savings Bank.

James D. Dwyer, M. D., is building up an extensive practice for himself in Independence, Kansas.

Benjamin H. Swint and George A. Ditz have entered a medical college in Baltimore, Md.

After organizing the correspondence department in the Siegel-Cooper Co., New York, Alfred W. McCann accepted the position of advertising agent for the O'Gorman Co., Providence, R. I. Mr. McCann still finds time for amateur theatricals. Were he to adopt the stage as a profession, there is no doubt that he would rank with the leaders. Lately, for sweet charity's sake, he produced "Hamlet" in the Providence Opera House. We may be permitted to quote from the columns of the *Boston Herald* some passages of Mr. Henry Shelley's unusually flattering criticism:

" . . . . Great was the surprise of the audience when they found themselves, not in the presence of an actor assuming a role beyond his reach, but within the magnetic spell of a profound art which, in the possession of this youth, grappled with the mysteries of the most difficult and the longest part in the English drama, and presented the many-sided character of the Dane with an ease and a fervor that were compelling in their power to win the admiration of the coldest and most unyielding of his auditors.

"From the moment of his first entrance a hush fell over his audience. There was an immediate projection of commanding grace and power from his personality, which, before he had uttered a line, seemed to carry with it the spirit of Hamlet into every corner of the theatre. The attention was fixed upon the central figure of this sublime play to such an extent that not a note of his unusually low tones was lost. He appeared to make no effort to be heard, occasionally almost whispering his lines, yet every breath carried its freight of spiritual anguish or awe-stricken wonder across the foot-lights into the very hearts of his hearers. His first soliloquy, 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, etc.' justified the expectations that were formed upon his appearance. It was a keen exposition of the mental processes by which the Dane arrived at conclusions and summed up in facial expression, attitude of body

and inflection of voice the deep grief that hung about his heart, obscuring all the good of life in a heavy cloud of hatred for the sins of humanity that so bitterly obtruded their naked ugliness before his gaze.

"This was Hamlet sorrowing in a father's death and suffering in a mother's shame before he had communed with the spirit of another world. His frozen horror as Horatio told him the story of the apparition was so intensely pictured upon his face that it seemed as though Hamlet did indeed at that moment support the terrors of hell in his fearful apprehension of some mysterious and unholy condition in the things about him, and in his forecast of terrors to come.

"The scene with the ghost which terminated in a passionate and poetic renouncement of all things of life and earth save only the memory of his murdered father was an overwhelming picture of filial devotion, reverence and love. His voice, resonant, rich and tremulous at this point, fairly melted the armor of conventional criticism, and were simple and sincere justice done his acting it would be said that it burned deeply into the emotional and spiritual nature of every man and woman who heard and saw him.

"His later scenes with Polonius, in which he made it unmistakably clear that Hamlet's madness was assumed for his own ends, in the deft and subtle touches of voice and expression with which he vested them, were revelations of resourcefulness that many an actor of greater reputation would gladly possess. His soliloquies were masterpieces of sombre intensity. . . . .

"An excellent Horatio assisted in the tremendous upward movement of the scene. Infrequently does such spontaneous applause reward the actor's effort. It was a merited outburst. The contemptuous and sardonic sarcasm, the nimble rapier-like wit hurled at Rosencrantz and Guildenstern was wondrously effective. It was biting yet princely withal. The closet scene with Gertrude, the burning words that awaken her conscience, the repressed love which almost begged to show itself through the forced cruelty of his action contributed to make a scene that will not soon be forgotten. And what a picture was this young Hamlet at the grave ! Was there one in that crowded theatre who was not stirred to the soul by the tragic and brooding calm, by the sombre resignation of that figure in its inky cloak. Truly did he make the ideal Hamlet in appearance, and here again his remarkable reading of the lines flashed its poignant significance into every heart.

"Comparison does not tempt you with this Hamlet. It is individual, satisfying, poetic and above all things noble and exalted. Great things will be seen in this youth. His Hamlet will live!"

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Elements of Biology*, by George William Hunter, A. M. American Book Co., Publishers.

This durably and attractively bound volume can be unreservedly recommended as suited to meet the needs for which it was designed. Mr. Hunter has correlated the allied subjects of botany, zoology, and human physiology, with such pedagogical skill in arrangement and treatment of matter, as will ensure his book a welcome reception by large numbers of teachers of elementary biology, who are struggling on with ill-arranged or either under—or overloaded texts.

Among the many commendable features of Mr. Hunter's text are to be noted, the carefully and appropriately selected bibliographies, one for teachers and another for pupils, at the end of each chapter; the variety in styles of type by which the pupil is enabled to distinguish what is more important from what is less important; an adequate number of practical experiments and laboratory suggestions; and a profusion of excellent cuts and diagrams.

In his discussion of the effects of alcohol on the human system, the author has carefully refrained from any overstatement, but gives so sensible and scientific a treatment of the physiological aspects of the question, as will prove highly effectual in convincing pupils of the dangers of intemperance.

*Atlas of European History*, by Prof. Earle W. Dow, of the University of Michigan. Henry Holt and Co., Publishers.

In the brief foreword with which Prof. Dow introduces his *Atlas*, he terms it "a modest but laborious undertaking." From a careful examination of the book, however, we think that teachers of European history have been put under great obligation to the author for the invaluable assistance he has given them.

Thirty-two colored maps and eighteen sketch maps,

prepared with rare scholarship and well constructed and engraved, make clear and intelligible the territorial changes in Europe from the time of the Roman Empire down to the present day. In addition to the maps, there is a copious index of the names of places of historic connections.

It will be generally admitted, no doubt, that a vast number of students fail to derive from the study of history benefits that are at all commensurate with the amount of time and labor they devote to it. The reason of this is to be attributed mainly to the abominable methods of getting up a mass of names with little or no notion of their localization. With a book such as Prof. Dow's, this evil is remedied; the student acquires a definite idea of the location of the places and a clear comprehension of the geographical changes, in which the major part of European history is involved. This scholarly *Atlas* will, therefore, prove to be of incalculable value both to pupils and teachers. It is sincerely to be hoped that it will meet with the favorable reception which it so richly merits.

M.



## JOTTINGS.

"PLEASED with the Euchre" is not strong enough.

"DE-LIGHTED" is better. So says everybody.

WHY do they call Dan Sullivan Count?

THOSE who have seen Ray Miller in the new play say, "Wonders will never cease."

WE expect soon to see Danny Harrel handing in his exercises. What?

EGAN and Wilson have signed up for a course in a Correspondence School.

DEAR TEACHER: You mustnt teach Charles fisical torture. he needs redin yet an figors mit sums more as that. if i want him to shump i can make him shump.

JUNIOR:—"A body can not be in two places at a time."

SENIOR:—"Yes. A boarder can be in school and be home sick."

SULLY is very faithful in his practice of "shadow batting," invented by Rube Waddell. He says he is batting 1,200 since he began this system.

HE was Too (h) ill from eating clam Bullion to take a Whalen.

ASK Gutwald when the 20th century began. Clyde knows.

DOWNEY is pushing ahead in the First Academic.

WARRIORS have achieved much glory;  
Knights of old brave deeds have done;  
But the greatest deeds of all are  
Garnered by the College bun.

A SPEECH delivered two generations ago by a Mrs. Skinner on "Man's Place in the Social Order":

"Miss President, feller wimmen, and male trash generally, I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

"I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man.

"I believe that the world to-day would be happier if man never existed.

"As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars my mother was a woman.

"I not only maintain those principles, but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

"They say man was created first. Well, s'pose he was. Airn't first experiments always failures?

"The only decent thing about man was a rib, and that went to make something better.

"And they throw into our faces taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

"And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve and said, 'Twant me! 'twas her,' and woman had to father everything and mother it too.

"What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, and swim in a sea of gore."—*The Tartan.*

H. L. MURPHY, '10.

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Vol. XIV.

Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1908.

No. 7.

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## Dissolved and Gone.

(Horace, Car., iv. 7)

Dissolved and gone is now the winter snow,  
The fields with grass, the trees with leaves, are green,  
The earth is changed, decreasing rivers flow  
And glide in peace, their rugged banks between.

The elder Grace—the fairest beauty's queen,  
Aglaia named—and with her sisters two,  
The nymphs, all come to deck the vernal scene  
And shining lead the dance in morning dew.

The year and hour that hurry life away  
Full well advise you that all here below  
Are far from lasting, and, like pleasure's lay,  
Unnoticed, unexpected, glitter, go.

Returning zephyrs mitigate the cold  
And summer follows close upon the spring,  
Whose parting knell is all too quickly tolled  
When fruitful autumn rich its stores shall bring.

Again the sluggish winter comes anon,  
But none the less the quick-revolving moon  
Keeps on its waning till at last 'tis gone.  
But when we shall descend, oh ! all too soon,

Where dutiful Aeneas now doth rest,  
Where Tullus, he, our third departed king,  
With Ancus next, in opulence the best,  
Succeeding bards of dust and shade shall sing.

To-day is ours, who knows if gods may give  
The space of morrow's pleasurable hour;  
Indulge thy genius for thy heir shall live  
Thy fortune all to squander and devour.

When once, Torquatus, death takes hold on thee,  
When Minos, come, shall terribly decide  
Thy fate, no race, no fond, loquacious plea  
Can e'er replace thee in Time's flowing tide.

Nor can Diana grant the freedom sought  
By Chaste Hypolitus from darkness drear,  
Nor Theseus break the Lethean fetters wrought  
Upon his friend, his own Pirithous dear.

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.



### Patrick Sarsfield, and the Siege of Limerick.

Undoubtedly there is solace for the forlorn in the historic city of Limerick. Few spots in Ireland present such a chivalrous, poetic, and tragic interest as the city of the "Violated Treaty." It is situated on the river Shannon, dipping as it does the foundations of its ruined castles in the once blood-red river. But, though it bids a thousand welcomes to the casual admirer, what loving allurements does it not extend to one cradled beneath the shadows of its lofty steeples and lulled to rest by the soothing ripple of Ireland's largest river? The city covers an area of about 2,074 acres, and comprises a population of 40,000 souls. Passing over Thoumond bridge, the eye of the traveller rests upon the statue of a man in soldier's apparel, a drawn sabre in his right hand, the left pointing defiantly towards the Treaty Stone. It is the humble monument of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. Indeed, it is hardly a worthy memento of one of the best generals, if not the best, ever produced by a country famous for the military commanders it has

raised. But perhaps it is more to the credit of a country that constitutional advocacy finds more honor than military prowess.

About six miles from the world-famed College of Maynooth, in the year 1645, was born Patrick Sarsfield, the hero of many a conflict, whom fortune has decreed to live in the affections of his countrymen as long as they have hearts to feel. Love for the Catholic Faith, for home and country were the guiding principles of his checkered life. In his boyhood days he had seen his father deprived of his noble castle; he had seen thousands of his countrymen banished from their land and home or suspended from the scaffold; he had even seen the whitened bones of many of them bleaching on the hill-sides of Ireland. Amid such surroundings he grew to manhood, imbibing that hatred for Ireland's enemies which filled his soul throughout his life. His career as a soldier under the Stuart kings is uneventful, and so history is somewhat reticent as regards this period of his life. We know that he won his first military honors under Monmouth, that he made a gallant stand against the first encroachments of William of Orange, and that he withdrew to France in 1688 as one of the few faithful followers of James II.

In 1689 he returned with James to Ireland, his heart big with hope that now for the first time in the land of his birth and of his love, he would draw the sword against the enemies of his country and Faith. On March 12 they arrived at Kinsale, and, from that memorable day, his name is written in letters of gold on every Irish heart. Unfortunately for Ireland, there was one man, Tyrconnell, a particular favorite of the king, who, by jealous opposition, frustrated the every design of Sarsfield, and who may be considered one of the indirect causes of Ireland's downfall. At the instigation of Sarsfield, the first and last Irish Parliament was convoked at Dublin on May 17, 1689, and it is no exaggeration to say that no part of our history has evoked more un-

favorable comment than this same proceeding. Of course, it was all aimed at Sarsfield. But we must vindicate our rights at the expense of a digression.

Chief among the so-called historians of this Parliament is Lord Macaulay, that master of English style from whose pen flow those beautiful periods which are characterized by a supreme disregard for fact, truth, and logic, especially in his history of James II. Froude ranks next. Indeed, it is a close reader that can recognize even the shadow of truth in his writings. Story, as if repenting of having told the truth, modifies it by the most spurious statements, leaving the reader at a loss to distinguish between truth and fiction. I do not hesitate to say that, despite the wrong which these would-be historians have done to Ireland (that they have done so, no one can deny), they have wronged England more. They cloud with prejudice the minds of well-meaning people and have kept Ireland and England perpetually at war.

Since his arrival at Kinsale, Sarsfield was busy mustering troops for the combat which was to immortalize his name—the Battle of the Boyne. It were needless to dwell on the issue of a battle where 60,000 men and 60 cannon were opposed to 23,000 men and 6 available cannon. The Irish forces had to retreat, but not disheartened, certainly not dishonored, although the man under whose standard they were risking their lives had fled to France never more to return. The retreat was commanded by Sarsfield to the city of Limerick and thither William followed and arrived before the city on August 8, 1690. William's siege-train had not yet reached Limerick, and Sarsfield determined that it would never reach the city walls. Accordingly, he set out on August 10, with about 500 men, and advanced along the Clare side of the river as far as Killaloe. Close by, the pride of William's army had built their camp-fires, and had lain down for a much-needed rest. Sarsfield advanced cautiously, took the sentries by surprise, and,

in less than an hour, the siege-train lighted the heavens, shook the earth and proclaimed to William in his camp and to the gallant defenders of the city, that Sarsfield had performed his work. On the following night he returned amid the wild acclamations of the famine-stricken people.

The rage of William at this juncture can be more easily imagined than described. He turned his entire force against the walls, close to the spot where the present beautiful Cathedral now stands, and a twelve-yard breach was soon effected. In poured the enemy, fighting desperately every step, till soon numbers told on the starved besieged. Sarsfield with his chosen 500 now appeared on the scene, and actually cut his way through the enemy. Shot and shell fell heavily on the doomed city, whilst the "blasphemous villains" mowed down the wretched babes and weeping mothers, a proceeding which only served to infuriate those who had resolved to shed their last drop of blood rather than surrender. The arrival of Sarsfield added fresh vigor to their now drooping spirits. They rallied with desperate fury; every inhabitant turned on the foe. Amid the din of battle could be heard the cheers of men resolved to conquer or die, the wild shrieks of women, the cries and groans of the wounded and dying—all, mingled with the roar of cannon, darkened the horrors of a scene probably unequalled in war. For hours the dire carnage continued till, at length, the strangers, "paused, rallied, staggered and fled." Useless were now William's ravings. He was defeated for the first time, and the old green flag was still floating proudly and defiantly from the ramparts of Limerick.

Sarsfield was now marked as the one most competent man to lead the Irish soldiers to victory; but again many of James' imported generals, jealous of our hero, kept him in an inferior position, and, though he felt this slight keenly, he never resented the treatment, but submitted to every slight for the sake of Ireland.

Athlone was next made the post of attack, and,

on that occasion, St. Ruth was commander-in-chief. Though he encircled himself with glory by a noble defense he has dimmed its lustre by a foolish, if not by a traitorous act. When he had wrested the victory from William, he withdrew his troops about three miles, contrary to Sarsfield's advice, and left the city in charge of a regiment of recruits. This news was soon conveyed to Ginkel, William's general, who returned and took Athlone unopposed. Soon afterwards St. Ruth was killed at the battle of Aughrim, and Sarsfield, with the remnant of the army, returned to Limerick, determined to make within its historic walls a final struggle for "happy homes and altars free."

During the absence of the troops, Tyrconnell had done much to repair the defenses of the city, and during six weeks Sarsfield made use of every moment, laying in supplies, exhorting his men to expedite the work and prepare for the final struggle on which all depended. In August, 1691, Tyrconnell died and though he rendered many services to Ireland's cause, it is time to say that, were it not for him, the saddest pages of Irish history would never have been written. But now the post of honor was one of danger, and none were willing to expose themselves to shot and shell within the city, or to the alternative of starvation if they escaped the cannon, except Sarsfield alone. The Irish hearts turned to him with pitying suppliancy, to defend the last shreds of Irish Independence.

It is a soft summer night, serene and peaceful; all nature is hushed; the moonbeams play on the surface of the water, and light up the flowery dells and glades around the city. In a few hours the dreadful conflict will begin. A fleet of twelve ships under Captain Cole has blocked the Shannon and leaves the city besieged on three sides. On August 30, the strife opened with a furious cannonade. Shot and shell were poured into the city with relentless fury; women and children were mercilessly slaughtered; day after day the havoc con-

tinued, till all was a mass of flames. William and his soldiers may thirst for Irish blood; they may shed it till the very Shannon shall run crimson; they may shower their decimating javelins on the beleaguered, but, unmoved by terror and undismayed by famine, there they stand amid the smoking ruins, resolved never to submit to the hated foe. Ginkel perceived that his efforts were in vain, and intended to raise the siege when treachery effected what 45,000 men could not. Colonel Clifford, who had been stationed a short distance up the river, betrayed his trust on September 16. He allowed the enemy to land on the Clare side, and from that moment the fate of Limerick was sealed. No excuse can rid his name of disgrace; he was not taken by surprise; Sarsfield was near, but no signal was given. Moreover, he was an intimate friend of General Luttrell, who was found to be a conspirator by Sarsfield himself. Thus was Ireland treated by her defenders. No wonder, indeed, that the wind is supposed to whistle a funeral dirge at midnight, among the trees of Thoumond gate.

The passage of the Shannon filled the Irish with dismay. Still they bravely held their ground. But, to cap the climax of disasters, when 700 men, guarding Thoumond Bridge, had rushed across to stop the enemy, the mayor, fearing for the others on the Clare side, ordered the bridge to be pulled down. The gallant 700 were driven back, but where to? Alas! to death.

No hope of safety remained and they "were laid in heaps on the river bank," their life-blood dropping to the purple waters beneath. These were indeed days of sorrow for Limerick, though ended by a treaty alike advantageous and honorable. The war was practically ended, but Sarsfield would yet hold out, for he had nothing to gain, everything to lose by surrender.

Public sentiment, however, drifted in an opposite direction; he reluctantly yielded to a nation's appeal, and, on September 23, a parley was sounded, and a truce arranged for the night. It was a sad night for

Sarsfield; the hope of rescuing Ireland from tyranny's chains had nerved him for many a campaign, but now all was lost. The fields were desolate, the city in ruins, the "priesthood hunted down like wolves,"—these were the thoughts that rushed to his mind on that fatal night. On October 3, 1690, was signed the celebrated Treaty of Limerick:

"The treaty broken ere the ink  
Wherewith 'twas writ could dry."

The terms of the treaty, as we know, were one by one violated, and most of the inhabitants voluntarily accepted exile.

That exodus has been described by many an historian and painted by many an artist so pathetically as to draw tears of compassion even from the most impartial. It was indeed a melancholy, heart-rending scene; it was, says a certain author, "the saddest day that ever appeared above the horizon of Limerick." The sun, as if unwilling to behold such a spectacle, was covered with a black cloud. "There was no need of rain, for the tears of the disconsolate sufficiently moistened their native soil," to which they were then bidding a last farewell. Oh, who can picture their feelings as they sailed away, and the hills of Ireland vanished gradually and forever from their view, the wild wail that arose as friends separated from friends never to meet again, the echoing cries of innocent babes as yet unconscious of their cruel fate? The women's parting cries brought sobs and tears from those who had faced death undaunted at Athlone, and under the walls of the recently-besieged city. In the midst of these lamentations, the brave Sarsfield left Ireland, for, much as he loved her, he could not remain to witness her ruin:

"No land to me can native be  
That strangers trample and tyrants stain."

He had shared the hardships of his people, he would likewise share their exile. He hoped soon to

return and strike another blow for his country, but this was a dream not to be realized.

He was tendered a hearty welcome in France, both by James and King Louis, and almost immediately he had command of the Irish Brigade. On July 16, 1692, he faced many of his inveterate enemies at Steinkirk; his sword drank deeply of their blood and brought about William's defeat. In the summer of the following year, William's army appeared before Luxemberg, and, owing to Sarsfield's generalship, was again overpowered. At the very moment of victory, when he saw the enemy retreating in confusion, he fell, mortally wounded, and was borne from the battlefield to die. On seeing the blood gushing from his wounds, he exclaimed: "Would that this were for Ireland!" The sentiment was well worthy of the hero. He died at Huy a few days after and

"By the stranger's careless hand  
His lonely grave was made."

But, though his grave be unknown, and his epitaph unwritten, as long as bravery, honor and patriotism are cherished, Sarsfield's career will be to him a monument and epitaph, to tell his claims on the love and admiration of his countrymen.

Lord Macaulay describes him as a "gentleman of merit, brave, upright and honorable, careful of his men in quarters, and always at the head in battle." Another writer says: "There are few names more worthy to be inscribed in the roll of honor, than that of Patrick Sarsfield; in his public actions he was fair and consistent, in his private character, amiable and unblemished."

Two centuries have now elapsed since Sarsfield ended his career, but his memory is green and cherished with affection. The story of his life, though a sad one, is a glorious chapter in the history of Limerick, and that summer afternoon as I stood by his statue on Thoumond Bridge, and cast a glance at the historic Treaty Stone, whose pedestal bears the inscription applied to Carthage:

*Urbs antiqua fuit, studiisque asperrima belli,* I reluctantly withdrew, pondering on the words of the dying chief: "Would that this were for Ireland!"

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.



### Wandering.

When naught but joy sways in the breast  
E'en then the youth is not at rest;  
A yearning racks his buoyant mind  
Which firmest fetters cannot bind,  
To wander.

Yes, wander ! wander ! magic spell !  
Thy grip on youth no one can tell;  
From mother's heart, from father's hearth,  
He parts, and grasps the staff with mirth,  
To wander.

The father has no choice to roam  
While for his own he finds a home;  
And still from that paternal heart  
This wakeful yearning does not part,  
To wander.

A gray old man rests in his chair  
Who for earth's pleasures has no care,  
But even on his dying day,  
He dreams the ever youthful lay  
Of wandering.

"We cannot rest but in the Lord,"—  
Thus let us with the saint accord:  
True peace alone bides with that soul  
Which makes the Lord its final goal  
While wandering.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.

## An Hour With Nature.

As I sat at my desk in forced concentration, poring over the recitation for the morrow, voices, small but insistent, seemed to be wafted in through the open window—for it was a warm evening in late spring. Were they calling to me; and, if so, whence and whither? At last, curiosity overcoming all else, I withdrew my attention from the volume before me, and, lifting aside the curtain, I leaned out of the window the better to hear.

Yes, they could be heard more distinctly now, and I soon discovered their origin—they were the voices of nature. The chirp and buzz of insects in the shrubbery on the lawn, and the restful sigh of the breeze through the poplars arose to greet me; but sweetest of all was the silvery sheen of the calm serene moon chastening with her soft illumination the grim city streets and the precise buildings, handiworks of man. A call was assuredly voiced to me, but whither?

At the risk of an incompletely learned task, I donned a jersey and comfortable soft hat and set out to whatever spot they should indicate. And yet I was not totally in ignorance as to its location, for this was not the first time I had responded to the call of nature, and always before I found myself drawn to a beautiful little lake which is situated—but my thoughts have travelled faster than my feet, as I found myself, having crossed lots, ascending a verdant hill studded with sturdy oak, shimmering ash and blossoming dog-wood trees.

At the top of the hill, panting but light-hearted, I reached a now not unlonely road and paused to ascertain the direction of the “voices.” By this time their number had increased considerably, and without difficulty I perceived that they were in front of me—calling me onward still. Nothing loath, I turned into the road, and, with swinging, exhilarating strides, passed through a stretch of dense woods where the moonbeams filtered

through the branches and the wind's sigh had risen to a moaning chant. And now the woods had receded in favor of rolling fields; again the road was twining itself in an ascending spiral around a hill until it led me out on to a level plateau midway to the summit.

The "voices" now gave assurance that I had responded rightly to their call—for on all sides they arose in swelling concourse of satisfied cadence. Here also was situated the pretty body of water whose rippling surface seemed to toss about, as helpless derelicts, the reflected stellar lights, only to wreck them in shattered sparkles on the shore. The lake seemed to snuggle close up to the base of the uprising hill on one side in trembling apprehension lest it should overflow the opposite bank and tumble in riotous confusion to the ravine below.

I proceeded to a small dock on the further side of the water, and stepped into a neat little skiff which I knew, from experience, to be anchored there. Having paddled out into the open moonlight, I rested on the oars and drifted with the scarcely perceptible wind. In a profound reverie I heard, as if from afar, the voices speaking to me in words and sentences not to be analyzed—and yet not unintelligible. Their import was of the possibilities and realities of the past. They related in particular that in the misty long ago the waters of this very lake had swirled about the prow of a birch-bark canoe propelled by a sinewy aborigine kneeling in the stern, while at his knees crouched the *quondam* papoose now eagerly drinking in the rudiments of woodcraft and hunting.

The sparkle in the little fellow's eyes as echo flung back the moose call and an answering note floated up from the valley, was pictured so vividly that I easily imagined myself to have been there, an invisible occupant, as it were, of the light Indian canoe. As did the parent and child, I listened with bated breath and strained attention to the approaching crash in the underbrush, and then gazed in silent admiration as a fine

moose-buck stepped out boldly into the moon's bright realm, with majestic head uplifted, sniffing the cool night air. Suddenly the palpable silence was rent by the twang of a bowstring and the swish of an unerring arrow as it sped swiftly to its mark in the breast of the regal animal. With a terrified snort the buck leaped away but only to fall after having traversed about fifty yards. Then I heard the water gurgle past the stern as with a single stroke the frail craft was sent skimming to the shore. I followed the father and the aspiring young Nimrod when they leaped out of the canoe and ran to the fallen prey. He lay with the arrow sunk deep into his heart, and spreading antlers furrowing the ground.

I was, in imagination, an interested spectator of the preparation for securing the hide, when a sudden jar accompanied by a scraping sound cast me down from the fanciful flight in which I had indulged, to the realization that my boat had drifted on to the shore and was gently pounding at the mooring place. As this rude interruption had completely banished the eerie picture presented to me and, as well, had dispelled the exquisite harmony of the now drowsy voices of nature, I fastened the boat and directed my steps and thoughts homeward. As I passed back over the winding road, the chirp and buzz of the insects had gradually sunk into peaceful slumber, the risen wind loudly bewailed to the tree tops that the moon had been spirited away behind a darksome bank of clouds.

I retired that night to ponder on the tranquil repose and serene content to be derived from an "Hour with Nature," and also with the earnest hope of an early opportunity to again respond to the "call of the wild."

T. F. RYAN, '08.



## Napoleon in the Island of St. Helena.

Napoleon's "Old Guard" had made their last charge and were face to face with defeat in her most horrid aspect. The great general's attempt to destroy the grim goddess had failed, and she came back more triumphant than ever, for this time she brought not only ignominy, but also a most exquisite torture for the master mind of him who was unaccustomed to pay her homage.

It would have been far better for Napoleon had he been executed and not banished to the island of St. Helena. His life in exile was bereft of everything essential to his happiness.

Here we see Napoleon, victor at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram, once ruler of the territory from Lubeck to beyond Rome, embracing France proper, the Netherlands, part of Western and North-western Germany, all Western Italy as far south as the kingdom of Naples, together with the Illyrian Provinces and the Ionian Islands, at the same time having many states allied to his kingdom; Napoleon, who defied a Pope, made and unmade kings,—once again at the bottom of the ladder of fame and glory, on one of the top rungs of which he had left such a lasting impress !

He, who knew not how to subdue his excessive ambition but only to gratify the cravings of his domineering spirit, is now closely guarded. As he walks to and fro, he longs for the atmosphere of struggle and the smell of powder.

Peace, once so great an obstacle to the attainment of his ends, must needs dwell with him. True, he can see Hope flitting just beyond the prison walls, but he can also see the guards carefully watching him lest, escaping, he might win her and, through her, attain realization.

Day by day, Hope grows more haggard, and, finally, the once beautiful young maiden has changed into a horrid old witch who throws venomous darts into his

mind. He no longer wishes to woo her, because he knows that immediately behind her stands Disappointment.

What is left to him? Hope buoyed his spirits for a time, but soon abandoned him to make way for Despair.

He has now no friends and servants as he had in prosperity; the few persons well-disposed towards him are powerless to liberate him.

He once delighted in planning the subjugation of countries and the attainment of glory: now he is subdued and all his glory is gone. Did not defeat bring an exquisite torture to that master mind? In death only did he find relief.

ANDREW P. DZMURA, '10.



### Faith in the Wilderness.

It was in the year 1749 that the French expedition under the leadership of Celoron floated down the Allegheny River into the Ohio.

Celoron anchored his boats at a point seventeen miles below the junction of the rivers. He dispatched a scouting party to Logstown, a few miles below, situated on the north of the river, to ascertain the sentiments of the Indians towards the French, and to bury a lead plate on which the French claim was inscribed, the chief object of the expedition being to take possession of the Ohio valley.

At a short distance up the river from the spot where they buried this plate, there was a deep valley through which ran a small stream of clear, cold water. One of the party who had advanced up the valley to get drinking water from this stream, was suddenly startled by something moving in the bushes. He summoned the rest of the party, and they lost no time in making

an investigation. They discovered a young Indian quietly resting on the moss.

The red boy showed no signs of fear at the approach of the Frenchmen; on the contrary he appeared to be pleased, and friendly towards them. He arose and addressed them in the dialect of the Huron tribe, and readily followed them to the little fleet on the river. The friendly manner of the young Indian did not surprise the Frenchmen, because they knew that he was alone, and far away from his tribe.

Amuko, for that was the Indian's name, had been acting as guide to an English trader, who had dismissed him a few days before, and was now making his way homeward along the banks of the river.

When Amuko and the party reached the boats, Father Philip, the chaplain, appeared, and excited an expression of joy on Amuko's face. The good priest returned it with a smile, and at the same time beckoned the young Indian to come to him. Amuko stepped in front of Father Philip, or the "Black Gown," as he called him, fell on one knee, and blessed himself, much to the surprise of the onlookers. He stated that he had been instructed in his religion by a Jesuit father who conducted a mission among the Hurons.

He was engaged by the general to act as a guide to his scouts when they left the river a few miles below on their march to Lake Erie or Presque Isle. He proved to be of great value to the expedition on this journey through the wild forests of Pennsylvania.

He had the great pleasure of being present at Father Philip's Mass. For we can well believe that Father Philip offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the party during their expedition into this quarter of Pennsylvania, and that Logstown, now part of the parish of Ambridge, was so honored. Amuko was surely one of the worshipers.

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## OBITUARY.

**Rev. Michael McHale Ward, C. S. Sp.**

Patient, gentle, zealous Father Ward is dead. He peacefully and resignedly passed away on March 7th, in St. Francis' Hospital, after a brief illness. As a missionary priest in Africa, pains-taking teacher in this College, and devoted pastor in the venerable St. Anne's Church, Millvale, he was respected, admired and esteemed. The funeral services were held on Tuesday, March 10th.

After the Office for the Dead had been chanted by the reverend clergy, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Father Lee, assisted by Rev. C. J. Plunkett, C. S. Sp., pastor of St. Peter Claver's, Philadelphia, as deacon, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., as sub-deacon. Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin was present in the sanctuary, and pronounced the final Absolution. Very Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., preached a touching tribute to the deceased pastor, bringing tears to the eyes of many of those who had gathered to pay the last honors to the remains of Father Ward. He spoke in substance as follows:

"My dear brethren, it is a sad duty we are called upon to perform to-day, sad for me, for the clergy, and for you, but it is saddest of all for one lonely and loving mother far away in holy Ireland. Still there gleams a ray of comfort, there springs a fount of consolation even in the midst of our sadness, as it causes us to bless the providence and designs of the Eternal Godhead. In your late pastor and our cherished confrère were fulfilled the highest requirements set forth by Christ to those who wish to follow Him. He had kept the Commandments, he had denied himself, and given up all to follow the Master, thus uniting the requisites of a perfect Christian with those of a perfect apostle. But he had

a still higher vocation, that to the Religious Life, which entails the greatest of all earthly sacrifices, the sacrifice of one's will, 'a sacrifice,' says St. Augustine, 'greater than martyrdom,' for home and friends and pleasure are voluntarily renounced, to labor for God's greater glory.

"The vocation of Father Ward was born and nurtured in holy Ireland, and beneath the shadow of Croagh Patrick, where the Apostle of Ireland uttered his last prayer on earth—that the newly-converted nation should never taste the cup of infidelity, a prayer which to this day has been fully realized. Your late pastor grew up in these holy surroundings, and at an early age heard and obeyed the call of God. His heart was filled with love for abandoned souls, and so he entered a missionary society. After being ordained priest, he generously, joyously and freely bade farewell to home, and set out for that part of Africa which has been well named 'The White Man's Grave.' After three years his health began to fail, and he was obliged to seek a milder climate. He set sail for America where now he has sacrificed his life on the altar of duty.

"But you, dear friends, knew Father Ward more intimately even than we; you have heard him preach the Word of God Sunday after Sunday; you have seen him, a man of frail frame and delicate health, working unceasingly for the parish and for your immortal souls, supported by the assisting hand of his Master. He organized several flourishing sodalities amongst you, and in this respect your parish is second to none. There is one work which stands out pre-eminently and which shall be a living monument to the memory of Father Ward—the beautiful school he has built beside the church. Unlike many others who wish to erect magnificent temples to the most High, he realized that in this humble and quiet edifice, plain and unpretentious, the God of Hosts abides and can be as well served and honored as in the grandest Cathedral; but in his solid judgment he saw the necessity of a good Christian

education for future generations, and he spared neither pain nor toil till he saw the object of his desires erected and completely equipped. Though the school is a monument that shall live after him, before him is the reward of a higher and superior life, which his piety and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and the Holy Eucharist, and, above all, his unswerving adherence to a strict religious life, have merited for him.

"Peacefully the end hath come, and now he rests in the deep sleep of death. The harvest was ripe for Heaven. To-day, as we gather round the bier of your deceased pastor, let us hope that his pure soul is now enjoying the beatific vision and that his prayers shall be with us forever. The respect shown to his memory by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and Reverend Clergy encourages us to hope that when our own end shall have come, others shall gather round to pray that our souls may rest in the bosom of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen."

*R. I. P.*

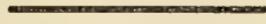


## CARDS OF SYMPATHY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His Infinite Goodness and Wisdom to call to Himself the mother of our fellow student, Edward P. Ferry, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in behalf of his classmates and fellow students, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

FRANCIS J. WITTMANN,  
ELLSWORTH E. LOCKE,  
MICHAEL L. MULDOWNEY.



WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His Infinite Goodness and Wisdom to call to Himself the father

of our fellow student, John J. Alexander, be it

RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, in behalf of his classmates and fellow students, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

ARTHUR J. CUNNINGHAM,  
THOMAS J. SWEENEY,  
IRVIN F. HERSHBERGER.

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### A Question.

When all is said, and all is done,  
When life its weary course has run,  
O mortal man, what waits for thee  
As thy eternal destiny ?

Wilt sit in Heaven or below ?  
Dost yet this simple riddle know ?  
Wilt thou the hosts of Heaven swell,  
Or suffer with the damned in hell ?

Hast thou the battle bravely fought ?  
Fulfilled the precepts duty taught ?  
Hast always done what's good and true,  
And ever fostered virtue too ?

If not, my friend, oh, make, I pray,  
Amends to God, and to Him say:  
“I’m sorry for the sins I’ve thought,  
I’ve said, I’ve done, and I have sought.”

Then, like the lab’rer from the field,  
Who tools of toil doth daily wield,  
Thoul’t lay thy weary head to rest,  
But soon t’ awake in realms blest.

JOSEPH H. McGRAW, '10.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 7.

## EDITORIAL.

### ***College Pranks and College Rowdyism.***

In every college or university, where there are gathered several hundred young men, it is but natural that there should be an occasional outburst of animal spirits in the form of humorous pranks. This serves in a measure to relieve the monotony of student life. So long as this play of animal spirits is healthy and keeps itself within proper limits, it can, as all properly constituted males must think, be reasonably tolerated. But that many students fail to draw the distinction between pranks and rowdyism, has been made rather painfully evident by the recent disgraceful occurrence in Michigan.

This deplorable incident furnishes, moreover,

another instance of the erroneous notions held by some students in regard to the upholding of class spirit. In their pursuit of fun or their expression of resentment, whichever it was, the Ann Arbor Collegians displayed a wanton disregard of all law, being evidently possessed with the idea, that, in virtue of their position as students, they were immune from the penal consequences of their acts. If such pastimes, or to be plain, such ruffianism, were indulged in by street loafers, the participants would be very speedily placed where they would cease, for a time at least, to be a menace to public safety.

The most lamentable feature of the performance of these frenzied Michigan "gowns" is the severe blow they have dealt to the cause of higher education. College training as a means of promoting social efficiency is still on trial. It is a well known fact that there are numbers of successful men, not college-bred themselves, who doubt the efficacy of higher education as a preparation for the serious duties of life. Naturally, of course, they will believe that they see a confirmation of their doubts in the barbarous demonstration of Ann Arbor. For this reason, above all, it is greatly to be regretted that those Michigan fellows allowed themselves to go to such an extreme of folly.

H. J. G., '11.



### ***A Stricter Censorship Needed.***

Religious disputes should find no place in college journals. We have noticed that on two occasions during the present school year one of our exchanges has opened its columns to an envenomed attack on the most venerable Church of the ages. The articles in question provoked a crushing reply, and we heartily congratulate our contemporary on his triumphant refutation of too oft-repeated calumnies, and his exposure of the faulty reasoning, insolent assertion, flagrant misrepresentation of doctrine, glaring perversion of fact and garbled

quotation, that must brand the writer of the obnoxious essays as a contemptible bigot. The fact that such essays as have been referred to were permitted to appear in print, evidences the necessity of stricter censorship on the part of the editor-in-chief.

H. J. M.



## COLLEGE NOTES.

The Forty Hours' Devotion began on March the first. On the two following days all the students approached the Sacraments.

The feast of St. Patrick was celebrated with a Mass in the morning and a free afternoon. A special programme was arranged, and rendered in the college hall. The young ladies who lent their valuable assistance at the annual Euchre and Reception were invited to be present. The music, songs and recitations were enthusiastically applauded. The programme:

Overture . . .	The Emerald Isle . . .	Orchestra
Song . . .	The Minstrel Boy . . .	Boys' Choir
Duet . . . . .	. . . . .	Irish Hornpipes
	J. P. Egan and C. J. McGuire	
Monologue . . . . .	. . . . .	G. M. Dugan
Waltz . . .	Lakes of Killarney . . .	Orchestra
Vocal solo	There's a Dear Little Plant	E. P. Butler
Recitation . . .	Emmet's Vindication from Dishonor	
	E. J. Ley	
Piano Solo . .	St. Patrick's Day . .	Paul C. Akers
Mandolin Solo . .	Irish Airs . .	E. J. McKnight
Vocal Solo . . .	Believe Me If All Those Endearing	
	Young Charms . .	J. F. Corcoran
Recitation	Nothing New Beneath the Sun	J. J. Hawks
Selection . . .	Gems of Ireland . .	Orchestra
Vocal Solo . . .	Killarney . .	J. J. Millard
Quarrel Scene from "Julius Caesar"	. . . . .	
	Messrs. J. J. Creighton and G. P. Angel	

Xylophone Solo . . . El Capitan . . . C. J. Staud  
 Vocal Solo The Last Rose of Summer R. V. Conway  
 Finale . . . Goodnight . . . Orchestra

On the feast of St. Joseph a solemn high Mass in the morning was attended by the student body. The Rev. J. P. Danner, C. S. Sp., delivered a forceful and eloquent sermon on the virtues of the Saint. In the afternoon all assisted at solemn Benediction.

On Annunciation Day, a *Missa Cantata* was celebrated, and the students, as usual, sang the Gregorian chant.

The third term examinations will begin on April 6. They will be written in all subjects, and oral in mathematics and sciences.

Friday, May the first, has been chosen as the date for the reception into the various sodalities.

H. J. M.



## A T H L E T I C S.

The early zephyrs of spring have affected our baseball enthusiasts to such a degree that whenever the condition of the grounds permits, the numerous aspirants may already be seen on the diamond, preparing themselves for the coming season. Judging from the outlook, it will be an easy matter for the captains of the various terms representing the institution, to choose men who can be relied upon to uphold the baseball laurels achieved by the lads of the Bluff during the past years.

### **The 'Varsity Team.**

The prospects of the 'Varsity nine are very bright, since seven veterans of last year's champion team will again don college uniforms, and the plurality of the new recruits bid fair to form quite a speedy aggregation. To a recent call the following players responded: Catcher,

Sullivan; pitchers, Miller, Murphy, and Harrigan; infielders, Harrell, Smith, Bulger, Muldowney, Harkins, Mack, and Creighton; outfielders, Captain McKnight, Miller, Murphy, and Toohill. From such sterling material, it will not be difficult for Captain McKnight to form a winning team.

The excellent record made by the Bluffites last year seems hard to be surpassed or even equalled, when we take into account the very difficult schedule which Manager Murphy is arranging. Still the fact that Ray Miller, who will be called upon to do the bulk of the pitching, is in excellent form; that Murphy and Harrigan can also be relied upon to pitch high-class ball at all times, and that the majority of the veterans have again returned, healthy and full of confidence, causes us to anticipate that not only will the Bluffites equal last year's record, but even eclipse it. The schedule:

At Home.—April 11, St. Mary's; April 15, Kiskimineta Academy; April 18, Carnegie Technical School; April 28, Western University; May 6, open; May 12, Allegheny College; May 16, Oberlin College; May 19, open; May 26, open; June 4, Louisiana; June 8, California Normal; June 19, Carnegie Technical School.

A broad.—April 23, Grove City College; May 2, Western University; May 9, Beaver Falls; May 16, Western University; May 21, California Normal; May 23, open; May 30, Tarentum; June 6, open; June 13, Carnegie Technical School.

#### **The Freshmen.**

Recently the Freshmen held a meeting at which seven of last year's winning team and fifteen other candidates were present. The following are the candidates: Creighton (captain); Harrigan, Muldowney, Gelm, Leger, Dugan, Egan, Toohill, Downey, Wilson, Kaylor, Strako, Donagan, Lappan, Young, Misklow, Locke, Ferry, McKenna, Groff, Ennis, and Breen. From such excellent material it will not be difficult for Captain Creighton to

choose players of the calibre desired. The management is booking games with the local leading high schools and amateur teams. So far arrangements have been made with Knoxville, Connellsburg, Irwin, Beaver, Duquesne, and Union high schools; Braddock Collegians, and Lawrenceville Amateurs. Games are still pending with Tarentum, Pittsburg, Allegheny, Johnstown, and Wilkinsburg high schools, W. & J. Academy, W. U. P. Freshmen, and the Allegheny Preps.

#### The Academics.

Twenty-one candidates responded to the first call of the crack Academic aggregation. Although only two players of last year's champion team will again be found in the line-up, Captain Esser and Dunn, nevertheless we expect to hear great things about the Academics. The following are the candidates: Catchers, Cunning, Gallagher, Ruttgers and Walsh; pitchers, Keally, Snyder, Wackerman, and Shaughnessy; infielders, Hayes, Sullivan, Esser (captain), Campbell, Cosgrave, Conrad, Sullivan, Lawlor, and Haggerty; outfielders, Carrol, Collins, Dunn, Gutwald, and Murphy.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



#### E X C H A N G E S .

For the excellence of their editorial department, at least in the last issue, unstinted praise is due to the *Abbey Student* from Kansas. Not only are the articles well written, but they are also of so great a variety that they are sure to interest even the superficial reader. Take for instance the editorial on the "Billboard Nuisance." The writer gives a very sensible view of the subject, and makes a number of excellent recommendations which it would be well for some of our city fathers to heed. Much could be said about the rest, but

it is unnecessary. All are of a very high standard, although in a few cases the writers make some statements with which we can not entirely agree; but then we do not all hold the same opinions.

In the *Agnetian Monthly* for February is a very pathetic, but very pretty little story. "A Christmas Vacation Episode," is the title; it is a Christmas story in every particular, as the name proclaims. It may seem a little incongruous to have a Christmas tale appear in such a late issue, but, in our humble opinion, this is a story worthy to appear in any issue. The setting for the story is well chosen, and both the places and the characters are well described. But the sad tale of the old hermit is what lends to it so much charm. The loss of wife and children on Christmas day may seem a terrible calamity, but this is what the old man is trying to forget in the solitude of the highlands of Virginia. It is a pleasing diversion to read such a story after the light and frivolous matter we are so used to seeing even in pretentious periodicals.

In a short essay on "The American Stage" in the Winter Number of the *St. Thomas Collegian*, the writer speaks of the lack of appreciation, on the part of the American people, of the great tragedies which are world famous. He gives as a reason that they are tired of such plays because all the characters and scenes are foreign. In place of tragedies, they support innumerable comedies which have an American setting. But, according to him, although the country is young, there is abundant material for tragedy-writing on account of the great war, and especially the Civil War, in which the nation has been engaged. This may be all true, but it seems a shame to us that the masses no longer patronize the great dramas written by the best authors the world has ever seen. To read them and to see them are surely a means of culture, and in no way show a lack of patriotism.

Jos. H. McGRAW, '10.

## JOTTINGS.

THERE'S naught new 'neath the sun; we'll have the same old team  
 To equal last year's record and make it straight eighteen.  
 They'll play the old time game they often played before  
 When Gaven and Tom Curran brought home a winning score.  
 A few familiar faces will be missing, it is true,  
 But the new ones will do credit to our glorious red and blue.  
 We'll have John L. Sullivan behind the bat to catch,  
 And pitchers Harry Murphy and Ray Miller, who can match  
 The best that W. U. P., Westminster and Grove City can display  
 When they march upon our campus with rooters loud and gay.  
 We'll have McKnight and Bolger, that starred in many a game,  
 With Harkins, peerless player and not unknown to fame.  
 'Tis rumored, too, Dan Harrell will take his place at third,  
 And every school boy knows that Danny is a bird  
 To whack the ball, scoop grounders, or make the winning run,  
 And prove once more to doubters, there's naught new 'neath  
 the sun.—JAMES J. HAWKS.

AT last base ball is here.

THE line-up looks almost the same as last year's.

"COACH" Jim Hawks had his "colt" out for practice, and again hopes to carry away the class honors.

ED. MCKNIGHT has arranged as follows the names of the fourteen members of the Sophomore Class:

S	zulc
L	O cke
P	ugher
McKnig	H t
N	O lan
Dz	M ura
Habr	O wski
McG	R aw
McGuir	E

M C	Glade
L	undergan
K A	ylor
S	hea
S	ztuka

**A Hot Game and They All Played Ball.**

"The game opened, Molasses at the stick. Small-pox was catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn was playing at first base. Corn was in the field and Apple was Umpire. When Axe came to bat, he chopped; Cigar let Brick walk, and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit, and Twenty made a score. Every foot of ground kicked, and said Apple was rotten. Baloon started to pitch and went straight up. Then Cherry tried it, but was a wild one. When Spider caught the fly, the crowd cheered. Old Ice kept cool as the game went on until he was hit by a pitched ball, and you ought to have heard Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Old Grass covered lots of ground in the field. Organ refused to play, so Bread loafed and put him out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do, and Hammer began to knock. Then Trees began to leave, and Knife was put out for cutting first base. There was lots of betting on the game, but when Glass fell, they went broke, but Soap cleaned up. They all kicked when Light was put out. The way they roasted Peanut was a fright. Baloon went up in the air when Pigs began to root. The score was 1 to 0 when Apple told Fiddle to take his base. Oats was shocked. Song made another hit, and Trombone made a slide, but was put out. Meat was out at the plate. The score was 1 to 0, and the game was over."

ONE of our Academic biologists has discovered that the red corpuscles in the blood "are about as large as a man's fist and may easily be seen with the naked eye in the delicate membrane of a frog's foot."

PROFESSOR.—I will let you in on a secret if you all promise not to *breathe it* to any one.

STUDENTS IN CHORUS—What is it?

PROFESSOR.—Nitrogen. It is irrespirable.

THE four words which seem to characterize the

greater part of the seniors' activities: Working—for—the—finals.

"LITTLE" Ed. Butler is developing into a prima donna.

IF two lines are equal, one is longer than the other. "Tele" says so any way.

H. L. MURPHY, '11.

#### **DEPOSITS INSURED**

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Vol. XIV.

Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1908.

No. 8.

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## *Beata nobis gaudia.*

(Pentecost)

Each year, revolving, brings around  
A day of joy serene,  
On which, descending from on high,  
The Comforter was seen!

Descending fire, as flashing light,  
The form of tongues assumed,  
To typify the Teacher's words,  
His Spirit love-consumed.

The gift of tongues conferred this day  
Beholders strikes with fear;  
They think them full of new-made wine  
Where Spirit, Strength appear.

The Eastertide now past and gone,  
This mystery we recall  
Which did a milder law begin,  
And bondage doom to fall.

To Thee we cry, O God, our trust,  
With modest look bent low;  
Thy Spirit pour upon us all,  
Thy heavenly gifts bestow.

Thy grace the willing have received,  
Let not Thy favors cease,  
Be gracious and remit our sins,  
And grant us times of peace.

To God, our Father, glory be,  
And to His risen Son  
In union with the Paraclete,  
Forever Three in One.

JOSEPH A. ROSENBACH, '08.



### Adare.

"Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!  
Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendor!  
Nor summer sun nor morning gale  
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender."

The poetic beauty and grace of expression so admirably combined in these lines, penned almost a century ago by Gerald Griffin, have never failed to attract thousands of visitors to the immortalized village where the Earl of Dunraven resides. Perhaps also many an admirer of the poem has long desired to behold the spot. At least it was so in my case; and now, my wish granted, what can I say that has not been said by the poet in a far loftier and nobler strain? Indeed, very, very little. However, I ask the reader's patience for a few words.

An air of gentle repose pervades this charming village to a remarkable degree. For about a mile east and west, the traveller is charmed by the intertwining branches from either side swaying softly in the gentle breeze. Entering from the west, a low but spacious building bedecked with overhanging ivy, greets him; above the door is the inscription, *Deo et Pauperibus*. How many read these words daily and wonder what they imply! Again and again, in years of early boyhood, I had asked the meaning of the words, and invariably I received the incongruous reply: "That is the school of the Christian Brothers." Quite a satisfactory answer indeed for a Catholic who knows only too well that the lives

and labors of these devoted men are purely and simply "for God and the poor." Sweet-scenting flowers and neatly-thatched houses, shaded and silvery streets, lend an inexpressible beauty to the scene. Yet even in that peaceful spot, the humble inhabitants think "life's home a cage." But it is the conviction permeating thousands of our dearest and sweetest, loveliest and happiest Irish firesides. Even now, methinks, I hear those quaint voices telling their tales of woe: "We are poor; time is fleeting; our eyes are wearied with the commonplace and dull; we shall soon die, and the earth shall cover us before we have beheld the beauties of God's world." At such plaints I would fain think of the wandering seeker whose treasure lay in wait for him at his doorstep. For there, there is beauty to be seen in the every-day surroundings. There is beauty in nature, be it only typified by a green willow in yonder corner of the village church-yard; there is a rare beauty in that dismantled home of the Franciscan monks, now known as Adare Abbey; nay there is a beauty, and far superior to these, the beauty of God-made humanity, hidden though it be beneath rags.

In the early morning, when the sun strikes pleasantly those stately oaks, and the birds sing merrily on the boughs, the village wears a cincture of bronze, spotted here and there with silver, where the river peeps in at her gates. Now with the dawn comes the echoing of marching feet, and the sound of mingled voices. It is the retinue of daily employes in the manor, whose gates stand open always, and where is free entrance and egress for all. Happy indeed is the lot of these peasants, and little do they dream of the millions who are forced to travail

"Where equinoctial fervors glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow."

But hear how the poet describes it:—

"Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,  
When summer heats the open meadows,

O'er parched hill and valley fair,  
All coolly lie your veiling shadows:  
Ye rolling shades and vapors grey,  
Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,  
How soft ye seal the eye of day,  
And wreath the dusky brow of even."

And now I sit in a shady nook, and unnoticed yet  
not unwillingly, I fall into a revenie. Observe the  
trysting-place:—

"Where winds the Mague, as silver clear,  
Among the elms so sweetly flowing,  
There, fragrant in the early year.  
Wild roses in the banks are blowing."

I can see the sloping roofs, wet from the recent rains, glittering in the cloud-bedimmed sun. Look at yonder hill, stretching in a long line along the horizon. See you not two slender trees on its top, their heads just cleared by the clouds? I wonder are they sentinels, the village's enchanted guardians; for now they bend their heads together, as if whispering something of moment, and now they sway apart watchfully, but always they stand there, looking broadly over the roofs, and out to the distant country beyond. Perhaps they have heard the crash of arms, or boom of cannon in their youth, and the cries of the town's defenders. Perhaps too they have heard the paean of victory or sob of defeat. Since then, perchance, little children whose first cry was wafted to them by the wind, have grown old, passed away, and been forgotten, and, for their descendants too, the village bells have rung out joyfully, or tolled in mourning, for marriage or burial. "Still stand these trees primeval," watching over roof and steeple, hearing the sound that marks the span of human life, hearing its music and its wailing, hearing all, revealing naught, majestic in silence, more durable than man.

But, even here, "trade's unceasing train usurp the land." She is spreading forth her arms and taking to herself places where once the grass grew green, and rais-

ing up piles of mortar and stone upon them. Turn, gentle traveller, your eyes in another direction, and behold where beauty is "ever ancient, yet ever new;" behold the little village Church. Enter on Sunday or holy day. The congregation is composed of poor workmen. Their hands, through whose fingers you can hear the beads slowly slipping, as the Holy Sacrifice proceeds, are rough and horny; but the faces uplifted towards the altar are faces transfigured by Faith, faces which have forgotten that all the week they have bowed towards the earth in grinding toil. The many eyes fixed on the Tabernacle are glowing with light. "Fair are the flowers on the Virgin's Altar," which blazes with light, and shines with silvery lilies. Outside the sacred edifice, by a little verdant plot, many pause on their homeward journey, to pray over the remains of a fond mother, a loving father, kind sister or affectionate brother, or of a cherished bosom friend, called immaturely away. Ah, they are the warm Irish hearts that never pass there without offering to the Almighty's throne sincere supplications in the quaint and beautiful Gaelic tongue.

In truth, at the time, I did not perceive the deep vein of faith, peace and contentment which ever pervades the village; but now,

"Fond memory wakes with all her busy train,"

and I travel in spirit back to that sequestered spot, and try but in vain to recall nature's beauty in "Sweet Adare," for

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm than all the gloss of art."

JAS. F. CARROLL, '08.



## Was The Renaissance Really A Benefit to Civilization?

In dealing with the question of the value of the Renaissance to civilization, it might be well to consider in what sense this period in the history of literature and of the arts might be called a renaissance. Was there any idea of value to civilization reintroduced into the arts or into literature at the time of the Renaissance which had been lost or neglected during the Middle Ages? Not at all.

With regard to literature, there was not an interval throughout the entire Middle Ages, when the ancient classic authors were neglected. The writings of John Scotus Erigena, in the ninth century; of Gerbert and others in the tenth, and the heroic poems of the nun Hroswitha exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the authors of antiquity, whose names are known to fame. Of every succeeding age following the ninth and the tenth centuries, it was just as true that the Roman classics formed the basis and the guide of the course of studies which the Trivium and Quadrivium comprised.

And thus it was throughout the centuries up to the time of the invention of the printing press. Monks, priests, bishops, popes, labored for the diffusion of learning; and the classical authors, both Greek and Latin, were by no means neglected. The monks labored, some in the scriptorium, some in the class-room, working for the cause of education and for the diffusion of learning. The advent of scholars from the East after the fall of Constantinople, added, it is true, to the teaching force and the student roll of the schools of western Europe. Among these Hellenists were many noble and enlightened minds, men who worked zealously in the interest of learning and the spreading of knowledge in the countries of their adoption.

The printing press, invented early in the fifteenth century (a mere coincidence with the Renaissance and

not a result of it), rapidly multiplied the number of books, and greatly reduced their cost; for it must be remembered that a piece of land that would now be considered a large farm, was no uncommon price paid for a single book copied out by hand, when its making was a matter of many days, and not of a few hours as it is in our own time. The printing press freed scholars and their masters of the restrictions placed upon both in the acquirement and the communication of knowledge. It gave them the books that they needed.

There was no new birth of knowledge. Truly enough, wars and civil disturbances often affected the fortunes, so to speak, of knowledge and learning; but in spite of many obstacles, knowledge was being spread as fast as conditions permitted. Despite the Black Death, which struck low many a student and many a professor, many a monk and many a priest; despite wars and civil disturbances; despite the paucity in the number of books available for use, Europe was ready for the printing press, because the Church, her prelates, her monks and teachers had made Europe ready for this boon which came in its own proper time. Truly enough, censorship had to be exercised over the printing of books, that the ideas of vain, pagan-souled, heretical authors might not poison the minds of eager but incautious readers. The Church has ever had to combat such writers from the time that she took up the work of Christ as the teacher of truth and righteousness.

But was there a Renaissance, was there a revival of learning in the fifteenth century? There is nothing in history that would make us think so. Knowledge, through those who wished to extend her noble domain, had ever her votaries, and, in this period, misnamed the New Birth of Learning, she simply availed herself of augmented resources. Learning had no rebirth during that period which historians of a certain kind have called the Renaissance. It was a period in which clear minds were kept busy working out

the tangles made by obtuse, misguided, and poisoned minds; for these latter were laboring to make of Christianity a new system of mythology. The rebirth was of paganism and heresy, a rehash and a conglomerate of ideas, not working for any real benefit to the human race, from any point of view; a miserable catering to what is depraved and sensual in human nature.

That knowledge and learning received an impetus during this period, is of course undeniable. That new facts were brought to light it is not worth while to doubt. The world has been ever changing, ever learning. But that what was known had, prior to this, been neglected, and kept away from those it could benefit, it is nonsense to assert. And so with regard to the classics having been neglected prior to the so-called period of the Renaissance.

But that the classics became more and more loved for their own sake, there is no doubt. And this inordinate love brought about the rebirth, the Renaissance of Paganism, the revival of old heresies in new clothes, so to speak. The least worthy, nay, the most vicious ideas depicted in the decadent literature of the later Roman days, were most slavishly worshipped. Strange liberties were not only taken with the hierarchy of the Church, but with Christ Himself, His saints and His holy mysteries, to make them personages of a new mythology.

The ages of faith were fast passing. The West had borrowed the voluptuousness of the East. Ideas that were flattering to human pride, to the forgetfulness of God, began to permeate much of the thought of that time, if this copying and rehashing could be called thought. Truly enough there were men in these times who did great work for knowledge and for learning, but like St. Philip Neri and St. Charles Borromeo, in later times, they sought to keep the literature of Christian times free from the taint of paganism and heresy, to make it serve for the true betterment of mankind, and to bring men nearer to God. For this sort of men there was no Renaissance in literature or in the arts. They labored

for the progress of true knowledge and real learning, and against the sophistry of paganism and heresy. They tore from both their gilt and their glittering trappings; they showed the poison to the eyes of the multitudes who had before seen only the tempting exterior which concealed the poison.

What was the Renaissance in architecture? Here again was a rehash. The architecture of the pure Gothic school expressed far more poetic thought, and exemplified far better the inexpressible yearning of the human heart for its God and Maker; it was far superior, we believe, as a symbol of religious sentiment, to any school of architecture before or since.

Christian civilization has paid a heavy price for the ideas she has borrowed from pagan antiquity, as was foreseen by all thinking minds in those times when trifles were being sought, and essentials disregarded. There has been no Renaissance in Christian civilization, there has been progress. The Renaissance, in its proper application as a term for a period in the history of the human race, signifies but retrogression, because it took those whom it influenced further from God.

But everything that was done in the period of the Renaissance was not necessarily of it. The facilities for progress in art and in letters, and the progress itself was not of the Renaissance. These things were the logical result of man's noble energies here below in his labor for the greater glory of God to be accomplished by each man making the world the better for his having been in it. Logical progress of human effort and the Renaissance are terms that have been too freely mixed by some who have undertaken to write the history of the human race.

Neither from the point of view of literature, of art, or of religion, can we think the Renaissance to have been of any real benefit to European civilization. Much of permanent good was produced at that time, but it drew its inspiration not from the decadent paganism of Greece and Rome, but from the living Christian faith of those years between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries.

## Warren Hastings: A Study in Ambition.

A fire burning in the heart, urging us onward and onward towards some coveted goal, its flames painting bright pictures of the future—this is ambition. Ambition gives new energy to our lives, it gives us something to anticipate, it makes our dull moments bright, it pictures our sleep with happy dreams. The flame of ambition is variously kindled, sometimes by a narrative or by a peculiar incident. I remember hearing the story of a boy living in one of our western states, who had never seen the ocean. One bright spring morning the boy was missing; he had run off to sea. Years after, when he had become a naval officer, he told what had attracted him to a sea-faring life. It was a picture of a battleship hanging on the wall of his chamber and which he often admired. It is ever thus. The birth of our ambition can be traced to some remote corner of the past, perhaps to our infancy.

Like all blessings, ambition can often become a curse. Who can adequately describe the slavery in which false ambition fetters us? Who can tell of the ever-burning flame in the breast, of the struggles between desires and conscience that leave no peace, no rest, no solitude? We have but to glance over history's page, to learn of the horrible crimes committed through false ambition.

Perhaps no character is so admirable, and at the same time so odious, as Warren Hastings; admirable on account of his genius, his determination and grit, and his noble equanimity which fortune could not disturb; odious on account of his want of moral rectitude, of kindness and of sympathy.

What was the cause of his robbing the Nabob of Bengal of half his income, and of his taking by force Corah and Allahabad from the Great Mogul? It was ambition—the ambition that was kindled in his breast while still a child; the determination to regain the estates

of his ancestors. It was this resolution that led him to give assistance to Sujah Dowlah against the brave Rohillas. Thus for a few pounds was started the cruellest of Indian wars; thus was shed that sea of blood; thus were committed the many wrongs against that brave tribe—wrongs that blemished not only the name of England, but of Christianity as well. A few years later, he caused the execution of Nuncomar, because the latter stood in his way. It was the picture of his dear Daylesford, that made him imprison the Princess of Oude, and starve her almost to death till he had obtained her fortune. All these were crimes caused by false ambition; crimes that overshadow all the genius of Hastings, and that have left a lasting taint on Great Britain.

Warren Hastings is by no means the only historical instance of false ambition. But why search history's age-worn page? Let us take some instance in our own time and in our own city. Look over the records of many of the so-styled self-made men; men who use every method fair and foul, who rob the fatherless and the homeless, the widowed, and the infirm; men who have hundreds of their fellow-beings work twelve long hours for them daily, and in return give them scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. It is these men that cause most of the poverty, the crime and misery, while they themselves live in grandeur with the money wrung from the hands of the unfortunates.

But let us look upon something happy, holy, and divine—true ambition; the ambition that cares not for self, but for the welfare of others.

Such was the ambition of Aristides who came out of the darkness of ostracism to serve his native Athens. Such was the ambition of Cincinnatus, who left the plow to serve his Rome, and then retire to the obscurity of his farm. As the Christian era dawns we have that noblest and sublimest example of ambition, Jesus Christ, Who came to instruct poor mankind and to die for its salvation. Later we have His followers, the missionaries,

those brave men who leave home and friends to go into the unexplored wilds, to teach the gospel of their Master. With them we have the nuns, those angels of charity, whose days are spent in caring for the afflicted, whose nights are passed in praying for us sinners. And lastly we see one of the truest ambitions in the heart of that fair creature who brought us into this world. What is more sublime than the ambition the mother has for her child? How she guards it through infancy; how she teaches precepts to it at her knee through childhood, how she watches it grow in wisdom and in years. Aye, her eyes are ever upon it until they find rest forever in the sleep of death. Truly, such ambition is the noblest of virtues; it is a fountain of happiness; it is a foretaste of the blessedness that is to come.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



### Mary My Mother Be.

M ay's loveliest flowers I offer unto thee,  
A nd beg that thou my fond protectress be:  
R eclaim, I pray, my heart, O Virgin mild,  
Y ield listening ear to this thy wandering child.

M y spotless Queen and Mother of my God,  
Y et am I thine, though devious ways I've trod.

M ary! what sacred love that name implies!  
O h, heed me, Mary, heed my doleful cries.  
T hy Son Divine thine every prayer doth hear;  
H arken, I pray, dispel my anxious fear,  
E nlarge my heart to praise thee, Heaven's Queen,  
R enew thy care, my soul from creatures wean.

B efore thy shrine to-day, I bend my knee;  
E nrich with love my piety to thee.

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.

## The Wind's Fault.

The bright red glow in the east was announcing the rising of the sun on this cool spring morning as Arthur Weston was seen walking down a street in the most respectable section of Boston. He was a young business man, scarcely more than twenty-five years of age, who had already met with some success. Being all alone in this world and strange in this large city, having come from a small town in Vermont, he had engaged a suite of rooms at a house on Jackson Street. Bashful and somewhat eccentric in disposition, he had made few acquaintances, and hence was known to few in the neighborhood of his lodgings. He had been accustomed for some time to rise daily before sunrise and take a solitary stroll through the quiet streets, while his neighbors still lay wrapped in slumber, for no other purpose than to clear his brain for the arduous tasks of the day.

This morning the sky was cloudless, betokening the awakening of a perfect day; the air was fresh and invigorating, and the wind was blowing briskly through the streets. It was one of those winds that seem to have no fixed direction, but seem to be blowing from all four points of the compass at once—one of those playful winds with which we are so well acquainted, that play with our clothing for a time and then pass on to other victims, leaving us in a very dishevelled condition. Returning at intervals, it endeavors to complete its work of destruction. Finally, with a furious swoop, it pounces on our hats and, laughing mischievously as it were, carries them down the street, continuing to keep them just beyond our reach until it tires of such sport. Such indeed was the wind Weston was forced to combat on this morning.

Weston had already taken his morning stroll and was returning along Jackson Street. When only a few steps from his own door, the wind suddenly swooped down upon him and snatched his hat, a soft felt of a

peculiar grey color. It carried its prize along with it for a short distance, when, as if laughing at his distress, it blew it through an open window on the first floor of a house four doors away from his own quarters. Not being so bold as to enter a strange house unbidden, and not wishing to disturb the slumber of those within, he decided to wait until broad daylight to recover it.

Now, as you must know, this neighborhood had been troubled for some time past by a series of robberies; in fact, almost everyone in the neighborhood had been victimized in some way. Who had committed the thefts no one knew; even the authorities were baffled. When Weston was on the point of setting out for his place of occupation, he decided first to go in quest of his hat. To that end he approached the house where it was and rang the bell, but not before he had noticed that the window through which his hat had entered, was closed. Being admitted by a servant, he was immediately ushered into the library, where stood an officer of the law and the head of the house, Mr. Charles Baret, with Weston's hat in his hand.

"Ah! Here he is officer," exclaimed Mr. Baret as Weston entered, "take him prisoner."

"What is wrong?" said Weston to the officer who strode quickly towards him.

"You know perfectly well what is wrong," said Mr. Baret. "Do you see this hat? If you do not recognize it, I do."

"My hat? Certainly it is," said Weston. "I was just on the point of relating to you how my hat came to be in your house. While passing your house this morning, the wind, which was blowing very briskly, lifted my hat from my head and blew it through your open window."

"Listen to him, officer," sneeringly said Mr. Baret; "was there ever such a lying villain before? He not only is so bold as to ask admittance to a place where he had committed a theft, but he even comes here to

demand his hat which he left here when he took flight."

"Do you mean to call me a thief, Mr. Baret?" said Weston. "What have I done? Is it a crime to lose one's hat? Tell me what you are talking about. As for robbing you, sir, I would have you know I am above that."

"You hardened villain," said Mr. Baret, "you claim this as your hat, which was found near the open window through which you made your escape, and in the same breath you deny that you are a thief. But I will not argue with you. Take him away, officer."

"I will go," said Weston, "but remember you shall be sor—." Just at this moment the door was burst open and Mr. Baret's son, a young man, who, to all appearance, had just reached man's estate, entered shouting, thus interrupting Weston.

"The thief has been captured," he said. Then, pausing, he looked at Weston in the hands of the officer and finally exclaimed: "What is wrong here, father?" As his father did not answer, he continued. "He was captured on the square about a half an hour ago. At the station house mother's jewels and a large sum of money were found in his possession. But why is the officer here? I came back home to get the thief's hat we found. Give it to me."

"Leave the hat where it is," said Mr. Baret, looking with astonishment, now on his son and now on Weston. Then turning to the officer he said: "You may leave us now." After the officer had departed, he turned to Weston and said: "I have done you a great wrong in suspecting you of this theft. But can you blame me? All the circumstances pointed to you. The fact that this grey hat, which I have so often seen you wear, was found in my house beneath the open window was a strong proof against you. Again, I see so little of you that I scarcely know who or what you are. I have often seen you returning to your lodgings in the morning. This aroused my suspicion. However, I hope you will forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," said Weston, "but if you will receive me as a friend, since I am alone in this city, I shall be more than satisfied with this morning's adventure."

"Agreed," said Mr. Baret. And the two men shook hands.

GEORGE J. BULLION, '09.



### Pleasures of Hope and Memory.

"Hope is the leading-string of youth; memory, the staff of age."—PAULDING.

Hope is always joyous, and memory, although it may sometimes be accompanied with sadness and regret, may also cause gratification. Hope attracts our attention to the future: memory is ever looking back at the past. Hope gives new life and gladness to the person who possesses it; memory reminds one of a man living on the fruits of his former efforts.

To the youth, the future is full of joy. He has his ambition, and, although he aspires to great things, to him they seem easy to accomplish. It is hope that gives him the idea, and if he adds determination to hope, he will surely accomplish his designs. Nearly all have hope, because without it they could do nothing, as "hope without an object cannot live."

Hope brings pleasure with it, because even those men who are too shiftless to work, entertain it. It is to them an easy way to accomplish things. They think of the rewards they will get for their efforts and then arrange their plans, but they have not the energy to carry them out. This idle kind of hope is called building air-castles, which generally fall to the ground when the dreamer awakes.

Hope lays the foundation of every work; courage, energy, and determination do the rest. When one first

attempts a work, one generally considers what will be his reward. It is only the hope of these rewards, and energy that can carry him safely over the difficulties he encounters in the completion of the work. If the outcome is successful, the memory of this work will be a pleasure; but if it is unsuccessful, disappointment and sadness are sure to follow in the train of baffled effort.

The desire of most boys is to remain a boy, but that is impossible. Since everyone must grow older, the ambition of the boy is to become a man, and not only a man but a hero. Since, therefore, the hope of every boy is to become a man, and memory practically begins with manhood, hope and memory must some day meet. It depends upon the boy whether this meeting will be happy or not. If he has been successful, the memory of his boyhood will be a pleasure; if he has been unsuccessful, the memory will be disappointing and melancholy, for sour old age is always sad.

Although at an age when hope is very great and memory very short, I can imagine what pleasure it must bring to an old man to look back over a successful life. Although youth and prime are both passed, the thought of them makes his heart beat faster and his eyes take on a brighter look. How different is the old age of the unsuccessful man! The recollection of the happiness of his boyhood days only adds to his miseries, and memory reproaches hope for filling his youth with wild, impracticable ideas, while hope claims that memory has exaggerated the pictures of the past.

Even though a man is downcast and broken-hearted in his old age, if he does not despair, he has still one hope—the hope of Heaven. This hope is in every way better than the desires of his youth. The latter offered for its rewards fame and money, while the former offers, as a reward, a seat in Heaven, with God and His saints. The work of obtaining this reward is much more congenial to the wasted strength of the old man as it requires no great bodily effort. This does not mean that

the reward is more easily earned than the other, for the fight for a soul is many times fiercer than the fight for fame. His early ambitions having been blighted, he directs his feet up the narrow path to God.

“Other hope had he none, no wish in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of the Saviour.”

JOHN N. HAYES, '12.



## Romantic Movement in English Literature.

The word romanticism, owing to its varied connotation, may be classed as one of the peculiar words in the English language which do not admit of definition, but may better be explained. By romanticism, in literature, however, we mean chiefly the reproduction in modern art and literature of the life and thought of the Middle Ages. This explanation is true only to a certain extent. In reality, the Romantic Movement was nothing more or less than an intellectual revolution.

Literature, during the greater part of the eighteenth century consisted chiefly of generalizations. There was little originality of thought or expression, but, on the contrary, a strict adherence to precedent and to a certain system of principles.

There was little diversity in theme; man was the absorbing topic. So rapt were the writers of the time in portraying man's thoughts and actions that the inspiring beauties of Nature were almost totally ignored. Among the very few exceptions to the rule of the age, Thomson stands pre-eminent. In “The Seasons,” he seeks some other ideal than man, and finds it in the beauty and unbounded opportunity of Nature. His work was but a flash in a vast darkness. The people again settled into their aversion to all that required imagination or application of the senses.

With the advent of the nineteenth century came the

real beginning of the Romantic Movement. In the words of Prof. Gates, "The Romanticists sought to enrich life with new emotions, to conquer new fields of experience, to come into imaginative touch with far distant times, and even to pierce through the darkness in the hope of finding, at the heart of the mystery, a transcendental world of infinite beauty and eternal truth." They ignored the conventionalities and restrictions of the previous century and gave free expression to their sentiments and full scope to their imagination. Scott was prominent among the Romanticists, permitting his mind to drift back to the age of feudalism, and, with consummate skill, clothing the chivalric incidents of mediaeval life with beautiful romance.

Likewise did Byron exercise his senses and imagination, but in regard to Nature and her charms. The fanciful whims of Coleridge and Wordsworth were an expression of the spirit of this movement.

The mystic beauty and spiritual suggestiveness of Nature were fully realized as the ethereal poetry of Keats and Shelley testify.

The Romantic Movement did not cease with the first quarter of the nineteenth century, but really obtained its zenith in the middle of the century. It was then that the great Cardinal Newman, by his perception of the spiritual in all things earthly, proved himself among the foremost Romanticists in literature.

HARRY J. GILBERT, '11.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

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VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1908.

No. 8.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *The Recent Local Option Campaign.*

Campaigns are the great common school of a democratic people. No matter which of the parties wins, the acquisition and clarifying of ideas that result from the campaign is a benefit to the community. Therefore, although the recent campaign for Local Option failed in its direct purpose, it was nevertheless productive of much good.

In looking back over the contest, those of us who were desirous of success of the measure, find many things to be pleased with and not a few to reprehend. Of one thing we are firmly convinced: Local Option is bound to come. The campaign just closed was mainly educative;

it but awakened the minds of the people to the vital importance of the principles involved in Local Option. The tactics of the liquor forces resulted, not in killing Local Option in certain sections, but merely in postponing its enactment.

Whether prohibition is unwise or visionary it is not our present purpose to discuss. However, we cannot refrain from expressing our belief that some of the arguments marshalled up by the advocates of the existing statute were both sacrilegious and absurd. To see those supporting the liquor interests "getting religion" is surely refreshing. But when they take their stand on the Bible, assume a "holier than thou" attitude and pulverize the unscriptural Prohibitionists with texts from Holy Writ, the flippant may be inclined to laugh, but it is surely enough to make the angels weep.

We are astonished, but agreeably so, to find that the Anti-Local Optionists are such zealous guardians of personal liberty. This was a role we did not expect them to assume. But they played it very badly. Their argument that Prohibition is a violation of the individual's right is so obviously fallacious that only those incapable of thinking could have been misled by it.

It would be interesting to learn where the author of the pamphlet issued by the German-American Alliance got his ideas of liberty and law and social organization. The picture he drew of the violence that our personal liberty would suffer through Prohibition was so pathetic that the very linotypes must have shed a few tears as they printed it.

The Local Optionists on the other hand seriously erred in miscalculating the force of their opponents. They must learn that in undertaking reforms such as Local Option, strong organization must be met by organization equally strong. Moral virtuosi and shrieking slummers should not be trusted with the conduct of a measure calling for political common sense.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

### Month's Mind.

A Month's Mind High Mass of Requiem was offered up for the late Rev. M. M. Ward, C. S. Sp., on April 8.

### Results of Examinations.

The results of the third term examinations were proclaimed in the College hall on the day of the re-opening of school after the Easter holidays, April 22. One hundred and fifty-nine honor certificates were awarded. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: C. A. Mayer, A. P. Dzmura, A. G. Maingot, C. S. Merkel, C. J. Drummond, J. Czarnowski, C. J. Duffy, G. M. Darby, P. D. Hesson, D. J. McFarlin, L. B. Litot, J. V. O'Connor, J. H. McHattie, G. A. Baumer, F. M. Ubinger, V. Stancelewski, S. Adamczyk, J. Gorak.

### Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests.

The annual Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests will be held on Friday evening, May 29. The preliminaries for the Elocutionary Contests for three silver medals have been held already. The following have qualified for the finals: (Division I.) H. F. Cousins, H. P. Cunning, F. X. Driscoll, O. H. Steedle; (Division II.) J. V. Brennan, T. P. Darby, A. T. Schulte, A. L. Thoma; (Division III.) E. A. Butler, D. S. Fisher, A. L. Mamaux, A. A. O'Leary.

### Annual Entertainment.

The Bijou Theatre has been engaged for Wednesday evening, May 20. We played before full houses on former occasions. We can fill the Bijou. Its seating capacity is three thousand five hundred. Let all get interested in disposing of tickets.

H. J. M.



## ALUMNI NOTES.

The annual Alumni Banquet is to be held in the Union Club, Frick Building, on Thursday evening, May 7. Speakers of national prominence have been invited. An elaborate programme of vocal and instrumental selections is to be rendered. Eminently successful as past banquets have been, it is the ambition of the several committees in charge to make this year's surpass its many predecessors.

Four of our Alumni were recently ordained in Paris, France: Revs. Joseph A. Baumgartner, Patrick J. Fullen, James A. Riley and George J. Schalz. They are expected to return to Pittsburg before September.

James R. Woolley and Miss Catherine M. Williams were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in St. Peter's Church, Allegheny, on March 2. We wish the wedded pair every happiness.

John Doyle recently carried off the challenge cup in the handball tournament held in Philadelphia. Our handball courts will produce many more champions.

Charles Duffy, now in the second year of his medical course, is catching and hitting well for Georgetown University.

H. J. M.



## SODALITIES.

To promote a spirit of piety amongst the students and the practice of virtues suitable to their various ages, there exist in the College five Sodalities. To some one of them all the students are affiliated. The members of the Senior and Junior Classes are enrolled in the Sodality of the Holy Ghost, and endeavor to secure for themselves the Gifts and Fruits of the adorable Third Person of the Blessed Trinity; those of the Sophomore, Freshman,

First Academic and Sophomore Scientific Classes practise special devotions in honor of Jesus in the Holy Communion and in the Tabernacle of the Altar; the whole Commercial Department is dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; the Freshman Scientific, Second, Third and Fourth Academic Classes are enlisted beneath the banners of the Holy Angels, and cultivate, in imitation of them, a spirit of prayer and watchfulness; the Grammar Department has for patron the child Jesus, whose innocence and obedience are commended to the little ones of the fold.

Following are the officers of the various Sodalities for the current year:—

**Sodality of the Holy Ghost.**

Director,	Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President
Prefect,	Bernard G. McGuigan
First Assistant,	Francis J. Toohill
Second Assistant,	Joseph N. Whalen
Secretary,	Thomas J. Dunn
Treasurer,	Timothy F. Ryan
Librarian,	Raymond V. Conway
Standard Bearer,	John P. Gwyer

**Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament.**

Director,	Rev. Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.
Prefect,	Edward J. McKnight
First Assistant,	Philip A. Dugan
Second Assistant,	John N. Hayes
Secretary,	Eugene J. Ley
Treasurer,	Clarence A. Sanderbeck
Librarian,	John V. O'Connor
Standard Bearer,	Vincent J. Puhger

**Sodality of the Immaculate Heart.**

(FIRST DIVISION)

Director,	Rev. Thomas A. Wrenn, C. S. Sp.
Prefect,	Thomas P. Darby

First Assistant, . . . . .	Marcellus T. O'Keefe
Second Assistant, . . . . .	Michael L. Muldowney
Secretary, . . . . .	Faustine M. Boenau
Treasurer, . . . . .	Joseph M. Ennis
Librarian, . . . . .	Charles J. Drummond
Standard Bearer, . . . . .	Norman C. Huckestein

## (SECOND DIVISION)

Director, . . . . .	Rev. Joseph P. Danner, C. S. Sp.
Prefect, . . . . .	Raymond P. Miller
First Assistant, . . . . .	John L. Sullivan
Second Assistant, . . . . .	Alexius J. Szabo
Secretary, . . . . .	Anthony G. Koehler
Treasurer, . . . . .	Arthur E. Coultas
Librarian, . . . . .	Clemence P. Roehrig
Standard Bearer, . . . . .	Thomas B. Lawlor

**Sodality of the Holy Angels.**

Director, . . . . .	Rev. Henry J. Goebel, C. S. Sp.
Prefect, . . . . .	Patrick J. Kilgallen
First Assistant, . . . . .	William A. Hoeveler
Second Assistant, . . . . .	Edward J. Curran
Secretary, . . . . .	Louis Wackermann
Treasurer, . . . . .	Frederick J. Fournier
Librarian, . . . . .	Edwin J. Bannon
Standard Bearer, . . . . .	James E. Herlehy

**Sodality of the Infant Jesus.**

Director, . . . . .	Rev. Michael J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp.
Prefect, . . . . .	Michael Snyder
First Assistant, . . . . .	Mark S. Woolley
Second Assistant, . . . . .	Robert C. Devinney
Secretary, . . . . .	Joseph F. Heidenkamp
Treasurer, . . . . .	John J. Rattigan
Librarian, . . . . .	Sylvester H. Getz
Standard Bearer, . . . . .	Stephen Adamczyk

## The Foreign Missions and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

The Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which has lately opened a new Novitiate at Grange-over-Sands in the Diocese of Liverpool, is a Missionary Congregation which has rendered, and is still rendering, invaluable services to the Church. First founded under the name of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost in 1703—by which name it is now generally known—it was amalgamated, in 1848, with the Congregation of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Mary, begun by FATHER LIBERMANN, who became the first Superior General of the Congregation thenceforth to be called “The Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.”

Since that time priests and lay-brothers have joined its ranks in ever-increasing numbers, so that at present there are over 700 Fathers and nearly as many Lay-Brothers members of this important Congregation. Its Missionaries have gone forth to sow the seed of the Word of God in the fields afar, especially to Africa, which has always been their chief field of labour.

Propaganda has entrusted to their administration 8 Vicariates and 7 Prefectures in Africa. The Vicariates, which the FATHERS OF THE HOLY GHOST are in charge of, are the following:—Gaboon, Sierra Leone, Zanzibar, Senegambia, French Lower Congo, French Upper Congo, Northern Madagascar and Bagamoyo. The prefectures are the following:—Portuguese Congo, Senegal (attached to the Vicariate of Senegambia), the Comoros Islands, Upper Cimbebasia, Lower Niger, French Guinea, Ubanghi-Shari.

Besides these the FATHERS OF THE HOLY GHOST have Missions in Spanish Guinea (Bata), Angola (Loanda), the Azores, Mauritius, Réunion, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Trinidad (British West Indies), Hayti, the United States and Brazil (Amazon District).

Many Missionaries of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary are engaged in evangelical labours among the inhabitants of the British Empire: in Gambia, Sierra Leone, Southern Nigeria, Zanzibar, in the Mauritius and Rodriguez Islands, and Trinidad (British West Indies).—*The Illustrated Catholic Missions*, London, England.



### Recent Debates.

At the Sunday evening entertainments the following subjects were discussed by the speakers whose names are appended:

“It is for the best interests of the United States that the Japanese be excluded”—F. P. Sztuka, C. K. Kaylor, E. J. McKnight, J. Habrowski and J. H. McGraw;

“The tariff should be reduced”—C. L. McCormick, F. J. Wittmann, C. S. Merkel, T. P. Darby and J. P. McAteer;

“The man of one book is more formidable than the man of many books”—J. J. Millard, T. J. Dunn, C. A. Mayer, J. N. Whalen and G. J. Bullion.

“The treatment of Napoleon in St. Helena by the English was unjustifiable”—J. M. Lundergan, A. P. Dzmura, C. J. McGuire, J. A. McGlade and T. J. Szulc.

C. J. McGuire, '10.



### ATHLETICS.

Both the players and the college baseball fans are in a delirium of delight over the success achieved by the Varsity nine since the opening of the season, and they have reason to be so. Not only have our boys defeated teams of their own class, but have also dared to cope with two of the foremost teams of the Tri-State and Cen-

tral leagues, and have succeeded in giving them a trouncing. This feat is unprecedented in the baseball annals of the College, considering the fact that the season is still young, and that our boys have not had ample opportunities to practise. The laurels gained by our fellow-students are largely due to the mid-season form of the veterans, the excellent account the recruits have given of themselves, eclipsing all anticipations, the remarkable pitching ability of Ray Miller and Harry Murphy, and the encouragement given them by the management and the students. Up to the present, the games and the results are the following:—

P. C., 7; ALLEGHENY LYCEUM, 6.

On April 9, the 'Varsity team played the initial game of the season with the Allegheny Lyceum nine. These opponents proved themselves to be a formidable aggregation, causing our boys to play sharply throughout the game for the laurels of victory. From the seventh inning until the end of the game, enthusiasm ran high among the spectators on account of the critical score. Miller and Murphy took no great pains to exert themselves while pitching on account of the chilly weather. Harkins, Daley and Miller batted at a great clip, and the fielding of Sullivan, Harrigan, Miller and Murphy was gilt-edged. The score:

	R. H. E.
P. C.....	0 0 3 0 2 0 0 1 1-7 9 4
Allegheny Lyceum.....	0 0 0 0 0 3 3 0 0-6 8 3

Two-base hit—McKnight. Struck out—By Murphy, 3; by Miller, 2; Bases on balls—Off Miller, 2. Sacrifice hits—Harkins, McKnight, Harrigan, Murphy, Sullivan.

P. C., 11; JOHNSTOWN, 10.

On April 11, our boys travelled to Johnstown, and lined up against the local Tri-State league team. From the outset our boys were in the lead, which the leaguers were never able to overcome. The large number

of runs scored by both sides, was due to the high wind prevalent there, so that it was almost impossible to judge flies in the outfield. This accounted for several of the runs scored by the locals. The bright feature of the game was the home run made by Creighton in the fourth inning when the bases were full. The stellar actor of the day was Miller, whose enigmatical delivery puzzled the leaguers; he had ten strike-outs to his credit. The batting of Catcher Sullivan is worthy of special mention. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Johnstown.....	1	0	0 2 0 2 3 0 2-10
P. C. ....	0	1	0 4 1 0 3 0 2-11

Home run—Creighton. Two-base hits—Sullivan, 2. Struck out—By Miller, 10. First base on balls—Off Miller, 2.

P. C., 2; WHEELING, 1.

Three days after the Collegians' glorious victory over Johnstown, our boys lined up against the Wheeling aggregation—only to win more honors. The baseball fame of the boys from the Bluff had reached the ears of the stogie ball heavers long before their arrival, and on that account they appointed Hiatt, the lad who had a few days before the Boston Americans at his mercy, to do the twirling. Their precautions (although to no avail) were justified, for our boys not only outclassed the leaguers both at the bat and in the field, but also Miller, our star pitcher, from the time he entered the pitcher's box until the final shout of the umpire was heard, was a veritable enigma for his opponents; he allowed only five scratchy hits, and gave no free passes. "Chief" McKnight covered himself with glory in all departments, having five put-outs, scoring two runs, and chalking up a single and a double. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Wheeling.....	0	0	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1
P. C. ....	0	0	0 1 0 1 0 0 0 2-5

Two-base hit—McKnight. Struck out—By Miller, 2. Sacrifice hits—Sullivan, Miller.

P. C., 10; GROVE CITY, 0.

On April 21, our boys put a crimp in the aspirations of Grove City College, on the latter's grounds. The game was replete with sensational plays, Harkins and McKnight performing most brilliantly for our side. Murphy not only held the locals to seven scattered hits without giving a single pass, but also secured three hits—one a double-sacker—and fanned nine men. Harrel, Bulger, and Harkins were especially powerful with the willow. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Grove City.....	0	0	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
P. C.....	0	0	2 2 0 0 3 1 2—10

**Grateful Acknowledgments.**

The following Alumni Priests have taken a special interest in the College 'Varsity nine and have shown their appreciation in a substantial form:

Rev. L. A. O'Connell, Rector, Epiphany Church, Pittsburgh;

Rev. M. G. O'Donnell, Rector, St. Joseph's Church, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.;

Rev. Chas. Janda, Rector, St. Procopius' Church, New Salem, Pa.;

Rev. E. Galway, Cathedral, Wheeling, W. Va.;

Rev. M. McGarey, St. Aloysius' Church, Wilmerding, Pa.;

Rev. J. F. Enright, Annunciation Church, North Side;

Rev. M. Buchheit, St. Joseph, W. Va.;

Rev. J. Hagan, St. Richard's Church, Pittsburg;

Rev. J. Garrigan, East End Hospital, Pittsburg;

Rev. A. Zemp, New Cleveland, Ohio.

**The Academics.**

For the last four years the Minims have had a glorious record both in football and baseball.

But as some of the candidates who applied for admission on this year's team had already played several seasons with the Minims, it was deemed advisable, owing to their size and age, to change the name of the champions to Academics.

The following have secured berths on the team:— Joseph Esser (captain), first-baseman; Michael Haggerty, second; Thomas Lawlor, third; John Hayes, short-stop; Daniel Sullivan, left-fielder; Roger Carroll and Murray Cosgrave, middle; James Dunn, right-fielder; John Gallagher and Harry Cunning, catchers; John Gillespie and Michael Snyder, pitchers.

A number of games had been scheduled for the last three weeks of April, but rain and inclement weather prevented them from being played. Several practice games with picked nines, however, took place on the College campus, which clearly showed the superior strength and excellent team work of the Academics.

On April 23 the Academics opened the season with the Shakespeare Club and easily defeated the latter by the score of 10 to 4.

Some difficult games are on the schedule for the month of May, but Captain Esser's aggregation, true to the tradition of the Minims, will undoubtedly render a good account of itself.

#### **Class Teams.**

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, it was proposed to organize class teams as follows: two in the Commercial Department, one in the First Academic, one in the Second Academic, and one in the Third and Fourth Academic Classes. A suitable name will be given to each one of these teams, and a regular schedule will be arranged. The President of the Athletic Association will give a prize to the team winning the greatest number of games.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.

# PITTSBURG COLLEGE

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## OF THE HOLY GHOST,

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### BLUFF AND COOPER STREETS.

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Conducted by Members of The Holy Ghost Order.

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leads up to the College Course and gives students sound training in the Evidences of Religion, Latin, Greek, English, Historical English Grammar, Literature, Roman, Grecian and United States Histories, Arithmetic, Algebra and Plane Geometry.

#### THE COMMERCIAL—

gives a broad, thorough and up-to-date practical training for the responsibilities of business life. The Course includes instruction in Christian Doctrine, Higher Accounting, Bookkeeping, Business and Office Practice, Stenography, Typewriting, English Language, History, Geography, Civil Government, Commercial Law and Correspondence, Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation.

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is well equipped with Chemical and Mechanical apparatus. The course comprises Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany and Geology.

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prepares pupils for the Academic, the Commercial or the Scientific Course.

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REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.,

President.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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Vol. XIV.

Pittsburg, Pa., June, 1908.

No. 9.

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## Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

Let nations all adore that gift divine,  
And grateful hearts their praise with joy entwine.  
Unfettered by earth's ties, to Him we'll sing,  
Dethrone the world and bow before our King.  
Arise, ye Christian hosts, for on this day

Sin's reign on earth was doomed to dread dismay.  
In love 'twas said: "My Body I shall give"—  
O gift of gifts—"that erring man may live."  
No mortal being ever could bestow

Such bounteous love in fellow-creature's woe.  
Attend, arise at this, our Saviour's call,  
Lest Justice with a vengeful sentence fall.  
Vain emptiness of human pomp decry,  
And Satan's power, our common foe, defy.  
Transfix, O Lord, the souls that turn to Thee;  
O Mystery of Love, our refuge be.  
Reclaim the sinner by preventing grace;  
Enrich with heavenly gifts a fallen race;  
Man's record, dark from frequent sins, efface.

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.



## The Annual Alumni Banquet.

**Editorial, "Pittsburg Catholic."**

The Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost may well rejoice at the splendid showing of the Alumni at their recent annual renuion. Since the foundation, thirty years ago, the college has progressed with the growth of the city. This has been due to its fine conservativeness, and yet broad and liberal management. The meed of praise is due its presidents and the faculty under them. Particularly under the presidency of Father John T. Murphy, the college went forward in leaps and bounds, to be continued under the present benign sway of Father Hehir. The *Catholic* congratulates the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial and the president, and hopes for the increasing prosperity of this splendid house of sound Catholic education, an ornament to our diocese.

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Hearing words of greeting and of counsel from the bishop of their diocese, from an old student of a sister college, since grown eminent in the law, and from the one who long ago was their own college superior and spiritual guide, but who more recently has been given high honor by the order to which he has devoted his life, about 125 alumni of the college assembled for their annual meeting in the Union club, did honor to their elders, felicitated one another on the success that has come to them and pledged anew their friendship to their fellows, their appreciation of the teachings that had been given them, and their inveterate loyalty to their *Alma Mater* on the Bluff.

Those who were present included the Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, the Very Rev. John T. Murphy, Provincial of the Holy Ghost Order; Hon. Judge Head, of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania; Daniel H. Barr, Rev. F. J. Brady, C. R. Buchheit, Wm. J. Burns, Jr., Frank P. Cawley, John Cawley, Joseph T. Cawley,

Edward G. Coll, Esq., H. A. Collins, Dr. J. H. Collins, M. J. Connelly, Walter F. Corcoran, R. E. S. Coughlin, Thomas F. Coyle, G. E. Curran, T. A. Curran, E. L. Davin, John J. Dean, M. H. Dowling, Henry C. Evert, Esq., Chas. A. Fagan, Esq., H. A. Friday, Rev. J. A. Garrigan, C. J. Geary, Rev. J. A. Gilleece, Augustin A. Gillespie, Rev. H. J. Goebel, Servius P. Grace, Rev. John Griffin, C. J. Gwyer, Rev. J. D. Hagan, C. V. Halloran, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College; John R. Hermes, Lawrence M. Heyl, Dr. W. J. Hickson, Prof. Wm. G. Hollihan, J. S. Johnston, Chas. J. Jaegle, John E. Kane, Leo Kane, E. L. Kearns, Esq., James P. Kelly, M. B. Kelly, E. H. Kempf, Ed. J. Kent, Esq., Wm. J. Lamb, Frank J. Lanahan, John C. Larkin, C. F. Lauer, Frank T. Lauinger, Albert J. Loeffler, Esq., W. C. Loeffler, Frank H. McCarthy, Rev. D. McCarthy, Max McClafferty, Wm. H. McClafferty, Rev. Henry J. McDermott, Rev. M. A. McGarey, Rev. E. J. McGonigal, P. J. McGervey, Dr. Ed. B. McGraw, J. Frank McKenna, Esq., E. C. McLaughlin, Michael J. McMahon, Rev. Wm. J. McMullen, D. D., Jas. P. McNally, Geo. M. McNulty, Leo V. McTighe, J. V. Maher, Rev. T. J. Maniecki, F. C. Mayer, Lawrence P. Monahan, Esq., J. M. Morin, C. V. Murphy, Jas. P. Murray, W. R. Murphy, Rev. Lawrence A. O'Connell, Ed. G. O'Connor, John J. O'Connor, Alexis X. Phelan, Richard Pollard, Eugene S. Reilly, John D. Reilly, M. J. Relihan, Rev. M. S. Retka, Frank I. Rutledge, Jr., Rev. Wm. J. Ryan, A. J. Schmidt, Chas. A. Seibert, Chas. C. Shanahan, Rev. M. Sonnefeld, Dr. Chas. A. Stillwagon, C. J. Staud, C. M. Straessley, Ed. L. Sullivan, Peter J. Sullivan, Dr. Wm. A. Terheyden, Frank X. Toohill, Rev. C. Tomaszewski, P. F. Toole, Wm. H. Totten, James P. Wall, Wm. Weiss, Dr. Edward A. Weisser, Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp.

Mr. Eugene S. Reilly, President, introduced John E. Kane as toastmaster.

Bishop Canevin urged a closer bond of union between

the alumni, an association which would meet more frequently than once a year and whose purposes would be the helping of each other and especially of their less successful fellows rather than mere social enjoyment.

"The community and the country cry out for good men," he said, "not so much men of success in a business way, not men who make wealth and place and power their first if not their only thought, but men who are good because they do good for Church and country and mankind. You who have been given opportunity can become a tremendous moral power if there exists among you a closer bond of union, which will lead you to work together and put into practice the principles of justice, integrity and Christian virtue which were instilled into you in your school days."

Judge Head, of the State Superior Court, made a plea for the average man and the spreading of the gospel of contentment. Work, which was put upon man as a curse because of his transgression, had been turned into man's blessing, and each should do his part in his sphere, certain that he is a factor in the world's affairs no matter how humble his place may be.

"Spread the gospel of work in the living of it by young men, Christian men, men clean of mind and clean of body, and you will offset that other gospel of socialism and anarchism and resultant despair.

"I would take issue with the good bishop only in one thing: It is well to help your fellow alumni, but better to help some one who has no college mate nor any other to help him. Help the man who is without a friend, the man who is down and out. Tow even one poor derelict like this to port and you will have done something to make your being in the world worth while."

In responding to the toast, "The College," the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of the College, spoke substantially as follows:

With reference to the college it may be information

for some here to learn that on next October the college will be thirty years old. It is no longer in its infancy, nor in its youth; it approaches the age which physiologists claim to be that of full manhood. But, strictly speaking, there is no full manhood for a college. A college is supposed to be always growing, always developing, always attaining a higher degree of efficiency and perfection.

During these thirty years the college has been manifestly blessed by Providence. Beginning on Wylie Avenue under no ordinary difficulties, after the failure of several attempts to give the Catholic youth of Pittsburg the opportunities of a higher education to which they were entitled, it has progressed year after year; it has forged its way ahead, until to-day it stands among the large Catholic colleges of the country, with an enrollment of over four hundred students, to whom thirty devoted professors impart all that is included in a higher, liberal and Christian education.

The work of any college is to give secondary and higher education. That work, the College of the Holy Ghost, together with her sister college, St. Vincent's, conducted by the good Benedictine Fathers, has been carrying on in this diocese for the city of Pittsburg, the county of Allegheny and Western Pennsylvania during the thirty years of its existence. The work of a college is seen from its programme, from its course of studies, from the opportunities it gives to students to prepare themselves for the great battle of life.

Our college, with the five departments of studies, preparatory, academic, scientific, commercial and college, prepares young men for all positions in life, as well as for the various professions and for the sacred ministry. The work of the college is seen in its fruits; it is seen in the hundreds of graduates now engaged in business pursuits, in the learned professions, in the priesthood, both as seculars and religious; it is seen in the thousands of graduates whom circumstances prevented from complet-

ing their course, but who were greatly benefited by the few years they passed in the college.

From the consideration of the growth and work of the college I am naturally led to speak of its needs. The needs of a full-grown man are greater than those of a boy, so our needs at present appear greater than ever. Without pretending to possess any extraordinary insight or prevision, I claim that, as I am about to begin my twenty-fifth year in the college, and my tenth year as President, I know its needs as well as any other person. For a quarter of a century I have devoted to the college the best portion of my life, my best thought, and whatever ability and health God has given me, and, after all that, naturally, I am more than anxious to see its needs supplied. Some of these needs I have made known to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of this diocese and to our Very Reverend Father Provincial, and I feel certain that both are willing to help us, as far as circumstances will permit them.

The position of a college president is a peculiar one. He is responsible for his work to the diocesan authorities. That responsibility I hold sacred. After all, the work of a Catholic college in a diocese is the work of the diocese, as it is a work for the diocese. A college president, when a religious, is responsible for his work to his religious superiors. That responsibility I also hold sacred. Then I consider that a college president is responsible to the general public and especially to the alumni for the work of the college. That responsibility I am willing to shoulder. I feel that the alumni of a college should know its status, as they are, and ought to be, interested in its welfare and success. Hence it is that before mentioning our actual needs, I wish to make public to the alumni this evening a little secret. It is that at the end of this year we hope to have the college practically free from debt. Just imagine, gentlemen, that it took us thirty years to pay for our college. That college was built on borrowed money. Not a single

dollar was donated for its erection or support. For thirty years we have been paying the principal and interest. The latter has been as heavy on us as the former, but after thirty years, God be thanked, we hope to be free from debt.

The horizon looks somewhat brighter for us. Still our needs loom up before us greater than ever. I am almost afraid to begin to enumerate them, but, as I said, the alumni have a right to know the status of their *Alma Mater*. We would need at present \$40,000 to purchase adjoining property, and thus round out the present campus; we would need \$50,000 for another building to accommodate the ever-increasing number of our students; we would need \$50,000 for a gymnasium and a natatorium; we would need \$50,000 for a spacious scientific hall. How are these needs to be supplied? This question I do not intend to answer. A mother never begs from her children. When worthy children learn of the needs of the mother, these needs are soon supplied. In our great work here in Pittsburg we need the hearty co-operation of all our alumni, and on that co-operation, I feel certain, we can always rely.

Gentlemen, need I remind you that we live very economically? The lay members of our faculty receive salaries such as Catholic colleges can afford to give their professors. But the members of our society give their services gratuitously to the work of the college. When I made this statement a few years ago, to one of the most successful business men of our city, he looked at me in astonishment. The matter was incomprehensible to him. Yes, gentlemen, we give our services and our lives to the college work, and without any remuneration whatsoever; but we give to that work what millions cannot buy—we give to it love of duty, love of youth and love of souls; we give to it enthusiasm and devotedness; we give to it talent and self-sacrifice. For we feel that the work of education, of Christian and Catholic education, is one of the grandest to which men can devote their lives, especially in our age and in our country.

"The Relations of the Alumni to their *Alma Mater*," was the subject selected by Very Rev. Father Murphy, C. S. Sp., Provincial, and seldom has so scholarly and brilliant a discourse been heard at such a gathering. He made of his topic at once a retrospect, a forecast and a word of counsel to the men of affairs who used to be among the boys whose studies he directed. That part of his talk which might have seemed a lecture to post-graduates was listened to more appreciatively, without doubt, than ever was heard a lecture by the selfsame audience in earlier days. They knew now they were listening to a man internationally eminent among his fellow churchmen, one to whose words even leaders of thought in the world of Catholicism were willing to give heed.

He reviewed for them in hurried fashion the work of a quarter of a century with the college where they had gained their training. The ideals on which it had been founded were laughed at then, he said; the promoters of the institution and those who had it in charge were told that it was fifty years ahead of its time; but with half that time gone he saw a gathering that of itself was a refutation of such pessimism were there not plentiful evidence of other kinds. The pessimists were routed at the very start because the ideals on which the college had been founded were no new thing, but the traditions of the ages which the Church ever had taught—the training of the intellect in Christian ways, for the advancement of the Church, for the good of the State, for the uplifting of their fellow men. That should be the motto of the alumni, to strive for the furthering of those ideals in greater measure; as they have been given larger opportunities through the sacrifice of others, to show themselves worthy of the sacrifice.

He took occasion, too, to point the way of the Catholic educator that the Church might not lag behind the secular schools.

The greatest problem of the Church to-day," he

said, "is the problem of higher education." He pictured the scenes at the centennials of the Church in Philadelphia and New York, where thousands of children took part in the celebrations, "a picture so grandly beautiful that the eye of man never again may see its like," and declared that what Catholic tutorship was doing for these little ones, Catholic teaching could and should do for them and others as they came to the university stage.

What was begun as a few remarks of greeting to his old pupils and their teachers grew perforce into a scholarly address, and none heeded the lateness of the hour as the orator talked brilliantly on as he might have discoursed at the great English seat of learning instead of to a reunion of young men who came to bid him welcome to his old home.



### **Flowers.**

When the earth is decked with flowers  
Smiling up to azure heavens,  
When they spread their gracious odors  
In the garden, in the woodland,  
Then where grows the fragrant lilac,  
Where the earth is densely covered  
With a soft and tender carpet,  
Thither I repair for solace.

When I pluck a fragrant lilac,  
When its fragrance nears my nostrils,  
When I view it very closely,  
And I see its complications,  
Then my senses are delighted,  
And my mind erstwhile distressful,  
Now forgetful of her troubles,  
Like the skylark teems with gladness.

When I contemplate these wonders,  
And I think of Him who made them,  
Of His great and bounteous goodness,  
Then a longing comes upon me,  
That my body may be buried  
' Midst this gorgeous scene of flowers,  
And my soul may live forever  
In the realm of Him who made them.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



### The Catholic Laity.

"What I desire in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what they are, what their religion is. . . . . I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it and also know enough of history to defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity. . . . . In all times the laity have been the measure of Catholicism." These words of Cardinal Newman admirably express the desires of the Catholic clergy. Newman's ideal is indeed noble but difficult to attain; nevertheless, great progress can be made towards that ideal laity with the earnest endeavor of the laymen and the hearty co-operation of the clergy.

Instruction in one's religion is of great value in this age of doubt and unbelief, an age, the watchword of which, to use a colloquial expression, is "show me." "Why are you a Catholic?" asks some flippant non-believer of a devout, pious layman, who, although perhaps possessing the faith of the early martyrs, is not sufficiently instructed in his religion to enlighten his adversary to any great extent. I do not wish to say,

nay even to hint, that my devout layman would be a better Catholic if he had more learning and less faith; I do not by any means wish to convey this impression, but I do say that that knowledge of his religion and its history by which he is able to clearly explain and defend the teachings of his Church, in conjunction with his faith, would undoubtedly make him a better Catholic. It is not necessary that the laity become fully acquainted with Theology and Philosophy in order to do their duty towards the Church. Many desirable books have been written by Catholic teachers and the Fathers of the Church, which serve as admirable means for the instruction laymen. "A little philosophy inclineth man's minde to Atheisme; but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mindes about to religion." These words of Bacon clearly portray the danger of laymen searching the truths of religion unprotected by the guiding hand of the Church in the persons of the clergy or professors who possess the true philosophy. Hence it is that many learned men have left the Church, whilst ignorant men remain true and pray for their return. In the case of the latter, as compared to the former, it can truly be said that ignorance is bliss.

"In all times the laity have been the measure of Catholicity," and, I may add, shall continue to be so. Is it not the laymen that are the direct object of the teachings of the Church. Is it not the laymen that are able to show by example the teachings of the Church, although, in some instances, I am sorry to say, the teachings of the Church would be wrongfully interpreted if interpreted by the lives of some of its laity. Nevertheless, those who falsely judge the teachings of the Church by the wrong doings of some of its members fail to notice that knowledge is not always able to save one from moral shipwreck, as the statistics of our prisons prove. The effect of proper example can be judged from the following incident: "Padre mio," a poor woman once said to a priest, "my

husband is an unbeliever; how can I bring him back to the faith?" Pray to God in faith; bear the trial with patience so that he may never have to complain of you. Then he will begin to ask himself, "Where does my wife get her goodness from?" and being constrained to acknowledge that it is the result of the teaching of the Lord Jesus, Whom you worship, he will follow your example and worship Him also." After an interval the woman returned. "Father!" she cried in a transport of joy, "your prophecy has come true; my husband has become a better Christian than myself."

The field is large in which Catholic laity is able to apply its resources for the betterment of the Church and the increase of the Catholic faith. Laymen, in the various professions, are able to combat many social evils that not only threaten the destruction of the country but are a source of evil to the Church. Socialism, with the evils that accompany it, socialism, "a mirage beckoning men to their ruin," can be combated by the laity to greater advantage than by the clergy. The Catholic layman as a rule does not sufficiently interest himself in educational matters. If some of our great universities do not hesitate in having business and professional men address their students, there certainly must be some advantage derived from such addresses. Catholic colleges could well participate in the advantages derived from the practised judgment, keen observations and shrewd understanding, of the laity. In fact the duties before the Catholic laity may be summed up in a manner as the object of the Federation of Catholic Societies: "the fostering and protecting of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education, and charity; the study of the conditions of our social life; the dissemination of the truth and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature, and of the circulation of the Catholic press;" or, as a Cleveland paper commenting on the formation of a lay Catholic Federation in that city writes: "By the protection of Catholic interests and the promotion of

Catholic ideals—in Christianizing education, in safeguarding marriage, in combating Socialism, in condemning public corruption, in fighting immorality and indecency in the newspapers, theaters, bill-boards, etc.—it is thought that the Federation can be of immense benefit to the community as well as to Catholics themselves.”

JOHN T. McMAHON, '09.



### The Uses of Poetry.

Of all the arts the oldest is poetry. It is older than the walls of Rome or the Acropolis of Athens; older than the mummies of Egypt or the pyramids of the desert. Far back in the mists of antiquity, in the days of fauns and satyrs, when the world was younger, the grass greener and the sky bluer, the song of the heart was for the first time sung in poetry.

Song is as natural to the human heart as it is to the throat of the nightingale. Wretched is the man whose heart does not beat to some tune; it may be pensive, it may be gay, but it will beat in him day and night, now weak, now strong, but it will never die away.

The poet is the interpreter of the soul's music. He takes the language of the heart and sets it forth in words so that others may see and learn. The theme of poetry should ever be the highest, the purest, the noblest, the most ideal. It is the art of the poet to make beautiful. The language should always be the sweetest, the most melodious. Poetry is a measured strain, now rapid, infusing fire and enthusiasm; now pensive and calm, like the thoughts of other days. It arouses the purest sentiments in the human heart. It awakens religious fervor and patriotic enthusiasm; it breaks through clouded skies as a ray of light foretelling brighter days; it brings back fond memories of sorrows borne with fortitude, of joys that have flown. It draws the hearts of men closer,

for it shows that other hearts have endured the same sorrows, have felt the same feelings and have thought the same thoughts.

And now in the twentieth century we hear cries of the decline of poetry. Two centuries ago Oliver Goldsmith wrote his famous farewell to poetry, yet such geniuses as Burns, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, have sung after him. Let us hope that the muse of poetry is not, as Goldsmith said,

“Unfit in these degenerate times of shame  
To catch the heart or strive for honest fame.”

Rather live on, thou sweetest of muses; sing on to cheer the heart of poor man. Be kind to comfort him in pain, to refine and ennable his weak heart, to turn his thoughts to realms above. May you become dearer to hearts as ages roll away; may you reign over the hearts of men, year after year, from century to century, until time fades into eternity.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



## B E T T Y .

May had brought its blossoms and flowers to Judiciary Square, one of Washington's most celebrated and historic parks. There was a gladness in the air, and nature in all her forms contributed to that gladness. People who could afford leisure strolled through the park; those who had work to do or ends to accomplish, hurried. But mostly all of them gave evidence of the happiness which comes with the month in which nature has her renaissance. Not so with Betty, a poor wizened, withered old darkey woman, who was bringing her troubles to Wilson & Wallace, Attorneys-at-Law, for adjustment.

Betty had to wait in the reception rooms for some

time, Lawyer Wallace being engaged with some wealthy clients. As the seconds passed into minutes and the minutes into hours, Betty at intervals punctuated the pompous and intricate sentences of Blackstone's *Commentaries* at which she was glancing, by queries made to Thompson, the law-clerk, regarding the rights of people to do certain things. Betty's questions had suggested questions to be asked her by Thompson, who thus freed himself of the responsibility of giving legal advice to Betty; and at the same time learned the story she had to tell.

Betty had worked hard all her life from the days when she was a little undersized darkey of not more than thirteen years. She had begun life as a wage earner by washing the bloody clothing of the nation's wounded who filled the hospitals around Washington during the "unpleasantness" of forty odd years ago. To make up for the deficiency in her height, she had stood upon a soap box, the better to perform her labor in the tub.

Betty's industry had attracted the attention of those who could be of help to her in advancing to higher grades of employment than that of washing clothes. Her frugal manner of living had enabled her to save enough to buy a home before her marriage. Her husband, a mulatto like herself, had died from the exposure incident to his service in the Union Army some few years before. He had left Betty but one child, a girl.

Betty had sought to make the life of her daughter easier than her own had been. She sent her daughter to school, while she herself continued to toil. The girl learned enough to be ashamed of her mother, but not enough to know the duty of children to their parents.

Like seeks like. Betty's daughter married one of her own kind. The man of her choice was a teacher in one of the schools assigned to the negro children of Washington. He had gained sufficient knowledge of the law to be admitted to the bar, and to trade in the weak-

ness of character and criminality in individuals of his race. He cared nothing for his people; he liked them better than he did the whites; but he was glad his children were nearly white, because of certain imaginary social advantages for them and for himself to follow from their evidence of having white man's blood in their veins.

This man had no Christianity, and had but a vague notion of a God. He had supplemented the knowledge he had gained in the schools by reading the writings of a certain class of German skeptics whose responsibilities are nothing, whose God is their every whim. The grosser thoughts of Kipling he had made his own, and had entered into a system whose only doctrine is to look to the main chance at all costs.

It did not take such a man long to plan the acquirement of Betty's home, to turn it into cash, and to the funds thus secured to add from his own savings whatever was necessary to the purchasing of a more pretentious dwelling than that of Betty's, and in a more pretentious neighborhood. The roof which Betty had raised to shelter herself and hers was to be taken from her; herself to be treated as alien tenant; her home to be sold over her head, and herself then to be driven forth to seek shelter where she might.

In Betty's own words, she had for years had to guard her rights against those from the outside; she had not counted on robbers appearing among members of her own household. She did not fear the bright young man who had married her daughter, and had fathered her grandchildren; who had been maintained through his ups and downs, who through his spells of sickness had been nursed, and whose children had been cared for at times when he could not provide for them. This was poor Betty's refrain whenever the recital of the infamy of which she had become the victim, would move her to tears.

This man, her son-in-law, had Betty sign certain

papers, entirely misrepresenting their purport, making it appear that she was going on his bond as an officer of a company partaking somewhat of the nature of a co-operative society. Now, the fact of the matter was that he did hold a position of this character, but his bonding had been assumed by a regular bonding company on payment of premium or fee, which itself was appropriated out of the funds of the society, that it might be protected against possible malfeasance, in spite of the safe-guards used in accordance with the requirements of bonding companies, when they assume such bonds. Among the papers Betty had signed was a deed to her own property. The requirements of the law in such transactions were properly adhered to so that the proceedings would not cause Betty to become suspicious.

Betty knew nothing of what had happened until it was demanded of her that she should pay rent. She of course refused to do this, and her few poor belongings were removed to the wood-shed. The poor old woman's defense of her rights was treated as the action of a lunatic; with ill-usage and insults calculated to make her so appear.

Betty's "missus," as she called the lady, an army officer's wife, who employed her, believed in Betty's story, and had sent Betty with a note to Mr. Wallace. Betty in the future was to have a home with her, as the tidy, old-time darky "mammy" could so well do. But Betty's rights must be protected against those who would rob her, even though Betty's own daughter was an accomplice in the crime.

As Betty had told her story to the law-clerk Thompson, so she had told it to Lawyer Wallace as soon as he was free to hear her tell it. He left the office that evening, a very tired man. The case was of a kind that promised to use up much of his time, and give him much trouble. To bring this negro to justice might probably hurt his own political status in a neighboring

State wherein he had taken residence. But Betty should have justice, if it was possible to gain it for her.

The evidence needed had been gathered gradually here and there, until Mr. Wallace felt justified in instituting proceedings in Betty's behalf. Betty's visits to the office were almost weekly until the first snow had fallen. She always seemed as confident of the success of her suit as she was sure of its justice. At the same time she bemoaned the estrangement that had taken place between herself and her daughter, and fretted over the sufferings this estrangement had caused herself. Mr. Kennedy, an early American writer, has painted for us in his *Swallow--Barn* a pathetic word picture of an old slave who had lost her only son at sea. Surely, he would have found in Betty a subject as worthy of his pen.

Through the winter, Betty's visits to the office of the lawyer became less frequent. Her efforts to obtain justice became rather mechanical in their form and operation as if she had become less hopeful, but must keep up the struggle until she should die. Having been begun, it must be continued.

The winter had fretted into spring. Once more Judiciary Square was green with leaf, moss and grass. The spring was reflecting its glory in the gay attire of the park's pedestrians. Children were passing through the park on their way to the "White Lot," as the lawn around the President's house is called, where they would spend this Easter Monday at the day's sport of rolling Easter eggs. The clerk, Thompson, had been called by Mr. Wallace to write a letter to Betty to bring her into court. The postman arrived on his mid-morning call as the letter was being dictated.

Lawyer Wallace did not finish his letter to Betty. A note announcing Betty's death had come from his "missus." Betty had changed the venue, and had carried her case to a higher court.

## PITCH LAKE.

Imagine a swamp lying stretched out upon a plateau on the crest of a hill. The land is barren for miles around. Occasionally one may see some withered piece of vegetation, some shrub that relieves the monotony of the scene or some cocoa-nut tree drooping its head to the power of the heat.

We have no lake of cool water to moisten the parching air; we see no babbling brooks discharge their waters into this swamp. Nothing meets our view but a desert-like place, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and here and there black men digging up black material.

None of the beautifully plumed birds, so common in the tropics, pass by or come to dip their wings into this water. No, even they are aware that its hue and heat would soil that plumage which makes them the first of birds in beauty.

In looking constantly at that lake stretched before us, we can almost imagine that we hear the wailing of the damned, tortured in this pit of asphalt. We can not help but think of those rivers held sacred by the ancients, for instance the Styx, of which we hear much in Homer and Virgil.

We hear the buzzing of whistles; every buzz is a command. We hear the busy noise of engines; every puff is energy. We see the chimneys of the factory pouring forth their heavy fumes; every cubic inch of smoke means money. All this combination of sounds is like an orchestra playing an accompaniment to the song of the almighty dollar.

In the black pitch we see a symbol of the quest of gold. Pitch is sold high; it yields immense profit to the colony; it enables the small island to build for itself a modern city, and, in fact, to modernize all its small area.

There is but one lake of pitch besides the Trinidad Lake, Guanoco in Venezuela—but this is of minor importance. Therefore, in search of this rare and expensive material, the rest of the world sends her merchantmen to my small island home.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

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VOL. XIV.

JUNE, 1908.

No. 9.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *A Most Deserving Charity.*

We have been requested by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to publish the appended copy of an autograph letter forwarded to him by the Holy Father. We earnestly recommend the readers of the BULLETIN to give it their serious thought, and we sincerely hope that many will be influenced to share in the meritorious work accomplished yearly by the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children. Contributions however small if made by the bulk of our people, will amount to a very considerable sum, and with this missionaries can be supported, schools provided and maintained, and a truly Catholic population can be trained up from the days

of infancy, to illustrate by their exemplary lives the holiness of the Gospel teaching. All who help in so noble a cause will have the satisfaction whilst living of participating with our divine Lord in the glorious work of the redemption, and when dead of receiving in Heaven an ample and everlasting reward for their well-placed and timely generosity.

APOSTOLIC LETTER OF PIUS X. IN COMMENDATION OF THE  
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE  
FAITH AMONG INDIAN CHILDREN.

To our beloved Son, James Gibbon, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Titular of Saint Mary's beyond the Tiber, Archbishop of Baltimore, and to all our other venerable Brethren, Archbishops, and Bishops: this Apostolic Letter concerning the holy undertaking of safeguarding the Faith among the Indians of the United States of North America:

PIUS X., POPE.

Dearly Beloved Son and Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction:

Among the chief glories of the Catholics of America must be enumerated their achievements in spreading the Catholic Faith among the people of their own nation, and the example they have set the rest of the Catholic world in promoting by their energy and generosity the cause of religion and the welfare of souls.

The knowledge of this inspires us with consoling assurance at this particular time when in our solicitude to protect as effectively as possible and in the most practical manner the interests of Catholicity among the American Indians. We have come to realize the necessity of arousing our Catholic people in America to activity and of stimulating their zeal in behalf of these their brethren in the Faith.

We realize the many and grave difficulties incidental to the noble work of providing for the education of Indian children in Catholic schools, and we are aware

how active in the prosecution of this work has been the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, established by you,—a Society which spares no effort to protect the Faith of the Indians against every peril and to propagate the Faith among the Indians in every way.

This Society is adapted to the end for which it has been instituted, as it endeavors to arouse the people to the importance of taking an active interest in the souls of the Indians; as it, likewise, collects a fee from each of its members, and thus, besides combining their efforts, it unites their resources, and so, by defraying the expenses necessitated by the Catholic Indian Schools, makes it possible to keep up these institutions.

In consideration of what, with due encouragement, this Society can accomplish for the development of citizenship, for civilization add particularly for Religion, in which the Indians, deprived of Catholic schools, will, without doubt, suffer injury, to say nothing of the loss of souls, we are convinced that it is incumbent upon us as a duty of our Apostolic Office to commend this Society to the Bishops, to the Clergy and to the faithful of the United States of America, to the end that it be established in every parish.

Of one thing we feel assured, namely, that the Indians will not be deprived of the blessings of salvation nor yet of the advantages of Christian education, if the other faithful children of the Church in America, regarding them as their brethren—all Christians being members of the one family of Christ—and manifesting their devotion to them, make it a point, one and all, to enroll their names and contribute their fees as members of this Society.

As a pledge of heavenly graces and a token of our benign interest, with all affection in our Lord, we impart to you, the Bishops and the faithful, and to your work, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, the third day of April, 1908, the fifth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS X. POPE.



### ***A Reputation to Sustain.***

"I have a reputation to sustain," is an expression which has been used in many connections, and on various occasions. This phrase is more frequently used in a humorous or in a whimsical sense, but can be applied to the more serious affairs of life.

Having a reputation to sustain has been an inspiration to men in the accomplishment of the most noble and most virtuous deeds; having a reputation to sustain his made men proud, has driven men to crime against their fellows and against Heaven.

On history's pages are displayed the lives of men who have sought to sustain all sorts and kinds of reputations. These men have not always bent so much energy to sustaining their own reputations as they have to upholding the reputations of others.

Men of character and ability, by taking for emulation the deeds of namesakes, have won fame and fortune, have acquired grace and sanctity. Caesar, Napoleon, Washington and Scott, have their imitators and emulators in many namesakes. The namesakes of Augustine and Patrick, and other saintly men have owed their first inspirations to those whose illustrious names they borrowed.

JOHN E. KNIGHT, '11.



## Our Annual Entertainment.

By many it is thought that the entertainment of this year, held on May 20, in the Bijou Theatre, surpassed all its predecessors. Certain it is that the acting, gymnastics, music and song were most favorably commented on even by the most captious; letters of hearty congratulation have been received in large numbers. As is usual when the college boys appear before the footlights, a house filled to its capacity was there to greet them: an idea of the attendance may be formed from the fact that the Bijou ranks in seating accommodations second only to the Boston Theatre.

The stage setting was much admired. The very cordial thanks of the management are due to the exceptional courtesy of Mr. W. J. P. Lawrence, of Bowles' Antique Store; he spared no pains in selecting furniture, pictures and ornaments, suited to the period and to the play itself, and we can safely say that it would be difficult to duplicate what he supplied in the wealthiest homes of Pittsburg. We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to assure him of our lasting gratitude.

Instead of giving our own appreciation of the merits of the participants, we feel confident that our readers will approve of our reprinting commendatory notices from two of our leading local papers. Similar clippings from the others would occupy too much space.

### PITTSBURG POST.

In the presence of parents and friends, of venerable alumni representing a fair proportion of the business and professional interests of Greater Pittsburg, and a host of theater-goers who had witnessed their performances in previous years, the Pittsburg college students scored a decided success last evening in the Bijou.

They first presented the three-act comedy, "David Garrick." Their interpretation of this classic moved the house to bursts of laughter and oft-repeated applause.

Frank Hipps made an excellent Garrick, polished, refined, always in his element on the stage, at times gravely ironical, at others in a tragic vein or sportive mood, but ever acting the part that honor prescribed.

Michael A. Shea faithfully impersonated "the downright and straightforward, regular and methodical" Simon Ingots. His voice, strong and clear, showed careful training, and his action was at all times appropriate. The loving and lovable Ada Ingots was admirably portrayed by John F. Corcoran; the audience saw her intolerant of the supercilious 'Squire Chivy, cherishing in secret the passion with which Garrick inspired her when he impersonated Hamlet, but disgusted, and restored to blind obedience to her father's wishes, when she discovered that her ideal appeared a boor in society, a drunkard and gambler; yet, when she discovered that he played a role altogether distasteful to him, as he was really in love with her, her admiration for him was intensified, and she decided, with the happiest of results, to save his life whatever the attempt might cost her.

Eugene J. Ley performed most creditably the part of the horse-racing, wine-drinking 'Squire Chivy. He appeared at his best when, in the third act, the mask of fidelity and scant virtue was torn from his face and he discovered that his engagement to Ada was "scratched."

Clarence A. Sanderbeck, as Mrs. Smith, showed a keen perception of the humor of his lines, and a stage presence rarely found in youths of his age. Edward A. Butler, as Miss Araminta Browne, looked and spoke his part quite naturally. Charles K. Kaylor made a very effective Mr. Smith. George P. Angel made a hit as the sleepy Mr. Browne, and Grattan M. Dugan was exceptionally humorous as the stuttering Mr. Jones. The minor parts entrusted to Hugh F. Cousins, Joseph Habrowski and Charles J. Mills were capably interpreted.

The second part of the programme consisted of a series of gymnastic drills, executed under the direction of

Prof. Koch. These were interspersed with musical numbers by the college orchestra, directed by Prof. Weis, and vocal selections voiced by a select choir, conducted by Rev. John Griffin.

#### GAZETTE TIMES.

An apocryphal anecdote of the life of the great English actor, David Garrick, was not told in vain. It served last night as a medium for the Pittsburg college students to break into the classic comedy, when they presented the play founded on the incident from the pen of T. W. Robertson. Only a little light was thrown on David's character, but enough to know that David was there on chivalry, and this caused about two thousand in the audience at the Bijou theater to applaud at every opportunity.

Ingot, a name synonymous with gold, a wealthy Englishman, had a daughter by the name of Ada. Ada took an afternoon off one day in London many years ago, crawled over the back fence and went to Drury lane. There she saw Garrick, strutting through "Hamlet" in the hot weather. Ada immediately got "nuts" on "Garry," which father found out. Father, being a business man, threw open the front door to Garrick one afternoon and said to him:

"Come, let me give you money until you feel like it, but leave the great city unto me and my daughter. My daughter is enamored of you."

"Come again," replied Garrick.

Then Dave was asked to the house to dinner that night. He came, saw and accumulated a "phoney" package.

#### PLOT IS DISCOVERED.

Carrying so heavy a cargo across the bar disgusted Ada and she shrieked:

"Back to the stage entrance for yours, David." Out in the cold night David went, very sober, but

determined. He went into the club to read his letters and there told how he fooled old man Ingot and the daughter with his "phoney" jag. 'Squire Chivy, played by Eugene Ley, was there and heard it, and he got a real head of steam on and, going to Ingot's house, told his "right name" and about a duel which was to be pulled off the next day.

The programme says that Ada hurried to Dave's lodgings the next morning to prevent the carnage. Ada did not hurry. She carried too much clothing, but she got there all the same, finding that her father and Chivy had beaten her to the spot. The programme continues to say that Chivy had a "base" character, and that David had a "noble" one. Father changes decks and plays a new hand, using David as trumps. But what's the use? David gets Ada, and Chivy goes to the club again, while Mr. Browne again goes to sleep.

Frank Hipps was David Garrick and had a "fat" part. Michael Shea, commonly referred to in a loving manner as "Mike," was father.

The minor characters of Mr. Smith, Mr. Browne and Mr. Jones were impersonated by Charles K. Kaylor, George P. Angel and Grattan M. Duggan.

#### HOW HE PLAYS SHE.

Now Ada Ingot was more to the play than anyone, except David. So Ada had to be there on looks, talk like a phonograph and walk like a Browning devotee. John F. R. Corcoran, who wore Ada's clothes, filled them well, twirled her rings on her fingers and did everything but crochet, which is part of a woman's everyday life. Clarence A. Sanderbeck was burdened with height and with having to bear the ignominy of signing the name, plain "Mrs. Smith." Edward Butler (they call him Eddie) had the very unusual first name of Araminta, but was laden down in the running with the very usual last name of Browne. These are the people that went back to 1742, moved to London for the evening and gave the

public a peep into what Mr. Robertson thought David Garrick would do if Ada Ingots fell in love with him and father wanted to buy him off.

The play was beautifully mounted and costumed, and was acted well. The work of Mr. Hipps and Mr. Corcoran was especially delightful. The theater was crowded from pit to dome with friends of the college. After the play an entertainment of gymnastics and music was given.

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After the comedy, the following programme was admirably rendered:

DUMB-BELL DRILL

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Cornet Solo . . Polka, Heart's Joy . . *Bowman*  
Faustine M. Boenau

---

INDIAN CLUB DRILL

---

Song for Soprano Choir . . The Dearest Spot . . *Wrighton*

---

BAR-BELL AND FLAG DRILL

---

Violin Solo . . La Danse des Gnômes . . *Bazzini*  
Herbert J. Wilhelm

---

THE THEORY OF BOXING ILLUSTRATED

---

Chorus . . The Old Familiar Place . . *Glover*

---

PYRAMIDS

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The College Orchestra artistically played the following selections:

Overture . . Silver Bell . . . . *Schleppergrell*  
Selections . . . . . . . . . . *Foster*  
Waltz . . . . The Merry Widow . . . . *Lehar*

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March . . . .	Administration . . . .	St. Clair
Pizzicato Polka . . . .	. . . .	Strauss
Caprice . . . .	I'm Afraid To Come Home In The Dark	Arranged by <i>B. Lampe</i>
March . . . .	Japanese Brigade . . . .	Nirella



## A T H L E T I C S.

Athletic activities are manifested on the college campus: the baseball teams representing the institution are playing champion ball; inter-class games are becoming more popular; handball, in a large degree, attracts the attention of the balance of the students who are little disposed toward baseball, and a fast out-door basketball team has recently been organized.

### The 'Varsity Team.

P. C., 7; W. U. P., 6.

Our boys played their annual game with W. U. P. on April 28, at Exposition park. The chilly weather hindered both teams from playing the brand of ball of which they are capable. On account of the inexcusable errors made by the collegians, the Wuppites were close to their heels throughout the game. Ray Miller practically won his own game in the ninth inning, by clouting out a two-base hit which netted two runs. Murphy shone in middle field, and the playing of McKnight, Muldowney and Miller, is also deserving of special mention. The score:

	R. H. E.
W. U. P.....	1 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 2-6 9 2
P. C.....	0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 2-7 12 4

Two-base hits—McKnight, Miller, Murphy. Struck out—By Miller, 3. Bases on balls—Off Miller, 3.

P. C., 1; BEAVER VALLEY, 2.

Our team went down to defeat for the first time

during two seasons at the hands of the Beaver Valley team on May 9. Although Ray Miller pitched excellent ball, our boys were unable to bunch their hits. Beyond all doubt, the protracted rainy season had affected the stick work of the collegians to a large extent. The score:

	R. H. E.
Beaver Valley.....	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-2 6 3
P. C. ....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-1 2 2

Sacrifice hits—Harrel, Murphy. Struck out—By Miller, 5.  
Base on balls—Off Miller, 1.

#### P. C., 5; EX-COLLEGIANS, 3.

On May 15, the East Pittsburg ex-Collegians lined up against our boys on the Campus, only to be defeated. The Collegians out-classed their opponents in all departments. Harrell and Bulger carried off fielding honors, and McKnight, Sullivan, and Haley were most conspicuous at the bat. The score:

	R. H. E.
P. C. ....	2 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 *—5 9 2
Ex-Collegians.....	0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0-3 5 2

Two-base hits—McKnight, Harrell. Three-base hit—McKnight. Struck out—By Murphy, 4. First base on balls—McKnight, 2.

#### P. C., 13; CALIFORNIA NORMAL, 5.

The California Normal team was severely jolted by the Collegians on the campus, May 21. Bradley, our new twirler, pitched a good game, and was next to invincible until the ninth inning. Fast fielding was impossible on account of the soggy field. The batting of Bulger, McKnight, and Harrigan, is worthy of special note. The score:

	R. H. E.
California Normal.....	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 3-5 9 7
P. C. ....	1 1 0 1 3 0 7 0 *—13 16 2

#### The Notre Dame Game.

Last year and this when Notre Dame challenged us to try conclusions on the diamond, we gladly took up the gauntlet that they had cast down, for we felt confident that we had a team as strong as any that the West or East can produce. We welcomed the opportunity

and had no fears for the result. But the fates decided that we should not meet. Last year, Notre Dame's eastern tour fell through, and this year, the day after the Western Champions had defeated Georgetown by the score of 11 to 2, they telegraphed us that they had five cripples and would not play the game scheduled.

We must hold over for our July issue the record of other games played, including the defeat of the Beaver Valley aggregation in 13 innings, 4 to 2, Murphy pitching.

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REV. M. A. HEHIE, C. S. Sp.,

President





# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XIV.

Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1908.

No. 10.

## Pittsburg College Bulletin.

P rolong the hour while still fond duties bind:  
I nstil, O Muse, true joy into my mind.  
T ransmit to words the thoughts I'd freely sing:  
T o this a friend let blessings constant spring.  
S ound joyously its work and prospects bright  
B enignly dear on this thrice happy night.  
U nclouded name, may glory on thee fall;  
R eceive my praise though weak it be and small.  
G o forth to lands across the raging sea,  
  
C all stauncher friends beneath thy "Knowledge Tree."  
O cherished guide, to an alumnus dear,  
L arge bounteous gifts bestow, when far or near.  
L et greater bards thy greater merits tell.  
E nfeebled pen, 'tis hard to sing Farewell.  
G reat be thy name as ages onward flow.  
E ntwine our souls in friendship ere I go;  
  
B e unto me a treasure, gladsome, bright—  
U nited hearts bring all the more delight.  
L end rays of truth from 'neath thy limpid bower;  
"L ead, kindly Light" in every darkest hour.  
E nfold in golden words our sanctum's fame,  
T o every land its Christian cause proclaim.  
I bid thee now a fond farewell. My heart  
N o greater grief can feel since we must part.

June 19th, 1908.

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.



## UNNAMED HEROES.

It is justly said that the soul of the world's history is the history of the world's heroes. They have been the highest realization of God's thought. They have been the living fountains of light that have enlightened the darkness of the world. There is born in every one of us a peculiar admiration for the heroic in human nature. From the very dawn of time, the noblest themes to which the mind and hand of man have given expression, have drawn their inspiration from the deeds of the world's heroes. These heroes have been sung by poets, depicted by painters, and the record of their deeds has been carved by the sculptor in imperishable stone as a reminder of their greatness to posterity.

The streets of Athens, the palaces of Roman patricians, the castle halls of feudal barons, have echoed and reechoed with the strains of poet and minstrel's singing of heroic deeds. All the bards of yesterday and all the poets of to-day have ever found a really sympathetic ear and received a generous applause for the recital of what all men deem illustrious in action.

Here we shall speak not of the heroes known to fame, whose names are conned by school boys, whose deeds have fired men's hearts with enthusiasm, whose memory lives and will live as long as their monuments stand on their firm bases, whose names shall not be forgotten until the color fades from the canvas, until men forget the traditions of their fathers, until history is no more: rather shall we speak of the heroes "of whom the noisy world hears least," in whose honor there is written not a line, to whose memory there is raised not a stone, on whose grave there is planted not even a single for-get-me-not.

The days of Spartan valor are long since gone, the era of chivalry is no more, but the age of heroes shall never pass away. Thank God, we still have men and women who are ready and willing to show that love than

which there is none greater—to lay down their lives for their fellow-man. We live in the midst of heroism and are too dull to suspect the fact. Have you ever thought of the heroes with whom you have mingled in daily life, men and women who look out at you through calm gray eyes and speak to you in quite ordinary tones, but whose souls are afire with heroic emotions and whose lives are unselfishly devoted to the uplifting of their fellows?

We honor the great ones of fame; and often, alas! we worship the mere show of great men. We are prone to recognize heroism only when we see it labelled. We often forget that there are heroes unknown to fame, whose dignity and honor and glory are incommensurable with all others.

Walk through the graveyard. There in an unsodded mound lies the engineer who, in time of danger, remained at his post until death. There rests the fireman who lost his life in rescuing a child from a burning building. There is buried the miner who warned his comrades of the coming danger, and perished in the depths from which he rescued them. There is laid the teacher who lost her life in seeing her little charges to safety. There is the humble nurse-maid who threw herself before the car to save the child entrusted to her care.

There they all lie, the host of the departed unnamed brave. They have no place in marble temples of fame, but their memory is inscribed in the hearts of a grateful, reverent people. Every true man must feel that he is making himself higher by doing them reverence. It is the remembrance of such as they that leads us to recognize the god-like in man, that keeps us from despairing of mere human things, and convinces us that life is really worth the living.

It is now nearly half a hundred years since there went out from every city, town, and hamlet—yes, we might say from every home—in these northern States brave, loyal men to give their strength and courage and even their lives to raise their lowly black brethren out of

the depths of thraldom and to conserve the integrity of this nation. The obliterating hand of time has covered up much of the misery and grief of those horrible years of civil war, yet the mere recalling of all the suffering endured by our soldiers in

"The holiest cause which hand or tongue of mortal ever lost or gained,"

must send a thrill of pity and of pride through every American breast.

To the generals who led our force on to victory, we have given something of the praise that is their due. Their names are inscribed on the roll of our country's heroes, that all future generations of our land may do them reverence. But great as is the debt we owe our generals, it is more to the common soldiers who fought in the ranks than to generals that we owe eternal gratitude. It was they who stood where the firing was heaviest. It was they who bore the brunt of the hardships of the camp. It was they who suffered most the fatigue and the rigors of the march. It was they who endured the greatest anguish at parting from their kin. Who can measure their heroism? Who can tell their sacrifice? Count the number of orphan children; count the tears of sisters; count the blighted hopes of fathers; count the graves dug in mothers' hearts. It is only when you have done all this that you may begin to answer those questions.

Justly may we say that they have made the history of our nation fruitful, soul-elevating and great. Therefore, it is doing but little that we should give up one day in all the year to their memory, and reflect on the heroism of their deeds.

"In many a Southern field,  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,

there lie clad in their country's livery, uncoffined and forgotten, the bones of unknown northern soldiers.





There, under strange skies, how many of them breathed out all alone the death rattle, uttering with their latest breath a loving message for ears that it could not reach? No tear may fall in sympathy on their graves on Memorial Day, no loving hand may lay a wreath beside their resting place. But shall we be unmindful of them? No, rather shall we pray for them and honor them in spirit.

Let Memorial Day be with us Heroes' Day. And while we honor the memory of the heroes whom all acclaim; while we honor the men, who, in time of the nation's peril, gave their lives in her defense, let us honor as well those who in days of peace in the common walks of life laid down their lives for their brother man; let us honor those who sacrificed their own personal goods in uplifting and ministering unto their fellows, whose life was one long act of heroism; let us honor and reverence all the noble army of the nation's unnamed heroes.

GEORGE P. ANGEL, '11.



### Education and the Business Man.

In times such as ours, when the pursuits of industry and commerce have attained so predominating a place in the affairs of the world, and when economic life is growing more and more complex and its problems more and more difficult of solution, it would seem almost superfluous to question the value of education to the business man. Yet it is lamentably true that we have daily to encounter a weight of prejudice which would try to force us to believe that both the technical and general training that is given to commercial students in our colleges, is sheer tomfoolery or worse. "Business men are born, not made," say the critics of our colleges. "The only equipment they require, in addition to their

native aptitude, to launch them safely in practical affairs, is a knowledge of the three R's." There is an element of truth in this contention, but just enough truth to make the error more insidious and pernicious. No one, I am sure, would try to gainsay the fact that the shrewdness, the keenness of perception, the resourcefulness, the prudence, the spirit of venture, which are the prime essentials of successful achievement in business life, can come to one only as an endowment from the hand of nature. But to say that these are all that is necessary for the business man, is to set a low estimate on commerce and on life itself. Moreover, to maintain that these unborn aptitudes can not be trained to higher and larger effectiveness, is to ignore the evidence of experience. The old proverb runs, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Doubtless you can't. But you can improve the sow's ear so as to make a better purse out of it than you might otherwise have done. In the same way, while all are not born with the talents that would make them captains of finance, it is clearly true that such investment as nature has given them can be so developed as to make them capable of higher efficiency for good and usefulness. Everywhere about us we see men who would be capable of doing splendid things, had they only had the proper education. Wanting this, they have become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Is education of value to the business man? Who can doubt it? It is of value to him technically as a man of business; and far and away beyond this, it is of value to him as a man.

The notion has unfortunately become prevalent, that business education means simply a course in book-keeping and penmanship with a little commercial arithmetic. This is wide of the truth. A business course, I believe, should be no less liberal, no less educational, than any other course. It must be practical, of course. It must also be cultural. The day

has passed when a man ignorant of everything outside of his own line of business can hope to succeed in a large way. The more things a man knows outside the field of his special activity, the more able is he to master the problems of his own pursuit. Hence, I believe that anyone aspiring to a successful career in the commercial world, must have not only a technical training but a broad, general education as well.

The time was when to be engaged in trade was considered a brand of disgrace, a blot on the 'scutcheon. Even in the last century, Napoleon contemptuously referred to the English as a nation of tradespeople. With the enlargement of men's ideas, however, the notion of the ignobleness of trade has disappeared. No one to-day clings to such an opinion, save that relic of olden times, the European nobility, and some of their shoddy imitators, the snobs of our own land. Business men to-day occupy a position of honor and dignity in polite society; they take a large part, too, in all the affairs of civic life. If such be the case, then why should their education be narrower and scantier than that of the others, professional men, for example, who hold a place of dignity, trust, and influence in life? I do not think that the business man needs to receive the traditional liberal education in Latin and Greek. These are not the only subjects that will develop the faculties of one's mind. Any subject whatever, well studied, will serve the purpose of general education. But general education as well as technical training the business man must have, if he wishes to increase his worth and serviceableness in the political and the social as well as the economic world.

Business men are often thought to be materialistic, sordid, and selfish. In many instances, this is unfortunately true. And the fault is usually to be credited to lack of education. It has been said that in the breast of the most matter-of-fact and prosaic of us, a poet dies young. If our minds are closed to all things but business and financial concerns, the idealism within us,

the generous sympathy for our fellow-man, the interest in all that concerns the race, is soon stifled. Education, however, will keep the poet within us alive, by creating in us manifold interests and giving us the inspiration that relieves life of its sordidness. It will show us that we are not here for ourselves alone, but are to be of service and encouragement to our fellow-passengers on the journey to the world beyond mortality.

If there is one danger greater than another in the business world to-day, it is not that earning and managing powers are not properly attended to; it is rather that the adulation of the money force will make everything subservient to the ideal of financial success and that the ideals of that loftier success, which makes for truer greatness and worth, will be trampled under foot. It may seem strange that a commercial student should decry commercialism. But there is a good and a bad commercialism. The one is necessary, useful and honorable; the other is baneful, cruel and ignoble.

By far the greatest value that education can have for the business man, is to show him that money is not the measure of highest worth, that there are things beyond the purchasing power of gold. It will make him realize that he is a man and a citizen before he is a business man. It will teach him that such pet mottoes as "business is business," may be often the blackest of lies and the disguise of gross injustice. It will show him that what is legally right may be morally wrong, and that court decisions are not always ratified in Heaven. Let, then, the man who is going to enter the path of business be trained well in the technical knowledge of his work, but let him also have, as well as the doctor, the lawyer, and the teacher, such training as will enable him to extend and enlarge his usefulness to his fellow-man, and to guide him through the temptations of the lust of gain to the true success of life.

T. PAUL DARBY, '08.



## The Circus Man's Story.

Everything was one buzz of excitement; the lights glared; the horns blew; the venders shouted; and men and women jostled one another to see the perennial wonder—the circus.

Apart from the crowd a large fire was burning, and the tent hands gathered in a circle around its inviting warmth. The night was unusually dark, and the bright fire throwing its light into the darkness and seeming to intensify the blackness of the night, the group of rough and unshaved faces in the circle of light made a picture strangely weird. As I joined the crowd of men standing just outside the fire light, one of the tent hands was commencing a story, and with the rest I stood and listened.

The narrator was a man over six feet tall and built proportionally. More of a beast he was than a man, yet there was something that distinguished him from his comrades. As he drew up his figure, he seemed one destined to rule, a veritable Jesse James or an Orbasan come from his desert haunts. The tale cast a strange spell on all; his weird way of telling it, the uncouth men about the fire, the black night, the bright fire, all had their effect. This is the substance of his story.

One moonlight night, in the far, and, at the time, uncivilized West, a group of about fifty men were seated around a rude hut, which they called by the sweeter word of home. They were all smoking pipes and observing a sullen silence. Suddenly from out the darkness into the bright moonlight stepped a youthful form. It was that of a boy of about twenty years of age, with black curly hair and large black eyes which seemed at that instant to fill with tears. Timidly he asked for a night's lodging and for work. The men laughed derisively, but the foreman, named Jim, stepped forward and promised him both. Mouths were opened in astonishment. What could a tenderfoot do on a ranch?

Long years ago Jim had come to the West. He was a tenderfoot then, but his size, his dare-devil ways, and his bravado made him one of the worst characters in those parts and a leader among the men. It was whispered that in the East Jim was a gentleman. Whenever he shaved, which was every Christmas day, put on his best clothes, and drove fifty miles to the little village to church, everyone said there wasn't a cleaner-cut or more gentlemanly man in the village; not even the minister had a better accent than Jim. However that was but one day in the three hundred and sixty-five. But then, what did Jim mean by taking up with this tenderfoot and mere kid? He gave up his bunk for him, was with him day and night, and protected him like a father. And the kid did not know one horse from another, and almost fainted at the sight of a six-shooter.

About a week passed. One evening, at the beginning of the second week, Jim and the young easterner were sitting in the twilight alone. The older man was leisurely smoking his pipe; the younger was gazing at the sky and watching the light fade away. "And so your name is Joseph Skey," said the older man, "and you come from Pennsylvania? Well, well, I once heard about the Skeys. You say you are the only boy and that your father is dead."

"Yes, I am the only boy now; I once had a brother, but he disappeared. He was reported dead. It almost broke mother's heart," his lips faltered.

"So, so your brother is dead?" "Yes, he is dead," talking more to himself than aloud, "it is better so." Then a dreamy light came into the older man's eyes, a sad smile played about his lips, and tears rolled slowly down his cheek. He was dreaming. He dreamt he was twenty years younger. He was seated on a grassy terrace, his little brother on his knee. The large black eyes would turn to his, and then the horsey (his knee) would move the faster. Leaning on the back of his chair was a woman, tall and stately with large

black eyes; a smile brightened her features as she looked upon her boys. She laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "James, when I am here no longer, you will be a father to little Joseph and guard him from harm." And James said, "I promise." Solemn promise, given to a parent at the twilight hour! How strange that the scene he had shut out from his heart for many a year should come back to him in this western twilight by the side of this young prodigal. He put out his hand and touched his companion's. "You will go back," he said. "Do not break your mother's heart; she loves you, she loved your brother. I will give you the money you need, and a letter to Watts. He will not imprison you for forgery, for he was an old school chum of mine." Next morning he gave the boy all his money, the savings of the last score of years, but he gave it with a willing heart. And with the letter, the money, and with grateful tears in his eyes the boy rode away to his eastern home.

The next day about noon, a solitary rider was picking his way across the prairie. Suddenly he was surrounded by a body of horsemen. "Look at the horse," shouted one! "Yes, we have him at last, but it was a long chase. On the first tree you go, young fellow." Poor kid! poor tender-foot! He had dismounted to drink from a stream. Then he had taken a horse which he thought was his, but, alas, his was not the only horse around, and he had taken the wrong one. Poor youngster, rudely shattered were his dreams of home, of regained honor, of everything dear to the heart of youth. But now he was a horse thief. They needed no convincing.

Suddenly a rider came dashing into their midst. It was Jim. He had been some miles away, heard the rumor about the thief, and suspected the truth. With his natural quickness he took in the situation. In vain he tried to establish the boy's innocence. He but threw suspicion on himself. They knew him not, besides the evidence was as strong against the boy as against many a poor fellow who had met his fate in the barbarous

customs of the West. "Kill a dozen men, and you are a notable; steal a horse and you are a dead one," were the laws of the ranch.

Jim had too much common sense to strive against the impossible. For a long time he stood motionless save for the opening and closing of his hands and the spasm of pain that passed over his face. At last he smiled as if he had won a great battle. He called the leaders aside and in a few words he told them that he was the real thief and that he had cast suspicion on the youngster. They released the boy willingly enough. Joseph Skey thanked his benefactor from the depths of his heart, but never did he know how heavy a price was paid for his life. For a long time Jim stood looking after his young companion. At last he turned and said, "And now boys, one short half hour, and I will be ready."

Thus the two pals parted, one going to his home in the East, where he would be received with open arms, for the letter he carried read, "For the sake of the dear times of the past, pardon Joseph, but never let anyone know I am not dead. Your old chum, James Skey." And even while one brother was riding over the smooth prairie, muttering a prayer in thanksgiving for deliverance from recent perils, the other uttered the words, "I promise," and entered his home eternal.

HARRY J. SCHMITT, '11.



## HENRY M. STANLEY

Among the numerous discoveries and other grand achievements of the nineteenth century, the great work of Stanley deserves to be ranked among the most important. He benefitted not one nation, nor brought into prominence only one kingdom, nor opened to

civilization a single people, but he benefitted a whole continent, brought into prominence and presented to our sympathy hundreds of tribes of savages, and opened up to civilization a country comprising over one-fifth of the habitable surface of the earth, on which roamed about one-tenth of the world's population.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, Africa was rightly styled "The Dark Continent." With the exception of the Barbary States on the north, and Egypt and the coast along the Red Sea on the east, nothing was known of this vast extent of land. No one had yet ventured within the apparently impenetrable jungles, or crossed the plains and swamps abounding in all kinds of wild animals, poisonous reptiles and hostile inhabitants, for the purpose of either exploring the country or evangelizing the natives. How much we are indebted to Stanley for his daring expeditions and his interesting accounts of both the continent and its inhabitants no one can determine. It may be truly said of Stanley, "He was the right man in the right place." His ambition, frankness and energy, displayed even from his earliest days, did more than anything else to enable him to perform his laborious and perilous task.

To be able to appreciate this great work the better, it would be well to review Stanley's life, previous to this noble undertaking. He was born near Denbigh, in Scotland, in 1840. His father's name was Rowland. At the age of three, Stanley was sent to the poor house at St. Asaph, where he took advantage of every opportunity of acquiring all the knowledge that that poorly equipped place could impart. After finishing his studies at St. Asaph, he became a teacher for a few years, but, as this occupation did not accord with his ambitious and wandering spirit, he boarded a ship, as cabin boy, and came to New Orleans. In America he fell in with a man by the name of Stanley, who, being enamored of the frank, energetic youth, adopted him, and set him up in business. His desire for wandering soon led him to

quit his generous benefactor, and roam through the West. He spent several years in Arkansas and the neighboring States among the Indians and equally rude whites. He thus became familiar with rough and uncouth characters with whom he was destined to have so many dealings.

When the Civil War broke out, he sided with the South, being a citizen of Arkansas. During the war he was taken prisoner by the North, and later fought in the northern armies. After the war he was sent to Spain by the manager of the *New York Herald*, to follow and report the fortunes of the civil war then going on in that country. He performed this duty with his usual faithfulness, never missing an opportunity of gaining useful information, no matter at what cost. In this he showed as usual his determination to do whatever he intended or was sent to do, and that alone, and it was for this very trait that Mr. Bennett, the leader of the Royal Geographical Society, engaged him, inexperienced as he was, to go in search of Dr. Livingstone, who was somewhere, dead or alive, in Central Africa. It was thus brought about that Stanley's interests became centered in Africa, and so much good was wrought.

After making the necessary preparations, Stanley set out to endure all the hardships and privations, and to brave all the dangers, incumbent on an expedition through that unknown land.

The trials and dangers endured in this vast wilderness filled with every enemy of mankind, from the small-pox germ to the ferocious lions and tigers, and the lurking savages made doubly hostile by the remembrance of their brethren that were carried into obscure slavery by the white man, caused the death of many of Stanley's faithful followers and the desertion of others. After several months' labour and discouragement he found Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, near Central Africa.

After finishing this, his principal task, he started on his homeward journey, but not over the same road by

which he had come; for after seeing something of the miserable condition of the inhabitants, and the broad plains so well adapted to cultivation, he determined to find out more by another route and thus be able to give a good description of both the country and its inhabitants and induce emigrants and missionaries to turn their attention to Africa. This aim also he accomplished by this and another tour through the country, the accounts of which he gave to the world in the interesting and instructive volume entitled, "Through the Dark Continent." In it he not only succeeded in giving a vivid description of the country and people but also inspired enterprises whose aim was to develop the natural resources and to open up the country to civilization.

Since the beginning of Stanley's expeditions, missionaries of both sexes and all denominations have been crowding to Africa. Judging from the present prospects they will not only convert all the inhabitants, but will even change the whole of that hitherto waste-land into fertile fields. In a few years Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," will give place to innumerable books from the universities and colleges of Africa. And where Stanley described dense forests and wild thickets, the traveler of a few years hence will find blooming orchards and waving crops. The savages spoken of by Stanley will have become civilized, and will be found in the garb of the cultured European. Then, more than ever, will the name of Stanley and his followers, the missionaries, be mentioned with due praise and gratitude.

JOHN M. LUNDERGAN, '10.



## VALEDICTORY.

The long-looked for day has at last arrived, and the class of 1908 is elated with the honors showered upon them this evening. You have heard them, one by one, addressing you, till now the duty of bidding farewell devolves on me. As I glance over this large audience, happiness is pictured on every countenance. Our spirits have been raised by your applause and we are happy in the thought that on this day we have reached the goal of our aspirations; to-night we see the efforts of years crowned with the diadem of success, the trials of many a weary hour deposited on the banks of the Lethean stream, lost in depths of a sea of gladness.

But the longest lane has a turning and the dearest friends must part; agonies meet raptures in such heart hours, and grief doth often fling her white, cold arms around the warm neck of gladness. Such is the case with us. Yes, we must part, and this is indeed the proverbial thorn with the rose. Our feelings of joy are fast fading from our hearts and soon shall they disappear altogether. Could we but linger yet a day! As I speak the bright sun of our College life is setting, and the grey clouds of uncertainty cast a misty shadow over the future. Time in her flight cares naught for our pleadings; this hour marks the decline of days of gay and happy boyhood, with their equally happy dreams. They are all past and gone, never, never more to return.

We are leaving our home, our guardians and our mother, but not, thank God, as weaklings; we go strengthened with years of sound training, with bright examples of zeal and sacrifice illuminating our paths. We are now launched on the broad ocean, equipped for a long and wearisome journey; onward firmly we go, with Pittsburg College engraver on our hopeful breasts, and her pennant floating gayly at top-mast. She, a kind and tender mother, stands on the shore; she, loving us with a mother's love, now waves us her last fond adieu.

And we, children dearest to her heart, with tearful eyes watch the tide bear us away on its heaving breast further and further from her whom we love. Now we snatch the last glimpse of her, and all the emotions of our souls, all the affections of our hearts, call for a hearing, and all unanimously cry, farewell. Far be it from us ever to forget thee, or let thy name and fame dwindle away till lost in the twilight of oblivion.

Pittsburg College, flourish ever;  
In our hearts thy name shall dwell.  
Loving ties we now must sever.  
Pittsburg College, fare thee well.

Most honored professors, on entering the broad arena of life, to you do we turn with grateful hearts. The work you have accomplished in bringing us to our present position, though appreciated by all, can never be expressed in words. What words, I ask, can amply tell your sacrifices, your labors and your zeal, whilst guiding us along the path of knowledge? Let the misty future alone disclose the fruits of your labor. Once again, fond teachers of our youth, farewell.

To you, fellow-students and undergraduates, we must also bid adieu; you, whom we have met daily for years, and whom we have greeted many a time within the hallowed walls of Pittsburg College. We are leaving, but ere we depart, we intrust to you a golden treasure. Ever foster in your hearts that college spirit which will bind you the remainder of your lives in the bonds of fellowship, and make you true children of your *Alma Mater*. For you, vacation is beginning; we wish you a happy one, and when the portals of learning are again thrown open, may you return with a *mens sana in corpore sano*, to greet each other once again, and continue the race in the road to honor. Fain would I linger yet awhile, to recount the happy days that are now no more, but I must bid you farewell.

And now, fellow-classmates, with sadness I turn to you. We have borne the burdens and joys of college

life together; we are parting perhaps for years, perhaps forever. As we have been taught, let us show ourselves true children to Pittsburg College, true citizens to our country, and true Christians to our God. Let no tempest daunt us, no trial weaken us, no labor overpower us, during the term of life on which we are entering. Behold! the sun has set; the curtain has fallen on our college days forever. To you, to all, a last farewell.

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.

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### In Memoriam.

It is our sad duty to chronicle in this issue of the BULLETIN two most regrettable accidents. SAMUEL A. CONWAY, graduated from the commercial department in June, 1906, lost his life in the Monongahela River near Monessen on Decoration Day. He had been boating with friends and had just saved the life of a companion when he noticed that the current was carrying off one of the oars. Whilst swimming for it he was seized with a cramp, and was drowned before the occupants of the boat thoroughly realized his danger. His body was not recovered until the following afternoon. Words can not picture the grief of his parents over the loss of their only son—a boy who had been an exemplary student in the College, respectful and obedient towards his teachers, gentle, honorable, pleasant and tolerant with his classmates, and possessed of the confidence of the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., in whose employ he had been practically from the time of his graduation until the day of his death. The grief of the parents was solaced by the marked tokens of sympathy displayed by the entire town of Monessen, by the touching eulogy pronounced over his remains by the Rev. H. J. Goebel, C. S. Sp., in the presence of a congregation that could not all find entrance into the parish church, and by the memory of the exemplary Christian life he had always led.

On May 30th, JOHN F. CALLAHAN, a member of the sophomore class of the scientific department, was drowned whilst swimming in the Allegheny River, near Verona. Gifted with a genial disposition and a lively sense of humor, he was very popular amongst his associates. At home, the only son, he was the life of the family, the joy of his parents and sisters. Despite every effort that was made to recover his body, it was not found until the fourth day after the accident. The funeral services were held in St. Rosalia's on what should have been his seventeenth birthday, June 6, the Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, preaching the sermon, and Harry J. Hock, Karl J. F. Kurz and Eugene J. Ley, acting as pall bearers. The members of his class, under the presidency of Thomas H. Skarry, resolved to accompany his remains to their last resting place and to have ten Masses offered up for the repose of his soul—an offering that he and his parents would prefer to floral wreaths or other tokens of their sympathetic regret for his untimely but, it is to be hoped, not unprovided death.

On the Wednesday following the fatal accidents a solemn high Mass of *requiem* was sung in the College chapel for both in presence of the faculty and students.

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The members of the Junior class wish to convey to Raymond V. Conway the expression of their sincere condolence in the death of his mother.

At a meeting of his class it was decided to send a floral wreath to grace the chamber death had visited, and to attend the funeral in a body.

H. J. M.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR  
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Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

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PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

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VOL. XIV.

JULY, 1908.

No. 10.

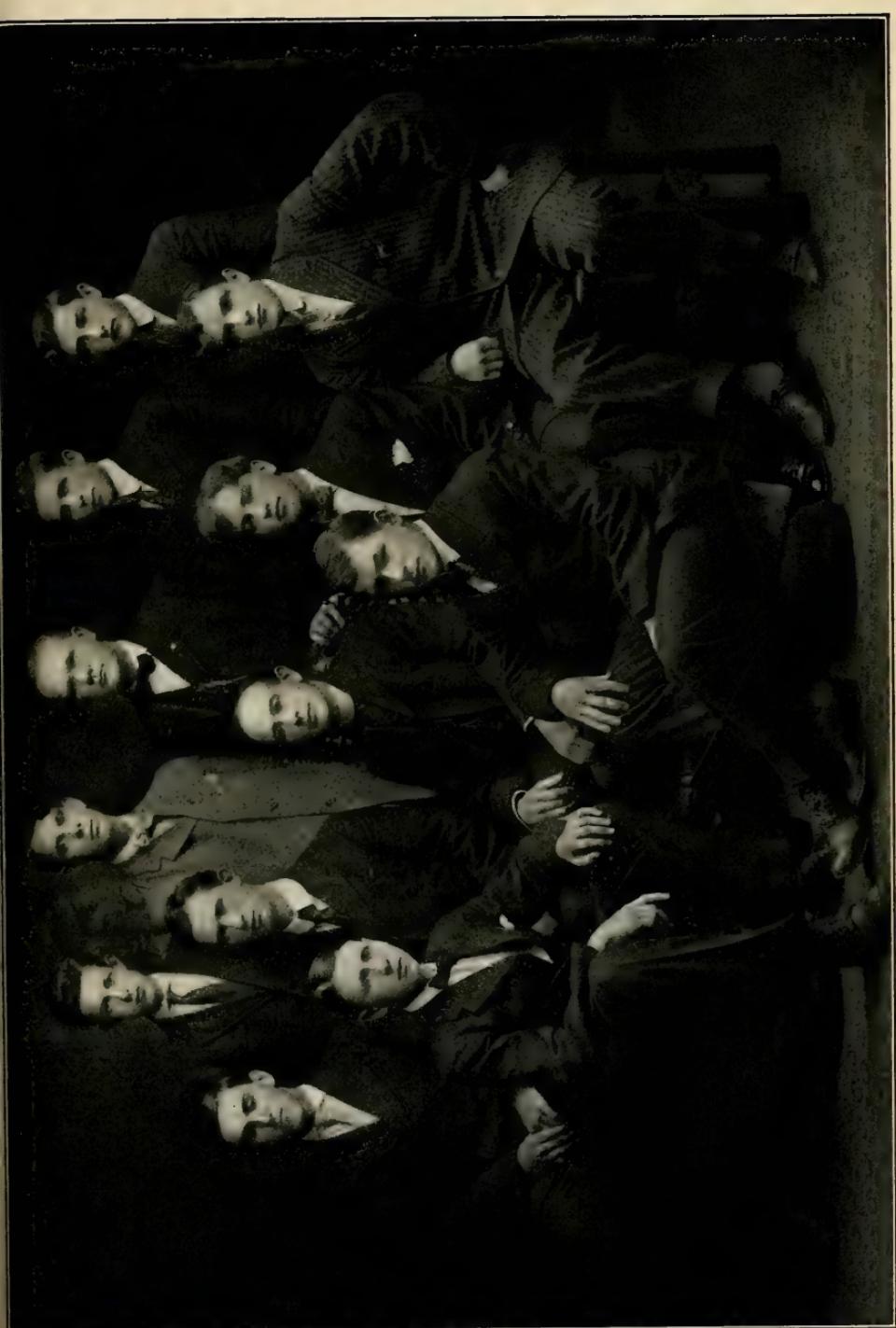
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## EDITORIAL.

### *A Retrospect.*

With this issue the final number of the BULLETIN for '07-'08 appears. We have chronicled the happenings of the last ten months, and we are pleased to think that the year just terminated can compare favorably with the most prosperous of its predecessors. Our student body seems to be ever on the increase—a surprising fact when we consider the stringency in the money market since last October. The Faculty have been most devoted, and the most admirable harmony has reigned between them and their pupils. The annual euchre and reception has grown to be one of the best patronized social events of the winter season. Football and baseball

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received their due share of attention, and the records made on the gridiron and the diamond will always be pointed to with pride. The programmes of our public entertainment, elocutionary and oratorical contests, and commencement exercises, were rendered in presence of unusually and astonishingly large audiences. Finally, the alumni banquet attained a success in numbers, character and enthusiasm, that has eclipsed everything of its kind in past years.

We thank God for the manifold favors He has bestowed upon us, and we humbly, earnestly pray that He may continue to bless us and all connected with Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost.

H. J. M.



### ***Uses of Discontent.***

How seldom is the true value, the sterling worth, of discontent recognized ! I may even ask how infrequent it is to hear this noble spirit considered as a desirable quality. But nevertheless discontent, in its better sense, is a quality to be admired and to be cultivated with moderation by every man who even pretends to be in sympathy with the policy of progress.

Contentment is conducive to sluggishness, indolence and inactivity. And what is there more inimical to progress ? There must be ambition, which is nothing more than the embodiment of the spirit of discontent.

Had all our ancestors lived in an uninterrupted spirit of contentment, the world would be in a truly deplorable condition. Imagine a land of primeval swamps and forests, peopled by barbaric tribes, steeped in the profound depths of utter ignorance, blissful, if you will, but scarcely to be desired. Imagine such a people, utterly unsusceptible to the refining influences of civilization, with no more elevating aim than that of their own mere existence. Such a condition may appeal

to the likes of some, but for my part, I cannot perceive it as otherwise than objectionable and totally undesirable.

A spirit of discontent should emanate from the life and actions of every man. What have the quiet, contented men ever done for mankind, for their country, or for anyone? They have lived with the obvious purpose of living, and nothing else. Their names grace none of the pages of history. Their achievements, if there were any, are unheard of.

What we need, however, are men of progress, men who can always see something better ahead and strive to obtain it; men who can read the signs of the times and act accordingly. It is such men, blessed with the active spirit of discontent, who shall bring about the improvement of civilization by peace, prosperity and progress.

H. J. GILBERT, '11.



### College and Alumni Notes.

IT affords us much satisfaction to announce the ordinations to the priesthood of the Reverend Fathers C. E. McHugh, S. A. Dura, J. Costello, A. B. Bejenskowski, C. M. Keane, J. M. Kilgallen, W. F. Merz and T. F. O'Shea. May God grant them, each and all, many happy and successful years in the exercise of the holy ministry!

AFTER two years of Pittsburg College life, A. G. Maingot sailed for his home in Trinidad, B. W. I., to enjoy a well-earned vacation. Tony led his class, and took with him the good wishes of faculty and students.

PROFESSORS Topham, Cronin and Connolly are spending their vacations across the Atlantic.

MESSRS. J. J. Dekowski, J. L. Jaworski, J. F. Malloy, J. A. Pobleschek, F. A. Schwab and J. C. Simon sailed for Europe on June 24, for the purpose of pursuing their theological studies in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Paris.

AFTER passing with high honors their medical examinations at Georgetown University, Dr. James W. McLaughlin has joined the staff of the Mercy Hospital, and Dr. Claude McDermid, that of St. Francis Hospital.

WE reproduce from the columns of the *Gazette-Times* the following notice on the success of one of our Alumni:

"Winning out over the entire student body in the school of architecture of the Carnegie Technical schools, including the senior class, a Pittsburg boy, Karl J. Gloekler of 5132 Friendship avenue, son of Charles J. Gloekler of the Bernard Gloekler Company, has been awarded the Patron's prize for excellent work during the year in architecture.

"An interesting feature of the award is that Gloekler attained his majority but three days before the award was announced. Gloekler is at present a member of the Junior class, and before entering the Technical schools had attended Pittsburg College.

"The prize was offered at the beginning of the year by Henry Hornbostel, professor of architecture in the Carnegie Technical schools, to be given to the student whose record during the year was the highest, and so the honor of first winning it has gone to a local boy. Aside from this, it is the first traveling scholarship awarded to a student in the Carnegie Technical schools and carries with it the privilege of spending several months in Europe studying at the art centers."

### Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests.

The annual elocutionary and oratorical contests were held in the College hall, on May 29th, in presence of a large and appreciative audience. Following was the programme:

MARCH	Comrades	COLLEGE ORCHESTRA
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#### ELOCUTIONARY CONTESTS.

##### DIVISION III.—SILVER MEDAL.

DANIEL S. FISHER		"Lasca"
AMBROSE A. O'LEARY		"Swan Song"
ALBERT L. MAMAUX		"Skimpsey"
EDWARD A. BUTLER	"Why He Wouldn't Sell The Old Farm"	
PIANO DUET	Fairy Queen	Sidney Smith
JOHN P. EGAN		
	PAUL C. AKERS	

##### DIVISION II.—SILVER MEDAL.

JOSEPH V. BRENNAN		"The Graves of the Patriots"
ADOLPH L. THOMA		"The Newsboy's Debt"
ALOYSIUS T. SHULTE		"Asleep at the Switch"
T. PAUL DARBY		"The Roman Sentinel"
XYLOPHONE SOLO	El Capitan	Sousa
	CLEMENT J. STAUD	

**DIVISION I.—SILVER MEDAL.**

HUGH F. COUSINS . . . .	"The Spanish Mother"
FRANCIS X. DRISCOLL . . . .	"The Felon's Cell"
HARRY P. CUNNING . . . .	"Prentiss's First Plea"
OTTO H. STEEDELL . . . .	"The Deserter"
OVERTURE King of Diamonds	Lavallee
	COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

**ORATORICAL CONTEST—GOLD MEDAL.**

GEORGE J. BULLION . . . .	"American Patriotism"
MARTIN J. BRENNAN . . . .	"Struggles of Our Nation"
GEORGE P. ANGEL . . . .	"Unnamed Heroes"
JOHN J. MILLARD . . . .	"Our President"
FANTASIA for Two Violins and Piano	
CHARLES J. MCGUIRE	HERBERT J. WILHELM
REV. JOHN GRIFFIN	

**DECISIONS OF THE JUDGES**

REV. MILES M. SWEENEY	{MR. JOSEPH H. REIMAN
	MR. CHARLES S. SHAULIS

EXIT MARCH                    Good Night                    COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

The medals were awarded to Daniel S. Fisher, Adolph L. Thoma, Harry P. Cunning and John J. Millard.

**The Commencement Exercises.**

As is usual at the Commencement Exercises of Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost, the Bijou Theatre was filled to its capacity with the relatives of the graduates and friends of the institution when the class of '08 brought their literary labors to a successful finish on Friday evening, June 19th. The stage, tastefully decorated with potted plants and draped with red and blue bunting, was occupied by the Rt. Rev. J. F. R. Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburg; the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President; members of the faculty; the college orchestra and choir, and the graduates of the classical and commercial departments. Frequent applause greeted the efforts of the young orators. The musical and vocal numbers were up to a high standard, and elicited emphatic tokens of appreciation from the audience.

Before announcing the medalists and graduates of 1908, the Very Rev. President spoke substantially as follows: The scholastic year, ending with the exercises of this evening, has been a very successful one. We registered 424 students and had a regular attendance of about 400. This number of students places Pittsburg College among the largest Catholic Colleges of the country, there being only two or three that have a larger attendance. The five departments of studies with their divisions and grades (the Preparatory, the Commercial, the Academic, the Scientific and College Departments) offer to parents all the opportunities they can desire for giving their sons a higher, liberal and Christian education. Father Hehir directed the attention of his large audience to the present day needs of education in the country. He spoke of the crying demand there is for professional men to be more learned. The best universities, at present, demand a full classical course, and some few exact the degree of Bachelor of Arts from a reputable college as a preparation for candidates to the learned professions. In the business world, also, there is a demand for more scholarship, or, at least, for more learning in book-keepers and clerks, to cope with the development in every feature of commercial life. That demand we flatter ourselves, we supply.

In conclusion the Very Rev. President urged parents to give their sons a complete course in some one of the various departments of the College. "Give the boys a chance," said he, "give the boys an education not inferior to that given to the girls in our Academies. We all rejoice to see young ladies educated, to see the future mothers and the visible guardian angels of the sanctuaries of our Catholic homes highly educated, but the consequences are serious and far-reaching when the sons receive an education inferior to that given to the daughters. We want to educate our boys, not only for the ministry and the learned professions, but for business, and for every walk of life, so that they may go

forth, and by word, action and example, spread broadcast the true principles of righteousness and justice, the true principles of Christian morality so necessary for the uplifting, the amelioration and the preservation of society."

In his address the Right Rev. Bishop said: "The rendition of the beautiful programme for the Commencement Exercises of the Pittsburgh Catholic College of the Holy Ghost is a credit to that grand institution. The orations, the singing and the music indicate careful and successful training in their particular departments. Whilst listening to the masterly efforts of the graduate speakers, we were most favorably impressed, not alone by there exterior deportment, but especially were we convinced that their efforts were those of the soul and the heart, reflections of the solid education imparted. Without hesitation we can say they are educated men.

"Now, that you, my dear graduates, are about to enter a wicked world, in which are many incorrect things that you must set aright and many evils that you must remedy, put into practice the lessons you have received. Keep the standard of your lives high and above reproach. Remain true to all that is best in what you have learned during your college course. In this country we need truthful men, we need decent men; try therefore to be truthful, honest and decent. If you do this, life will be a blessing to yourselves and to society."

#### **Programme of Exercises.**

March, A Home Run, *Taubert*, College Orchestra; Latin Salutatory, Joseph A. Rossenbach; Oration, Education and the Business Man, T. Paul Darby; Chorus, with Orchestral Accompaniment, Beautiful Flowers, *Riviere*, Soprano Choir; Oration, The Work of a Man, Timothy F. Ryan; Oration, Conscience and Politics, Francis J. Toohill; Violin Solo, Scene de Ballet, *De Beriot*, Herbert J. Wilhelm; Oration, The Panic, Martin J. Brennan; Oration, Socialism, John A. Gwyer; Chorus, with

Orchestral Accompaniment, Hearts and Homes, *Blockley*, College Choir; Oration, Scholastic Philosophy, John H. Carlos; Oration, Religion in School, Charles L. McCambridge; Overture, the Bridal Rose, *Lavallee*, College Orchestra; Master's Oration, Character, James L. Brady; Chorus, with Orchestral Accompaniment, The Flag Our Fathers Loved, *Ellis*, College Choir.

Address, Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh; Valedictory, James F. Carroll; Finale, Auld Lang Syne; Home, Sweet home, College Orchestra.

Diplomas in the Commercial Department were awarded to Eugene Francis Becker, Benjamin Frank Creamer, Charles Joseph Drummond, Simon Joseph Heimbuecher, Jeremiah Vincent Lynch, Clarence Simon Merkel, Adolph Peter Pasquali, Norman Louis Stierheim, Francis Joseph Wittmann, Joseph Vincent Brennan, David Gildea Creamer, Hilliard Xavier Franz, Henry Joseph Kluepfel, Joseph Patrick McAteer, Francis Bernard Mihm, George Paul Rahe, Adolph Louis Thoma, Joseph Francis Yulke, Myron Nicholas Zsatkovich, David Aloysius Brown, Thomas Paul Darby, George Vincent Grimes, Elmer Ellsworth Locke, Christopher Lawrence McCormick, Michael Joseph Muldowney, George Joseph Schmitt, Herbert John Wilhelm, Edward Andrew Zepfel and Myron Nicholas Zsatkovich.

Certificates for Shorthand were awarded to Joseph Patrick McAteer and Francis Joseph Wittmann.

In the Classical Department Special Certificates were awarded to Bernard George McGuigan and John Mayer.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Martin Joseph Brennan, John Henry Carlos, James Francis Carroll, John Aloysius Gwyer, Charles Leo McCambridge, Joseph Anthony Rossenbach, Timothy Francis Ryan and Francis Joseph Toohill.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Jacob William Kraus, Esq., B. A., '00, and James Lawrence Brady, B. A., '99.

T. F. Ryan received the Bishop Phelan gold medal for general excellence; J. A. Rossenbach received the gold medal for philosophy; J. F. Carroll, for classics; F. J. Toohill, for mathematics and sciences; C. L. McCambridge, for English and modern languages; T. P. Darby, for excellence in the commercial department; J. P. McAtee, for English in the commercial department; F. J. Wittmann, for book-keeping and arithmetic; J. J. Millard, for oratory; F. S. Clifford, for Christian doctrine, and H. P. Cunning, A. L. Thoma and D. S. Fisher, silver medals for elocution.



## A T H L E T I C S.

### The 'Varsity Team.

Although our hearts almost overflow with joy on account of the excellent results achieved by the 'Varsity nine, still we who have been so often amused by their interesting exhibitions, cannot but with some reluctance affirm that their glorious baseball is now a thing of the past. All that remains is the happy memory of bygone victories, and a feeling of congratulation for the victors. It would have been a difficult matter to find a college aggregation of ball tossers in this section of Pennsylvania, whose baseball skill reached such a degree of perfection, and whose independence and fearlessness both at the bat and in the field were so prominent a feature even while coping with league teams. Sullivan could always be depended on, to put up a star game at the receiving end; all opponents bowed to our peerless pitching staff, composed of Miller, Murphy, Welsh and Bradley; sensational plays of every description were common occurrences in the infield, guarded by Harrigan, Bulger, Harkins and Harrel; and the speedy article of ball played by "Cap." McKnight, Murphy and Muldowney



The 'Worcester Dogs' Ball Team



in the outfield, blasted the hopes of many an eager batter. During last month our boys crossed bats with the following teams:

P. C., 4; BEAVER VALLEY, 2.

On May 23, the Collegians again travelled to Beaver Falls, to try their luck with the local team, and this time succeeded in gaining a victory, after thirteen innings of spectacular playing. Manager Murphy was on the rubber, and did most effective work. The batting prowess of Harrigan was the bright feature of the game. The score:

	R. H. E.
Beaver Valley...	1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 9 7
P. C.....	0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—4 7 2

Two-base hits—Harrigan, McKnight. Three-base hit—Harrigan. First base on balls—Off Murphy, 2. Struck out—By Murphy, 4.

P. C., 14; VICTORIA A. C., 4.

On May 25, our boys defeated the Victoria A. C. on the College campus. The game was one-sided, but the fast all-round playing of the Bluffites made it interesting. Welsh, although he took things easily, did excellent twirling. The score:

	R. H. E.
Victoria A. C.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 2—4 7 3
P. C.....	0 1 1 4 3 0 4 1 *—14 14 3

Two-base hits—Bulger, Sullivan (2), Murphy, Harrigan. Struck out—by Welsh, 6.

P. C., 6; USHER CLUB, 0.

On May 28, our boys calcimined the Usher Club, of McKeesport, on the College grounds. The masterly pitching of Murphy, the base running of Harrigan, and the fast fielding of Bulger and Harrigan, were the features. The score:

	R. H. E.
Usher Club.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 3
P. C.....	0 1 3 0 0 0 2 0 *—6 4 3

Struck out—by Murphy, 4.

P. C., 6; EX-COLLEGIANS, 0.

On Decoration Day, our boys outplayed the Ex-Collegians at Exposition Park, Conneaut Lake. McKnight and Murphy starred at the bat. The score:

	R. H. E.
Ex-Collegians.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0 4 6
P. C.....	0 1 0 3 2 0 0 0-6 7 4

Three-base hit—McKnight. Two-base hit—Murphy. Struck out—by Welsh, 5. Bases on balls—off Welsh, 3. Double play—Harrigan (unassisted).

P. C., 8; WEST END LYCEUM, 3.

On June 2, our boys took a fall out of the West End Lyceum. Pitcher Murphy managed to keep his opponents' hits well scattered, so that the Bluffites were never in danger. The score:

	R. H. E.
West End Lyceum.....	0 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 0-3 7 4
P. C.....	0 0 1 3 3 1 0 0 *-8 12 0

Three-base hit—McKnight. Struck out—by Murphy, 4.

**The Academics.**

The Academics played brilliant ball throughout the season, having sustained but two defeats. Their results clearly indicate that they are the undisputed champions of their class. To Esser, their captain, their success is largely due, on account of his efficient all-round playing. They have attained the following results:

P. C. Academics,	10;	Shakespeare Club,	4.
"	"	13;	" " 6.
"	"	3;	Armstrong A. C., 2.
"	"	1;	Bloomfield Jrs., 3.
"	"	12;	Swissvale Ind., 2.
"	"	3;	St. Augustine, 3.
"	"	18;	Crimson A. C., 7.
"	"	0;	Arsenal A. C., 7.
"	"	12;	Keystone A. C., 9.
"	"	3;	Holy Rosary, 0.

During these games, two-base hits were secured by Esser (3), Gallagher (2), Haggerty (2), Hannon (2), Gillespie and Hayes; three-base hits by Hayes and Hannon.

#### **Class Games.**

Emulation for baseball honors was keen throughout the season among the various class teams. The management has endeavored to encourage inter-class games, for the reason that all the boys, and not a select nine, are afforded an opportunity of playing the great national game. The first important game was the Junior-Senior contest, in which the Seniors nosed out a victory by the score of 9 to 4. The batteries were Carroll, Toohill and Rossenbach; Dunn and Whalen.

The Freshmen stand foremost among the class teams. On account of their fast playing, they downed all their opponents with ease. The results are as follows:

Freshmen, 17; Seniors, 0.  
 " 10; Prep., 3.

CHARLES A. MAYER, '09.



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#### THE ACADEMIC—

leads up to the College Course and gives students sound training in the Evidences of Religion, Latin, Greek, English, Historical English Grammar, Literature, Roman, Grecian and United States Histories, Arithmetic, Algebra and Plane Geometry.

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gives a broad, thorough and up-to-date practical training for the responsibilities of business life. The Course includes instruction in Christian Doctrine, Higher Accounting, Bookkeeping, Business and Office Practice, Stenography, Typewriting, English Language, History, Geography, Civil Government, Commercial Law and Correspondence, Arithmetic and Rapid Calculation.

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